

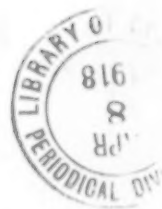
# MCCALL'S

## MAGAZINE

*May  
1918  
10 Cents*

E. Phillips  
Oppenheim's  
*New Novel*  
"The  
Zeppelin  
Passenger"

Mabel Nelson  
Thurston  
Herman M.  
Biggs M.D.  
Mary Lerner  
Dr. Elihu Grant



*P. Nikolai*



## Reasons for Garnishing From the "War Cook Book"

*Issued by the Food Administration*

**M**AKE the new foods appetizing and attractive," says the Food Administration's "War Cook Book"—for "by means of garnishes, sauces and judicious seasoning the housewife can make her family vote in favor of the new foods."

A slice of lemon, as a garnish, gives an attractive touch to many dishes and the juice may be used for flavor.

The Government also urges the use of perishable fruits.

So it is not only healthful but also helpful to garnish your foods with lemons.

### *Alice Bradley's Suggestions*

Twenty-six thousand housewives last year sent to us for "Suggestions for Garnishing," by Alice Bradley. Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Massachusetts. She has written, especially for us, a book of "Sunkist Recipes," in

which these suggestions are included. A post card will bring it. Remember that fresh lemon juice is an aid to digestion when used on fish, game, meats, vegetables and salads. A garnish of California lemons adds flavor and zest as well as attractiveness.

And that people with jaded appetites who *ought to eat* are often tempted by a garnish.

Remember, too, that "The Witching Drop of Lemon Juice" helps in balancing the diet.

Here are five reasons—and two are the Government's—for these garnishing suggestions.

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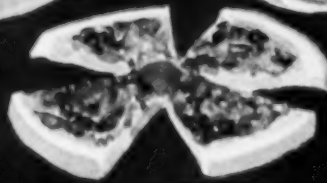
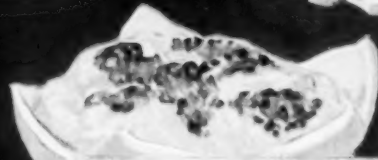
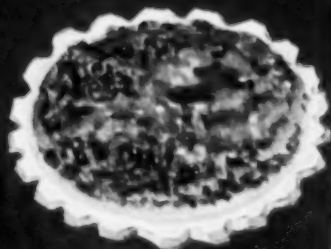
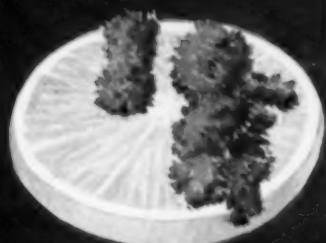
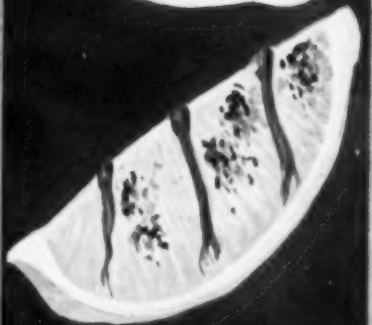
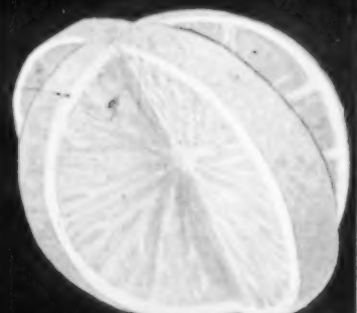
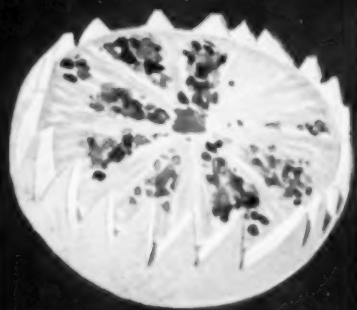
When you order from your retailer ask for California lemons. They are bright, clean, juicy, tart, and practically seedless. If you request it, they'll be delivered in the clean, crisp tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed in California. Such lemons are best for garnishing. They are sold in all the first-class stores.

## Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,000 Growers  
Dept. E-18, Los Angeles, California



### 200 Tested Recipes—Free

Miss Bradley has created and tested, especially for us, two hundred select recipes for salads and desserts made with both lemons and oranges.

We have incorporated these recipes in a valuable book—"Sunkist Recipes"—which we will send without charge on request. This book also tells how to prepare many attractive garnishes. A post card to the above address will bring it.



## Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now 75 cents a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, \$1.00 a year; foreign countries, \$1.50 a year.

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McCALL'S  
MAGAZINEMAY  
VOLUME XLV1918  
NUMBER NINE

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office August 5, 1897

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Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY,

McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Robert Davis

## The Great Adventure

YOU, Mothers of America, if only you could have seen the expression on your sons' faces, as they marched from their ships into the Unknown! You would have thrilled with pride. You alone would have understood that look. Yes, and you would have cried a little, bless your wonderful, big souls. You would have wanted to pull your boy's head down on your breast, just as you did when he was little and got hurt playing, and rub his cheek and rumple his hair. They did, every single one of them, look so young, so forlornly, buoyantly, unconquerably young.

Your boy and the great adventure—don't you ache clean through to hear how he meets it? And so you will, in June. For Robert Davis, clergyman, recent Red Cross worker in France, and now of the Casualty Intelligence Bureau, in Paris, who has written to you—to mothers like his own—has seen your boy land in France and has watched him on his way.

## Homefolks and Strangers

THERE is a feature in this May issue that is such a "find" that we want to call especial attention to it. Just turn the pages till you come to *Facing the Unknown*, by Emerin Semple Keene, and you'll understand what we mean! Miss Keene's article was planned for June, but when, on account of his lecturing, Guy Empey couldn't get "Cooties" to us, we moved our prize June feature ahead a month, only to leave room for Robert Davis!

While you're reveling in *The Zeppelin's Passenger*, we thought you might like a glimpse of E. Phillips Oppenheim. His

Government is using him on the western front in France and he is now living in a house with fifty bedrooms, a dining-room for sixty persons, and a chapel, but with no bathrooms nor heating apparatus. He keeps warm by the wood he himself gathers. Not every man could create thrillers under such conditions!

## BUYING HEALTH

PUBLIC HEALTH is purchasable. Within reasonable limits, a community can determine its own death rate." Does this slogan of New York State's Health Department startle you? Read each month "How Can We Keep Well?" by Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, commissioner of that department, that you may preserve your own and the nation's health.

THE HABIT OF  
ENTHUSIASM

OF all the habits that we may use to help us in our life, there is none easier to acquire or more useful than the habit of enthusiasm. The habit of being interested, the habit of caring, the habit of being excited about things—that is the secret of the personality that succeeds, in business or in social life. Every one wants to have dealings with the man who likes his work well enough to get excited about it. Every one has a chance to fail except the man with enthusiasm; he cannot fail even if he tries.

## No More Problems!

FROM the hundreds of splendid responses to the His-and-Her-Side-of-the-Story contest announced in March, that have swamped our offices, we have selected this significant one to set your interest agoing. Watch June.

"A woman who feels and acts toward Helene and John as Mabel has done, does not begin to know what constitutes a love that is made up of understanding, sympathy, companionship and, above all, a sense of humor. I am sorry for a real man who has married a woman of Mabel's type—a petty, narrow, and selfish individual.

"With a bit of common sense, she would say to herself: 'John finds something worth while in his companionship with Helene. I am glad, because it increases his happiness,' and go happily about her living; for common sense is the corner-stone of a happy married life. It is too bad she cannot realize what she is missing out of life—the good sportsmanship which should exist between husband and wife, the confidence in his judgment. Furthermore, I should certainly hate to think that my husband had lost all his power of attraction; and that works both ways.

"As to what people think—if you are right, what is their opinion to you? I am the very happy wife of a good-looking man whose work takes him all over the country, and I have always smiled at the sympathetic souls who ask me if I'm not jealous! We are still helplessly in love and have two adorable babies."



## "WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE"

PRETTY soon we'll all be saying "our girls over there," as easily and pridefully as we boast of the boys who've gone across. Units of nurses, and groups of clerks, and canteen workers have swarmed to the front, but these trim, blue-uniformed women you see standing four-square to the world are the first of America's great, eager body of young women to be officially sent with "The American Army in France."

The military authorities over the seas have called for army "centrals," and these girls have answered the call and have qualified. With their smart uniforms and bright smiles, as they stand there, en masse, ready for the word that says go, these girls do not suggest how hard they have had to work in their own training camps to grow fit. Telephone operating in a marble-lined apartment house, and army telephone operating, behind the firing lines, are vastly different matters!

These girls were required to train three times the usual period; they went from station to station, meeting every operating condition; they had to prove themselves incapable of upsetting emotions. Fifteen miles back of a firing line, when victory or disaster for the world is being flashed, no chances can be taken with nerves! Any young woman between the ages of eighteen and thirty-three who feels she could smile and go on plugging her board during a gas attack, who is possessed of no male relatives in France or likely to be there, and has a fluent knowledge of spoken French, might some time hope to follow Uncle Sam's first woman's army.

On a morning not long ago, nobody knows just when, of course, these twenty-nine soldiers and four more not in the photo, slipped away from home and friends and country, with eyes turned to the work ahead, where lies for them adventure, mystery, sacrifice, and victory!

## Every-Day Patriotism

OTHER states have observed one-day programs in efforts to stimulate community spirit, but it remained for President Edward K. Graham, of the University of North Carolina, to suggest the epochal idea of a whole state devoting an entire week to matters of public welfare.

The Governor was a convert to the idea and designated a "Community Service Week," when every citizen in the whole state was asked to work for the common weal. It was a significant movement.

They plunged directly into practicalities. An illustrated booklet, full of suggestions, was issued. Candid comparisons of conditions were made. Six thousand letters were mailed to farmers and school-teachers in the state. And a searching questionnaire was sent out asking about matters of health, wealth, education, recreation, and cooperation.

Rural communities everywhere caught the spirit of the new adventure in self-government. One district closed its industries to do service on the roads, and thirty miles of improved highway stretched out—an eternal memorial to its patriotism. Every man and woman was "on the job."

"Community Service Week" has been made a fixture in North Carolina. President Graham's sentiment has become the slogan of a great state: "The road that leads by my door is the road to the end of the world; and the wonderful thing is that, for me, it is the only road that leads to the end of the world."

If your McCALL'S is late, be patient. Wait a few days before writing us. It should reach you safely within a few days after publication date. The Government, of course, must give war shipments preference. Mail deliveries are bound to be slow.

# TRAILING A RED CROSS DOLLAR

By Eleanor Robson Belmont

SHE was like a Frans Hals picture—this old refugee—as she sat there with her hands folded in her lap, her gray hair curving smoothly down to her ears, and her bonnet set back a little on her head.

Across the frontier she had been herded by the Boches, all unwillingly leaving behind the meager possessions of a lifetime, and here she waited patiently for the next turn of the kaleidoscope.

"You are English, Madame?" she asked politely.

"No"—I shook my head—"not English—American."

Her troubled old face broke into pathetic radiance. "You are an American!" she cried. Her two hands reached out for mine. "Oh, madame, do thank them—the Americans—for what they have done for us! They have helped to feed us back there, and here they nurse our children. There would be nothing for us—we would have died, madame, if it were not for America."

It is a proud thing, these days, to be an American in France; and as I listened to this old peasant's story of the long three months which had separated her from her daughter and her daughter's two sick children—sent over the frontier by the Germans into France while she was kept behind—I did not wonder that she looked to America with gratitude and hope. For daughter and mother had been reunited through the American Red Cross; the sick children had been made well through the American Red Cross; and for these homeless a new home had been provided and a means of earning a self-respecting livelihood, again through the American Red Cross.

Almost more than the work for our own wounded soldiers—if that were possible—does this big rehabilitating work among the civilian population of France touch one's heart, the people are so helpless, so bewildered, so stripped of the necessities of existence.

To measure this need was one of the reasons I had come to France—not for myself but for all the women, the mothers, of the United States who were making sacrifices of money and time to help the American Red Cross. When that organization, through its Woman's Committee, asked me to go to England and France, not as an official, but as a woman like the other women of the United States, to see with their eyes what was being done, and what needed to be done abroad; to measure with their standard the efficiency of the service given and the value of the sacrifices they had made to make it possible; and to bring back the story of what I had seen, I said yes, and last September sailed for the other side.

## My Trip Gave Me This Conviction

I SPENT five months abroad, and in that time I went up and down the French and British and American lines; visited camps, canteens, hospitals, warehouses, and little tragic villages; and everywhere I carried the single purpose of finding out what needed to be done, who was doing it, and how well.

To begin with, I am convinced that all aid to be effective and to prevent waste must be centralized. In large businesses there is a buying department through which all orders go for needed material. If each little department of the business ordered separately, there would be duplication of supplies, increase of expenditure, and unnecessary waste of time. Modern business strives to eliminate the waste which comes from duplication. So must we do. Little groups of us must not attempt to send to France the things we think are needed.

The problem of ships to carry supplies across is a tremendous one, but no one who has not been over can have any idea what the transportation problem is in Europe. Think what must pass over the railroads of France—wood to build huts for the soldiers, pipes to make sanitary the villages in which they are billeted, food, clothes, munitions, hospital supplies for an entire country, and for the armies of three nations.

We need every scrap of tonnage for vital things. What are they? Neither you nor I can tell. The decision must be made by some one working from the big point of view, some one, like the Red Cross, working with the Governments and the armies. There must be one plan of relief, and all of us must fit our energies and our desires into that plan.

The next conviction I have brought with me from Europe is that in addition to the sacrifice already exacted of us, there is another sacrifice we must make—the sacrifice of sentimentality. Somebody has said that sentimentality is sentiment without sense, and the only emotions we must permit ourselves, now, are those that have practical results.

## Write, Write, Write!

WHAT we did at Christmas is a good example of what I mean by sentimentality. We thought of our men in the war zone, lonely at Christmas time, and everybody spurted up to send them presents, individual packages. It took many shiploads to get those packages across the water, and the problem of providing our men and our allies with vital necessities was set back just so much. How much better would it have been to have used the money which went into them to aid the big pieces of work being done for our men by the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., and to let Christmas letters be the messenger of the holiday spirit we sought to express.

Nothing is valued higher than a letter, over there. When I first went into the army zone, I had a feeling that the American boys were so full of the spirit of adventure that they would be immune to loneliness, but I never saw a more homesick lot of individuals. And though, when I saw them again just before I left, I was tremendously impressed not only with the growth of the

army, but with the soldier spirit of the men, yet I say to you, "Write, write, write!" They had their homesickness well in hand by that time, but when, in talking to this man or that, I would say I was going home, there would be perfect silence for a minute, then a long deep breath ending in the truly American "Oh, gee!" They are homesick still; and they want to hear from their own.

There is another thing I might tell you; wool is precious. They need and want socks, we cannot send too many. A knitting machine turns out perfectly good



Mrs. Eleanor Robson Belmont, who was asked by the Red Cross to visit the war zones that she might bring back to all American women this first-hand message of what is being done and what needs to be done.

socks, and the woman who can purchase one, or use one in common with others, should apply her time in this way in preference to knitting by hand. I do not mean by this that the women who have not access to a knitting machine should stop knitting. Quite the contrary!

If I realized, as I did when I reached France, that in spite of my deepest interest, in spite of all the work with which I had been connected, I had no adequate conception of the tragic need on the other side of the water, it is equally true that with each succeeding day I found myself marveling at the extent and the wonderful efficiency of the American relief work.

## I Felt the Heart of the War

AND the beautiful thing about it is that it is so spontaneous, so free from officialdom and red tape. Whether the problem to be handled is a poor little Belgian baby deported by Germany and separated in transit from its mother; or a whole village suffering from lack of sanitation; or comfortless railroad junction stations, so small and inhospitable as to send the soldier on leave, soiled, travel-worn and dispirited, on his way; or a community to be fed and clothed; or homes and occupations to be found for refugees; or the wounded to be nursed; or the poor mutilated, shattered soldier to be re-educated into some form of usefulness to himself—in all of these, help is never delayed.

A government cannot act in this way. For every activity a law is laid down, defining its exact scope. To vary a hair's breadth from this prearranged outline requires almost an Act of Congress. How glad we should be, then, that our Government, having about all it can take care of to attend to the business of war, has handed over the heart of war to us—to the Red Cross and similar organizations, which may act as you or I would, when there is suffering to be relieved.

I have come home impressed not only with the wonderful efficiency of the American Red Cross, and its marvelous humanity, but with the feeling that every dollar of American money entrusted to it is made to produce the greatest material results, and to pass on, undiminished, to our men and those of our allies, and to the suffering civilians of Europe, the tenderness, the sympathy, which inspired the American public in providing the funds that make this great work possible.

When the Red Cross first went to France, its work was with the French soldiers. It found them disheartened

suffering among the people of France. Just to nurse wounds could not conquer the situation, which was slowly undermining the morale of the French army. Promptly the Red Cross acted. It appropriated one million dollars to be divided at the discretion of the Maires of the different districts among the families of sick, wounded, or dead soldiers—some families had given as many as four and five sons to the war. In an incredibly short time the distribution had taken place, and among the French soldiers had spread the sense that America was coming to help. The effect upon the morale of the army was instantaneous and widespread, they could fight again with a good heart, knowing those left behind at home would be taken care of. As for the families themselves, this simple, earnest letter which follows is an indication of the gratitude which permeated France:

Monsieur le President du Conseil Municipal.

Dear M. Le President,

On Christmas Day I had the joy of receiving a letter telling me that a part of the gift of the American Red Cross for the families of soldiers having served in the war was to be given to me. You cannot imagine, Monsieur le President, what a comfort this generous deed has been to us on this Christmas Day, which was such a sad one for me in thinking of the dear lost one as I looked at my children. Your letter arrived to give me courage, since such generous hearts were waiting to lighten our great sorrow, and to console and sustain us.

You may be sure, Monsieur le President, I shall never forget this, and I shall speak of it often to my dear children so that their little hearts may learn to love the brave allies, and to those of the family who are at the front I shall give a share of this fine thing which I am sure they will never forget.

## How I Found Little Brother

I NEVER experienced a full realization of what the American Red Cross meant to Europe, until one day I stood at the station at Evian watching a convoy of Belgian children between the ages of two and fourteen, each little baby holding tight to a bundle in its arm—all it had in the world—and its tag to show where it was to go; and all, in their shrill baby voices, crying "Vive la France!" above the bugling of the soldiers drawn up to greet them.

One little girl continued to sob as if her heart would break, long after the others had recovered from their momentary fright. I tried to soothe her, but without success. Finally she seized both my hands. "Oh, Madame," she cried, "what do you think is going to become of my little brother? I promised my mother I would look after him. They have taken him away, the American Red Cross, madame. Are they like the Boches? Will I ever see him again? Because I promised my mother I would always look after my little brother."

I assured her that the American Red Cross was not at all like the Boches, and that if Little Brother had been taken from her it was for some good reason, and he would be given back again. And, later in the day, when I went to the American Hospital to investigate there was Little Brother, very scared but perfectly controlled, and beginning to think the American Red Cross not at all an undesirable institution. A very bad sore throat had suggested diphtheria, and he was being held at the hospital until it cleared up or developed. Five weeks later, a perfectly well and happy little brother was restored to Sister.

At countless towns in France the American Red Cross has set up a dispensary center, from which doctors and nurses visit by motor a little circle of neighboring towns, treating several hundred patients each week. The impulse of humanity is, of course, behind this work, but were it not, it would have been found essential for the health of our own soldiers. At one little town, where sixteen Americans were about to be billeted, the dispensary service disclosed a child coming down with diphtheria. She was promptly removed to the proper hospital, the place thoroughly disinfected, and the quite probable death of some of our own men averted.

## I Visited Dispensaries and Canteens

AT the cheerless railroad junctions in France where the soldier must wait while being transferred from one place to another, the American Red Cross has established big huts with rest-rooms, their walls lined with bunks one above the other, in which the men may throw themselves down and rest; facilities for bathing; a dispensary with nurse in attendance; canteens where hot drinks—coffee, cocoa, lemonade—may be obtained, soup at certain hours, and sandwiches. There are camp chairs, wicker chairs, magazines, books—just the things you would like to think your boy could have to send him on his way cheered and refreshed.

You see, I am speaking about the outlying activities of the American Red Cross, not the big wonderful chain of warehouses honeycombing the country, stocked to overflowing with everything the army can need in any emergency; not its ambulances, hospitals, nurses and doctors—not any of these aspects of the American Red Cross with which you are most familiar, nor at all of its wonderful work in our camps in America. Do realize that when you give a dollar to the Red Cross, it not only helps a full dollar's worth in material things (not one cent of war contributions is used for salaries or overhead expenses), but it actually watches over, comforts, cheers your boy, your neighbor's boy, at the front, the poor refugee and those in the devastated homes of Europe. Be comforted about it—it does more for you than any other dollar has ever done!



# Borden's EAGLE BRAND

## Conscience and Corn Bread

When the corn bread tastes so good that he doesn't care whether school keeps or not, he wants just "one more", even though he sees a mental vision of his mother hurrying him off to school—it's safe to say that Eagle Brand was used in its cooking.

Eagle Brand makes muffins that melt in your mouth, "war bread" that tastes like "more bread", and cinnamon buns that are light, dainty and delicious. In fact, in all cooking where milk and sugar are required, Eagle Brand is the trifle that makes perfection.

May we send you our booklet, "Borden's Recipes"?

Because of its purity and quality Eagle Brand has been the standard food for infants for over sixty years.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY  
108 Hudson Street

New York

"Be sure the Eagle is on the label"





"You use doilies—and *still* your table is beautiful and spotless.  
How *do* you do it?"

"Why—it's very simple—just use Johnson's Prepared Wax."

**EVERY** housewife can easily keep her home attractive by devoting a little attention to her furniture, woodwork, floors, and linoleum. All they need is an occasional application of Johnson's Prepared Wax. This cleans, polishes and protects the finish, adding years to its life.

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a high, dry, glasslike polish of great beauty and durability. It covers up mars and surface scratches, preserves the varnish and prevents checking and cracking.

## JOHNSON'S *Liquid and Paste* PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax contains no oil, consequently it does not gather or hold the dust and it never becomes soft in the hottest weather. It will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy film from your piano, victrola and mahogany furniture.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in liquid form as well as paste. The Liquid Wax polishes instantly with but very little rubbing. You can go over a roomful of furniture, a good sized floor, or an automobile in half-an-hour. Easy to use and economical.

### *A Dust-Proof Auto Polish*

Automobile owners will find Johnson's Liquid Wax the most satisfactory polish for the body, hood and fenders of their cars. It sheds water and dust and makes

a "wash" last twice as long. Protects and preserves the varnish—Write for our folder on "*Keeping Your Car Young*."—it's free.

Quarts.....\$1.40 Pints.....75c Half-pints.....50c

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. MC, Racine, Wis.







## Postmaster, Company "G"

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

Author of "Maggie," "Sarah Ann," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMAND BOTH

SEVERAL things annoyed Craig immeasurably. One was a crack across the corner of the ceiling. It was a very beautiful ceiling. The great ward had once been the banquet hall of the chateau. The crack was a result of a passing call from a Boche airplane.

Also, a boy called O'Connor angered him, because he was forever waving his stump of a wrist and making a joke of it. It wasn't decent. There was one of the nurses, too—the doll-faced one—that half the ward was in love with; he hated the sight of her. But the crack was the worst.

The third week, the surgeon stopped beside his bed and glared at him over grimly-folded arms. "Confound you," he cried, "why won't you let down? You could be out of here in two weeks if you wouldn't keep so infernally screwed up!"

Craig gave him back scowl for scowl. His voice was sullen. "How in thunder can any one let down when you keep a map of the place where hell broke loose, on your ceiling?"

The surgeon's glance followed Craig's, his mind flashing back. He whistled a keen note under his breath and his eyes brightened. That night Craig was moved to another ward.

It was better there, although there were things still that annoyed him; but the doll-faced nurse had vanished, and O'Connor; and, best of all, there was no crack. There was a window instead, with a patch of sky and a splendid branch of oak. Sometimes the sky was gray and the oak leaves hung dripping; but, even then, they still looked free. Again and again he awoke from a constantly-repeated dream of the trenches—when the walls seemed closing in upon him—silently, relentlessly, inexorably—and opened his eyes to the square of blue and the branch of oak lifting in the wind.

There was a nurse whom he liked. He'd have hated her if he had known that he was her favorite patient, but he never guessed. She had a plain, worn, tender face, and she never fussed over him nor tried to joke. She worked quietly and steadily, and then went away. She reminded him, somehow, of that branch of oak.

It was she who told him one day—her eyes shining, though she said no word of congratulation—that he was to be decorated.

He stared at her, and his face grew black. "Hell!" he exploded. Then he apologized awkwardly.

"It's all such a rotten muddle, decorating me!" he protested. "There isn't a soul in the world to care about me. Why couldn't it go to a fellow with a mother or a sweetheart or something?"

Being a woman, she did not whistle. Nothing about her moved or changed, except the light that flashed into her eyes. So that was it! But she said nothing till, as she finished her work on the knee, she remarked, as a commonplace, that one couldn't be a slacker even about medals.

He had no answer at all for that. All the same, he thought it over. Slowly, and with great respect for her, he acknowledged that she was right. It would only make it worse to kick up a row over it. So, when his five minutes came, he went through with it grimly, though it was worse than he had expected because the whole fool ward joined in. And when, a couple of hours later, she came to him, he had the medal off and under his pillow.

"I'd rather give it to you," he muttered.

The tender eyes in the plain face filled with soft laughter. "The ward would put me out. But the worst is over. Now you ought to get well."

HE did get better, but still very slowly. The tender eyes had a look as if they were waiting for something. Once in a while, she scolded gently as she took his temperature.

"You're giving me a lot of trouble—do you know it?"

That really worried him. "I could go to-day," he would insist. "It's all nonsense keeping me here. I'm sure I've kicked about it enough."

"Quite enough," she agreed. Yet, though he really tried hard after that, the temperature would not yield. And the medal under his pillow still worried him. Only once he spoke about it again.

"It is rotten," he persisted. "If you'd seen what I've seen! Why, there are thousands of fellows that deserve it more. When a fellow gets cornered, he has to fight, so there's no merit in that. But I've seen just kids do things—on their own, you know—that they didn't have to— If you'd seen some of 'em! But no medals hung on them! I'd like to know what there is fair about that!"

"Maybe," she suggested, "the 'fairness' as you call it, comes in somewhere else."

He stared at her with his feverish eyes gleaming from his gaunt young face.

"What do you mean by that?" he snapped.

"Why, most of these boys have somebody, haven't they—mothers or sisters? And you said you had no one. Don't you think a mother might be the equivalent of a medal, if you're talking about fairness?"

He hadn't thought of it that way. He lay thinking it over, frowningly, after she left.

And the next afternoon she brought him something. She was really doubtful about the wisdom of it, and her heart

"I'm going to leave it with you. Everybody else here has somebody to write to—you said that you hadn't."



was beating nervously over it, but she concealed it by an extra touch of authority, and deceived him without half trying.

"I have something for you," she said. "I don't know whether you will like it—maybe you will dislike it very much. But I've thought over all the men in the ward, and it clearly doesn't belong to anybody else; so it seems to be up to you whether you want it or not."

He waited, his old, quick frown gathering. She went on a little hurriedly, not looking at him.

"Yesterday," she explained, "a letter came addressed to the 'Postmaster, American Expeditionary Forces, Company G, Infantry.' It was from a woman in Massachusetts who had lost her own boy and wanted another one to mother. She made it very clear that she was just a plain, middle-aged body living in a little old gray farmhouse under a hill who wanted somebody to send things to. She said, of course, it might be that nobody would want her, but she hoped there'd be somebody—in memory of her own boy."

Craig lay very still. There was something defiant in the upward thrust of the gaunt young face on the pillow. His nurse stole a swift glance at it, and ended the story abruptly.

"She enclosed a letter to be given to him. This is the letter. I'm going to leave it with you. Everybody else here has somebody to write to—you said that you hadn't. And it seemed as if somebody ought to answer it—if she's old, you know, and waiting."

She put the letter beside him and turned away at once. She was like that—taking people for granted and then leaving them to do things. As much as he hated to, Craig knew that he would have to read the letter and answer it.

It was hours before he could bring himself to open it. He had an absurd feeling as if the whole inquisitive ward was spying on him; yet, when he tried to catch them at it, nobody was looking; they had learned very quickly to let him alone. Slowly, his lips set firmly, he opened the letter.

After all, it was not so bad as he expected. It was short for one thing—only three pages of the cheap country letter-paper, written in a careful, rather old-fashioned hand. It was shy and stiff and wistful and quaint all at once, and although he missed much of its atmosphere, enough reached him to press softly open a long-unused door to dim, nearly

forgotten things in his own life. For three years, when he was a little fellow, he had lived with an aunt whom he had loved. He knew at once that the one who wrote the letter was just such a looking woman—small and frail, with tired, kind blue eyes, and soft, straying, gray hair. She would wear blue-checked aprons, too, as his aunt did. He read it over again, something almost like a smile in his sunken eyes. She was so afraid he would not understand—that he would not believe her just "a plain, middle-aged little body without anything special about her." She confessed, with humiliation, that she was not very good at knitting—which was a disgrace when her mother had been such a famous knitter—but she could cook. She would send him some cookies and things, if he'd like them. The children did. There was a schoolhouse down the road a little way, and the children came up often—because she kept a cookie-jar! Sometimes the teacher came to supper—she was such a dear of a girl! Oh, it was just a simple country life, hers; it would be dull to a man. But maybe—just possibly—if he had no mother, he'd like to think of a little countrywoman who would be so happy to do a few little things in memory of her own boy. It made life different to feel that you had some one out in the world belonging to you ever so little. And she was respectfully his, "Jane Littlefield."

IT was absurd, the struggle he had to ask his nurse for paper and pencil. He raged at himself inwardly. But he got through it somehow, and she helped him by her matter-of-fact acceptance of his request. He could not, fortunately, see the triumphant light in her eyes as she turned away.

He spent two days over the letter, and, having sent it off, he began to count the weeks until he could get an answer, questioning his nurse with carefully indifferent manner. She looked at him simply and unsuspiciously as she helped

him to calculate, and he drew a breath of relief over his own cunning. She never suspected at all—he had been a bit afraid that she might.

And then, suddenly, the thing they had both been watching for, came. A dozen of the patients were ordered to a convalescents' hospital, far in the rear, and Craig was one of them. He turned a startled face to her when she told him.

"But—my letter! She won't know where to write!"

"Can't you trust me to forward it? And as soon as you are settled, you can send a card with the new address—"

He smiled at her gayly. It was a brand-new smile that had appeared only since he had sent the letter.

"Why, of course. I am a chump! Say, this is something like, isn't it? Next thing I'll be discharged, cured."

"Of course you will," she replied, as if there never had been any doubt about it.

He grew very excited over it. There were a few little things that had to be gathered up for him, including his medal. He had quite forgotten that he had wanted to give it to her; instead, though half foolishly, he pinned it on, "because," he said whimsically, "one has to rig up for dress parade!" Oh, it was a very different boy who was going; there was no doubt about that. He said good-bye to her frankly and warmly, but he never even saw her in the little crowd that gathered to wave them off. She stood behind one of the other nurses, looking after them with a small crooked smile, half proud, half hurt. For that is the way our children leave us.

She did not forget (she was not the forgetting kind), and soon Craig, now hobbling about on crutches, received his letter and a big package of the cookies that were warranted to keep for weeks. He read the letter over and over, chuckling to himself. It was just the kind anybody's mother writes—that was why he liked it—full of ignorant woman-questions, and foolish, fond mother warnings. He thought much, lying out in a sunny corner of the grounds, about the thousands of women like her, back home. It made everything more worth while than he had realized before. Sheepishly, that afternoon, he joined a group that was being photographed by a visitor, and begged a print to send back to her.

ALL this took a couple of months and brought it up to November, and then he had a double-star idea! At one and the same moment, he knew what he was going to send her for Christmas and what he wanted her to send him. He could get that medal and its unfairness off his chest, and, at the same time—if she did her part—he could have a bit of family to carry about with him. After he had sent the letter, he had uncomfortable times when he got hot with shame over his "nerve," wondering if it was a horribly cheeky thing that he had done. He grew quite irritable until his answer came.

It was a threefold answer, a Christmas box that made him an enviable magnate, a letter, and a photograph. He slipped away to open them alone, the photograph first—. It startled him, for a few moments, it was so unlike his aunt. It was a much younger woman, in the early forties, perhaps; her soft hair was not gray at all and her eyes looked as if they might be brown. They were beautiful eyes, brave and tender and mothering, and the mouth was sweet and strong. Craig drew a hard breath in his bewilderment. "Oh, I say!" he cried.

But in half an hour, the shock had passed; in an hour she could never have been anything else. It had been his fault, anyway—she had said she was middle-aged, and Aunt Emily—why, Aunt Emily must have been over seventy! Craig laughed out now.

"I wasn't flattering you any, was I?" he confided to the picture. "You've got one on me all right." He was sure that she would enjoy the joke with him—her mouth showed it. She looked so companionable. "Tell you what, you'd make a hit with the boys if you were here," he confided. Then it flashed across him that, perhaps, after all, the picture was not a recent one; he turned it over, and chuckled triumphantly; there had been a date, but it was scratched out. He had caught her being a woman, and loved her the better for it. Probably her hair was a little gray now, her brow a little furrowed, and she hated to tell him.

But the letter told him a little. The photograph was an old one, but the only one she had. She hoped he wouldn't mind. She hadn't much to say about it, however, for she had to talk about that medal. Craig fairly squirmed, she made so much of that. On the whole, however, it was a wonderfully satisfactory mail, taking it all in all. And that night, Craig had his great inspiration. He would get out of the hospital as soon as he could and go to "school" somewhere—perhaps to a school of telegraphy. There were plenty of chances left for a fellow who had hands and eyes. And then, as soon as he was on his feet, he would go home and pay his family a visit. He grew so exhilarated over the idea, that it was hours before he got to sleep. You see, to a fellow who had kicked around by himself since he was a little

kid, such a commonplace thing as a family may be highly exciting. At any rate, Craig's real grip on health began that night. And six months later he was sailing home.

He had not written her that he was coming. It was a stupid man's plan, of course, but Craig, counting impatient miles west from Boston, and never dreaming of all the woman-joys of preparation he was robbing her of, had no suspicion that his plan was not a superlative one. He tried to fancy how he would surprise her getting supper in the kitchen she had described, with its home-made rugs, and plants in the window, and the tortoise-shell cat that was too lazy to catch a mouse. He hoped she'd like the things he had brought her—he was so ignorant about buying things for a family, and had been too shy to ask anybody. But, deep down in his heart, he knew she'd like them; her eyes pledged that; every word in her letters—those shy, quaint, anxious letters—promised it. He drew a long breath. After all, he had a right to be excited. To be coming home to a mother for the first time in his twenty-nine years, was some adventure! And so, after two hours of it, he reached Grandon.

He stood a moment looking around him, getting his bearings. It took only a moment for everything—the little country station and the glimpses of the little country town behind it, were exactly as he had known that they must be.



After a moment's hesitation, he followed her—she had passed him without a glance

He stepped across to the station agent with his eager question.

"Can you direct me to Miss Jane Littlefield's?"

The agent, a lank, disjointed, red-headed youth, eyed him with curiosity.

"Never heard of the lady," he replied. "Where does she live?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

"Well then, you've asked me a one-er," the youth retorted cheerfully.

"But—you must know," Craig urged, bewildered. "It's near the schoolhouse."

"My friend, this thriving metropolis possesses two schoolhouses, if you please—one right here in town, and another two miles out—to which one do you refer?"

"Now you're talking." Craig's curious discomfort had vanished by now and he was all eagerness and anticipation. "It's the country one I mean. I can find my way from there."

He was given the direction and started off. It was late May, and the lilacs were in bloom—great, amethyst-topped clumps of them in nearly every dooryard. He trudged on whistling, every step carrying him farther back into old memories. So he came to the white schoolhouse. Her house—his family's—must be near now. He laughed at himself for feeling so absurdly shy and eager, as if he were a kid of ten. And just then, around a curve of the road, he caught a glimpse of the little gray farmhouse. He knew it at sight—he would have known it anywhere. There were lilacs there, too—of course. They crowded so close about the house that he couldn't see it clearly. It was ridiculous, that feeling as if something was wrong. He strode on rapidly—and three minutes later was staring blankly.

For everything was wrong. The little house was closed and its path all overgrown—its gate sagging. He pushed it open impatiently and looked into one of the dim windows. The house was quite empty; and he knew, with a knowledge swifter than reason, that it had been empty for years.

He drew himself together presently. He had made a mistake, of course. It might be farther on, or there might be a cross-road; he might even have passed it, carelessly, hidden behind some lilac thicket. But half an hour's searching exhausted all the possibilities—or nearly; there remained the school-teacher herself—the "dear of a girl." And, just as he reached the schoolhouse, she appeared at the door to call the children in from recess—a blue-eyed slip of a girl whom Craig could have put in his pocket. Seeing him coming up the path, she waited, her bell in her hand. Craig pulled off his cap and stood looking down at her.

"I'm hunting for a friend—Jane Littlefield. Can you tell me where she lives?"

"There isn't any Jane Littlefield here," the girl replied.

"Oh, but there must be," he cried. "Isn't there some cross-road or something?"

The girl shook her head positively. "I know everybody for three miles around. She may be in the town. Have you tried there?"

"But—I was told—a little gray farmhouse beyond the school," Craig repeated positively.

She shook her head once more. It was absurd for such a slip of a girl to be so sure about things.

"You see, I know everybody, and that house has been empty for years."

He felt as if the world was whirling about him in some wild fever-dream. There was just one chance left.

Slowly, he limped back to the village. He would try the post-office. If they said that there was no Jane Littlefield—

Evidently, a mail had just come in, for he met a little procession of people with letters in their hands. He thought that he might have to wait, but when he reached the building he found only one person left—a pale, poorly-dressed young woman. Then, suddenly, his heart gave a leap. The name that she called was Miss Jane Littlefield.

After a moment's hesitation, he followed her—she had passed him without a glance.

IT was not a very long way till she turned in at a doorway that evidently led to rooms over a small hardware shop. He started to follow her, but it occurred to him that she might be going there upon some errand. He beckoned a tow-headed urchin from the sidewalk.

"Does Miss Jane Littlefield live here?" he asked him.

"Yep. Up-stairs." The amazing dime that followed this information roused his native shrewdness. If two words brought such a harvest what might not further services bring? "I'll call her for you," he volunteered eagerly. But fortune had passed on. Craig climbed the steep stairs, his mind seething, and knocked on the first door.

The young woman herself opened it. Seen so, she had a spare, pale face and wide, tired hazel eyes that looked as if she had not had a very easy time of life. Craig had a feeling that he wanted to be very gentle with her.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you. I am looking for a friend of mine—Miss Jane Littlefield, and I heard you ask for her mail at the post-office, just now, and—Are you ill?"

Can I do anything?" he stammered awkwardly.

Her face had whitened terribly, and she had put her hand to her throat as if gasping for breath. He wondered if she were going to faint. But she didn't.

"I—it's nothing," she gasped. "You—you startled me so. Miss Littlefield is—dead."

"Dead!" He could only echo the word blankly. "But the youngster outside said she lived here."

"She did—he didn't know she had died. He—he didn't know her, you see—"

She was fluttering like some little trapped creature, looking at him with desperate pleading.

"But—there are so many things I don't understand. I am her 'boy' from France, you know?"

She nodded. Her voice was so faint that he almost lost it. "I know—I knew as soon as I saw you. She—she spoke of you so often—"

(Continued on page 59)





Future sons of France. A peasant family from the occupied provinces



The vivid story of the dramatic procession of French refugees through Switzerland, told by Emerin Semple Keene, daughter of the American consul-general, who, for months, helped feed and scrub and comfort them on their way back to their beloved France.



Their first journey at the age of eighty or ninety

As the gray dawn broke over the station smokestacks, in all the chilliness of a December morning, I watched for the first time, spellbound, a long line of misery huddled together on a Zurich railroad platform. Wrinkled old women of fourscore and ten clattered about in the wooden shoes of their native villages; bearded old dames, bent with toil and sorrow, sat in groups and stared out into the darkness; tired mothers and weazened old men with a look in their faces that spoke of eternity, followed the lone soldier who paraded heavily up and down the platform; and, interspersed among these relics of a great nation, were babies, and little children, and growing girls and boys. But a glimpse of this dirty, crowded, cattle-like horde, and I was bound to its service heart and soul. For they were a helpless throng, pushing onward, propelled by an invisible force, away from that cruel and incomprehensible power which had so ruthlessly torn them from their fields and firesides, and from all that, to them, made life worth living.

The middle of October, nineteen-hundred-seventeen, marked the passage through Switzerland of the three hundred thousand of these French refugees, evicted by the German Government from the invaded and devastated provinces of northern France. And they have been welcomed and cared for, and sent back home with hearts overflowing with gratitude toward Switzerland, the little oasis in the desert of war, which for one happy day made them forget many unhappy months.

Although I have been engaged in this relief work only a year, I have seen and soothed my share of suffering; have watched the gray throngs pass, and prayed and worked for that peace we await to-morrow. And whenever I find myself inwardly complaining of the heat, I have only to remember the summer advantages of daylight and green trees in the tasks of early morning, for I must confess that, at six a. m., back in December, all my instincts were not charitable! I shivered like a puppy in a vestibule during those bleak walks to the station in whirling snowstorms and drizzles.

On those first dark, dreary winter mornings, the workers in our force used to gather at seven a. m. in the station waiting-room to receive instructions. Attired in huge white surgeons' aprons, large enough to be worn over a heavy ulster, nurses' caps to protect our hair, and, generally, overshoes, leggings, and thick gloves, we sallied forth to await the arrival of the exiles' train. I was then what was called *conductrice de wagon*; that is to say, I had charge of one whole car, with a Swiss boy to do the heavy work, such as lifting out the old women. Each one of the eleven cars was numbered, and we had corresponding numbers on our sleeves, so that the *évacués* could recognize their own personal guides, and not get mixed up with the leader of some other division.

As soon as the train pulled in, we mounted the steps of our particular car even before it had stopped, my helper at one end and I at the other. The first thing we did was to give the travelers a welcome in their mother-tongue, and then make a polite dash for the windows, and open them all as quickly as possible, trying not to hurt our charges' feelings by appearing to be overcome by the lack of air. Although the trains were heated, the women had put on themselves and their children all the clothing they possessed, so as to carry it safely away with them, and the aggregate warmth of these unwashed human beings, together with the dirt of the train, badly contaminated the atmosphere.

ONE carload at a time was conducted to the restaurant and given breakfast before another was taken in. I led the way, while my aide brought up in the rear, keeping the *évacués* carefully between us, lest they should stray. Usually, the whole Swiss population rose in the dark to line up in the station and watch the refugees, handing out oranges and little cookies to the children as they passed.

Meanwhile, workers of the *Bureau de Recherche* went about asking news of those left behind in the invaded villages, hoping to get information which might ease the

mind of some poor interned prisoner of war in Switzerland, who had heard nothing of his old mother in the so-called "German Provinces." This was the only way we had of tracing the inhabitants of the once prosperous cities of Lille, Roubaix, Sedan and Valenciennes. It was and is a tremendous task. I have seen French people in Switzerland patiently and hopefully meeting every train of *évacués*, since the beginning, trying perhaps to find an old father, or a mother, or some other member of the family from whom they had long been separated. Communication is made impossible by the Germans. A mother in a captured village only two kilometers away from her son working in another invaded district, was unable to learn anything about him for two years.

After breakfast, one group after another was conducted across the street to the Museum courtyard, where, in a temporary wooden structure, clothing sent by the French Government was distributed. There, also, German money, now reduced to half its original value, was exchanged by the Zurich bank representatives. We had a well equipped shoe department, and separate divisions for fitting out old men, women and children. Some of the people were fairly well off and preferred not to accept clothes which were, in truth, destined for the poorest. These were given articles such as handkerchiefs, or fancy bags for the youngsters, simply as souvenirs of their first day of freedom. Nevertheless, the former owner of three captured chateaux put aside her pride and, in a whisper, falteringly begged for a shirt! Before they passed out, each person was handed a large cheese-cloth bag to hold his new belongings. At the exit, each bag was numbered in blue pencil, to correspond with the identification numbers pinned to each *évacué*, so they would not be misplaced.

When we were back on the station platform, in front of our car, men of the Swiss regiment on duty brought up push-carts on which were basins, hot water, soap and towels. This was a signal for a universal clean-up. We helped wash the faces and hands, and comb the matted hair of the children whose mothers had five or six infants to scrub, besides themselves. The soldiers took charge, by main force, of the strong little boys who sometimes had a cat's distrust of a wet wash-rag.

When the group was finally back in the car, each *conductrice* distributed chocolate, souvenir postals and French newspapers, much to the noisy delight of her charges, who had, none of them, seen a home paper for almost three years, and were totally ignorant of any but the German viewpoint. Several times, girls with baskets of toys jumped onto the platform and were greeted with whoops of joy. Little Swiss flags, distributed one day by a Swedish noblewoman, brought forth enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Suisse! A bas les Boches! Merci! Merci!" till one had a lump in the throat and wanted to cry—wanted to build a new nation for these poor souls to whom kindness was a new, terrifying experience. For a long time, their homes had been in the streets. Beside them, from morning till night, Belgian prisoners had been dying of starvation. They had been living in a world where, if their hearts happened to conquer their judgment, and they had offered to share a cup of coffee, or a bit of bread with a fellow sufferer, it was knocked from the eager, deathlike grasp by the butt of a German gun, and the benefactor was fined and imprisoned for a week. Is it astonishing, then, that Switzerland should seem like Paradise to these poor, cowed creatures?

Before leaving the home village, they were generally shut up for weeks in the neighboring schoolhouse or some large public building, or held in an internment camp. All their money was taken and kept by the military authorities until the day of their departure, so they had to subsist, for the time being, on the charity of the friends they were leaving behind them. Not until they had crossed the

[Continued on page 28]



The luxury of cleanliness (circle)

At the French frontier; Miss Keene in the center of the group (diamond)

A French interned soldier lends a helping hand (circle); below, the Poupponière, or the babies' exclusive quarters



## The War-Story of the Hour



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

For Synopsis, see page 59

## CHAPTER VII

SIR HENRY was in a pleasant and expansive humor that evening. The new cook was an unqualified success and he was conscious of having dined exceedingly well. He sat in a comfortable easy-chair before a blazing wood fire. He had just lit one of his favorite brand of cigarettes, and his wife, whom he adored, was seated only a few feet away.

"Quite a remarkable change in Helen," he observed. "She was in the depths of depression when I went away, and to-night she seems positively cheerful."

"Helen varies a great deal," Philippa reminded him.

"Still, to-night, I must say, I should have expected to have found her more depressed than ever," Sir Henry went on. "She hoped so much from your visit to London, and you apparently accomplished nothing."

"Nothing at all."

"And you have had no letters?"

"None."

"Then Helen's high spirits, I suppose, are only part of woman's natural inconsistency \* \* \* Philippa, dear!"

"Yes?"

"I am glad to be at home. I am glad to see you sitting there. I know you are nursing up something, some little thunderbolt to launch at me. Won't you launch it and let's get it over?"

Philippa laid down the book which she had been reading, and turned to face her husband. He made a little grimace.

"Don't look so severe," he begged. "You frighten me before you begin."

"I am sorry," she said, "but my face probably reflects my feelings. I am hurt and grieved and disappointed in you, Henry."

"That's a good start, anyway," he groaned.

"We have been married six years," Philippa went on, "and I admit at once, that I have been very happy. Then the war came. You know quite well, Henry, that especially at that time I was very fond of you; yet it never occurred to me for a moment but that, like every other woman, I should have to lose my husband for a time \* \* \* Stop please," she insisted, as he showed signs of interrupting. "I know quite well that it was through my persuasions you retired so early, but, in those days, there was no thought of war, and I always had it in my mind that if trouble came you would find your way back to where you belonged."

"My dear child, that is all very well," Sir Henry protested, "but it's not so easy to get back again. You know that I went up to the Admiralty and offered my services, directly the war started."

"Yes, and what happened?" Philippa demanded. "You were, in a measure, shelved. You were put on a list and told that you would hear from them—a sort of Micawber-like situation with which you were perfectly satisfied. Then you took that moor up in Scotland and disappeared for nearly six months."

"I was supplying the starving population with food," he reminded her genially. "We sent about four hundred brace of grouse to market, not to speak of the salmon. We had some very fair golf, too, some of the time."

"Oh, I have not troubled to keep any exact account of your diversions!" Philippa said scornfully. "Sometimes," she continued, "I wonder whether you are quite responsible, Henry. How you can even talk of these things when every man of your age and strength is fighting one way or another for his country, seems marvelous to me. Do you

realize that we are fighting for our very existence? Do you realize that my own father, who is fifteen years older than you, is in the firing line? This is a small place, of course, but there isn't a man left in it of your age, with your physique, who has had the slightest experience in either service, who isn't doing something."

"I can't do more than send in applications," he grumbled. "Be reasonable, my dear Philippa. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to find a job for a sailor who has been out of it as long as I have."

"So you say, but when they ask me what you are doing, as they all did in London this time, and I reply that you can't get a job, there is generally a polite little silence. No one believes it. I don't believe it."

"Philippa!" Sir Henry turned in his chair. His cigar was burning now idly between his fingers. His heavy eyebrows were drawn together.

"Well, I don't," she reiterated. "You can be angry, if you will—in fact, I think I should prefer you to be angry. You take no pains at the Admiralty. You just go there and come away again, once a year or something like that. Why, if I were you I wouldn't leave the place until they'd found me something—indoors or outdoors, what does it matter so long as your hand is on the wheel and you are doing your little for your country? But you—what do you care? You went to town to get a job and you came back with new mackerel spinners! You are off fishing to-morrow morning with Jimmy Dumble. Somewhere up in the North Sea, to-day and to-morrow and the next day, men are giving their lives for their country. What do you care? You will sit there smoking your pipe and catching dabs!"

"Do you know that you are almost offensive, Philippa?" her husband said quietly.

"I want to be," she retorted. "I should like you to feel that I am. In any case, this will probably be the last conversation I shall hold with you on the subject."

"Well, thank God for that, anyway!" he observed, strolling to the chimney-piece and selecting a pipe from a rack. "I think you've said about enough."

"I haven't finished," she told him ominously.

"Then, for heaven's sake, get on with it and let's have it over," he begged.

"Oh, you're impossible!" Philippa exclaimed bitterly. "Listen. I give you one chance more. Tell me the truth? Is there anything in your health of which I do not know? Is there any possible explanation of your extraordinary behavior which, for some reason or other, you have kept to yourself? Give me your whole confidence."

Sir Henry, for a moment, was serious enough. He stood looking down at her a little wistfully.

"My dear," he told her, "I have nothing to say except this. You are my very precious wife. I have loved you and trusted you since the day of our marriage. I am content to go on loving and trusting you, even though things should come under my notice which I do not understand. Can't you accept me the same way?"

Philippa, momentarily uneasy, was nevertheless rebellious. "Accept you the same way? How can I! There is nothing in my life to compare in any way with the tragedy of your—"

She paused, as though unwilling to finish the sentence as she had begun. He waited patiently, however, for her to proceed.

"Of my what?"

Philippa compromised.

"Lethargy," she pronounced triumphantly.

"An excellent word," he murmured.

"It is too mild a one, but you are my husband," she remarked.

"That reminds me," he said quietly, "you are my wife."

"I know it," she admitted, "but I am also a woman, and there are limits to my endurance. If you can give me no explanation of your behavior, Henry, if you really have no intention of changing it, then there is only one course left open for me."

"That sounds rather alarming \* \* \* what is it?" he demanded.

Philippa lifted her head a little. This was the pronouncement toward which she had been leading.

"From to-day," she declared, "I cease to be your wife."

His fingers paused in the manipulation of the tobacco with which he was filling his pipe. He turned and looked at her.

"You what?"

"I cease to be your wife."

"How do you manage that?" he asked.

"Don't jest," she begged. "It hurts me so. What I mean is surely plain enough. I will continue to live under your roof if you wish it, or I am perfectly willing to go back to Wood Norton. I will continue to bear your name because I must, but the other ties between us are finished."

"You don't mean this, Philippa," he said gravely.

"But I do mean it," she insisted. "I mean every word I have spoken. So far as I am concerned, Henry, this is your last chance."

Sir Henry was silent. Somehow, the words of the note he had received earlier became very distinct before his eyes. It had been pregnant with portent.

## POLICE STATION, DREYMARSH.

SIR.—According to inquiries made, I find that Mr. Hamar Lessingham arrived at the Hotel this evening in time for dinner. His luggage arrived by rail yesterday. It is presumed that he came by motor-car, but there is no car in the garage, nor any mention of one. His room was taken for him by Miss Fairclough, ringing up for Lady Cranston, about seven o'clock. Respectfully yours, JOHN HAYLOCK.

"I presume then," he answered finally, "we can consider this conversation finished?"

"I have nothing more to say," Philippa pronounced.

"Very well, then," her husband agreed, "let us select another topic. This time, supposing I choose?"

"You are welcome," Philippa was very quiet.

"Let us converse, then, about Mr. Hamar Lessingham."

Philippa had taken up her work. Her fingers ceased their labors but she did not look up.

"About Mr. Hamar Lessingham," she repeated. "Rather a limited subject, I am afraid."

"I am not so sure," he said thoughtfully. "For instance, who is he?"

"I have no idea," she replied. "Does it matter? He was at college with Richard, and he has been a visitor at Wood Norton. That is all that we know. Surely that is sufficient for us to offer him any reasonable hospitality?"

"I am not disputing it," Sir Henry assured her. "On the face of it, it seems perfectly reasonable that you should be civil to him. On the other hand, there are one or two rather curious points about his coming here just now."

"Really?" Philippa murmured indifferently, bending a little lower over her work.

"In the first place," her husband continued, "how did he arrive here?"

"For all I know," she replied, "he may have walked."

"A little unlikely. Still, he didn't come from London by either of the evening trains, and it seems that you didn't take his rooms for him until about seven o'clock, before which time he hadn't been to the hotel. So, you see, one is driven to wonder how the mischief he did get here."

"I took his rooms?" Philippa repeated, with a sudden little catch at her heart.

"Some one from here rang up, didn't they?" Sir Henry went on carelessly. "I gathered that we are introducing him at the hotel."

"Where did you hear that?" she demanded weakly.

HE shrugged his shoulders, but avoided answering the question.

"I have no doubt," he continued, "that the whole subject of Mr. Hamar Lessingham is scarcely worth discussing. Yet he does seem to have arrived here under a little halo of coincidence."

"I am afraid I have scarcely appreciated that," Philippa remarked. "In fact, his coming here has seemed to me the most ordinary thing in the world. After all, although one scarcely remembers that since the war, this is a health resort, and the man has been ill."

"Quite right," Sir Henry agreed. "You are not going to bed, dear?"

Philippa had folded up her work. She stood for a moment upon the hearth-rug. The little hardness which had tightened her mouth had disappeared, her eyes had softened.

"May I say just one word more," she begged, "about our previous \* \* \* our only serious subject of conversation? I have tried my best since we were married, Henry, to make you happy."

"You know quite well," he assured her, "that you have succeeded."

"Grant me one favor, then," she pleaded. "Give up your fishing expedition to-morrow, go back to London by the first train, and let me write to Lord Rayton. I am sure he would do something for you. Anything would be better than this utter inactivity."



CHAPTER VIII

"Of course he'd do something!" her husband groaned. "I should get a censorship in Ireland, or a post as instructor at Portsmouth."

"Wouldn't you rather take either of those than nothing?" she asked—"than go on living the life you are living now?"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Philippa, I wouldn't," he declared bluntly. "What on earth use should I be in a land appointment? Why, no one could read my writing, and my nautical science is entirely out of date. Why, a cadet at Osborne could floor me in no time."

"You refuse to let me write, then?" she persisted.

"Absolutely."

"You intend to go on that fishing expedition with Jimmy Dumble to-morrow?"

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," he confessed.

Philippa was suddenly white with anger.

"Henry, I've finished," she declared, holding out her hand to keep him away from her—"I've finished with you entirely. I would rather be married to an enemy who was fighting honorably for his country, than to you. What I have said, I mean \* \* \* Don't come near me. Don't try to touch me."

SHE swept past him on her way to the door.

"Not even a good-night kiss?" he asked, stooping down.

She looked him in the eyes.

"I am not a child," she said scornfully.

He closed the door after her. For a moment, he remained as though undecided whether to follow or not. His face had softened with her absence. Finally, however, he turned away with a little shrug of the shoulders, threw himself into his easy-chair, and began to smoke furiously \* \* \*

The telephone bell disturbed his reflections. He rose at once and took up the receiver.

"Yes, this is 19, Dreymarsh. Trunk call? All right, I am here."

He waited until another voice came to him faintly.

"Cranston?"

"Speaking."

"That's right. The message is Odino Berry. You understand? O-d-i-n-o B-e-r-r-y."

"I've got it," Sir Henry replied. "Good night!"

He hung up the receiver, crossed the room to his desk, unlocked one of the drawers and produced a black memorandum book, secured with a brass lock. He drew a key from his watch-chain, opened the book, and ran his fingers down the O's.

"Odino," he muttered to himself. "Here it is—'We have trustworthy information from Berlin.' Now Berry." —He turned back—"You are being watched by an enemy secret service agent."

He relocked the cipher book and replaced it in the desk. Then he strolled over to his easy-chair and sat down, looking into the fire.

"We have trustworthy information from Berlin," he repeated to himself, "that you are being watched by an enemy secret service agent."

"Tell me, Mr. Lessingham," Philippa insisted, "exactly what you are thinking of? You looked so dark and mysterious from the ridge below that I've climbed up on purpose to ask you."

Lessingham held out his hand to steady her. They were standing on a sharp spur of the cliffs, the north wind blowing in their faces, thrashing into little flecks of white foam the sea below, on which the twilight was already resting. For a moment or two, neither of them could speak.

"I was thinking of my country," he confessed. "I was looking through the shadows there, right across the North Sea."

"You looked as though you were posing for the statue of some one in exile," she observed. "Come, let us go a little lower down—unless you want to stay here and be blown to pieces."

"I was on my way back to the hotel," he answered quickly, as he followed her lead, "but, to tell you the truth, I was feeling a little lonely."

"That," she declared, "is your own fault. I asked you to come to Mainsail Haul whenever you felt inclined."

"As I have felt inclined ever since the evening I arrived," he remarked with a smile, "you might, perhaps, by this time have had a little too much of me."

"On the contrary," she told him, "I quite expected you yesterday afternoon, to tell me how you like the place and what you have been doing \* \* \* So you were thinking about—over there?" she added, moving her head seaward.

He sighed. "'Over there' absorbs a great portion of one's thoughts," he confessed, "and the rest of them have been playing me queer tricks."

"Well, I should like to hear about the first portion," she insisted.

"Do you know," he replied, "there are times when, even now, this war seems to me like an unreal thing, like something I have been reading about, some wild imagining of Shelley or one of the unrestrainable poets. I can't believe that millions of the flower of our manhood and yours have perished, helplessly, hopelessly, cruelly. And France—poor, decimated France!"

"Well, you started the war, you know," she reminded him.

"Did we?" he answered. "I sometimes wonder. Even now, I fancy, if the official papers of every one of the nations lay side by side, with their own case stated from their own point of view, even you might feel a little confused about that. Still, I am going to be very honest with you. I think, myself, that Germany wanted war."

"There you are, then," she declared triumphantly. "The whole thing is your responsibility."

"I do not go quite so far as that," he protested. "You see, the world is governed by great natural laws. As a snowball grows larger with rolling, so it takes up more room. As a child grows out of its infant clothes, it needs the vestments of a youth and then a man. And so with Germany. We grew and grew until our country could not hold us, until our banks could not contain our money, until

we stretched our arms out on every side and felt ourselves stifled. We came late into the world and found it parcelled out, but had we not a right to our place? We made ourselves great. We needed space."

"Well," Philippa observed, "you couldn't suppose that other nations were going to give up what they had, just because you wanted their possessions, could you?"

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "And yet, you see, the immutable law comes in here. The stronger must possess—not only the stronger by arms, remember, but by intellect, by learning, by proficiency in science, by utilitarianism. The really cruel part, the part I was thinking of then, as I looked out across the sea, is that this crude and miserable resource to arms should be necessary."

"If only there were a few more Germans as broad-minded and reasonable as you," Philippa sighed, "one feels that there might be some hope for the future!"

"I am not alone," he assured her, "but, you see, over all my country there is spread, like a spider's web, the lay religion of the citizen—devotion to the Government, blind obedience to the Kaiser. Independent thought has made Germany great in science, in political economy, in economics. But independent thought is never turned toward our political destinies. Those are shaped for us. For good or for evil, we have learned obedience."

They were descending the hillside now. At their feet lay the little town, black and silent.

"You have helped me to understand a little," Philippa said. "You put things so gently and yet so clearly. But tell me, have not you, yourself, felt the personal hatred of it all?"

"Miserably," he confessed; "and yet, when the tocsin sounded, I never hesitated. I have large estates in Bavaria, and many interests there. I forgot them all. I heard no voice save the voice of those whom I had sworn to obey. I was in that mad rush through Belgium. I was wounded in the foot at Maubeuge, or else I should have followed hard on the heels of that wonderful retreat of yours. As it was, I lay for many months in a hospital. I joined again—shall I confess it?—almost unwillingly. The blood-thirstiness of it all sickened me. I fought at Ypres, but I think that it was something of the courage of despair, of black misery. I was wounded again and decorated. I suppose I shall never be fit for the front again. I tried to turn to account some of my knowledge of England and English life. Then they sent me here."

HERE, of all places in the world! Philippa repeated wonderingly. "Just look at us! We have a single line of railway, a perfectly straightforward system of roads, the ordinary number of soldiers being trained, no mysteries, no industries—nothing. What terrible scheme are you at work upon, Mr. Lessingham?"

He smiled. "Between you and me," he confided, "I am not at all sure that I am not here on a fool's errand—at least, I thought so when I arrived."

She glanced up at him. "And why not now?"

He made no answer, but their eyes met, and Philippa looked hurriedly away. There was a moment's queer, strained silence. Before them loomed up the outline of Mainsail Haul.



"Have you heard any news of your brother?" Captain Griffiths asked sympathetically.  
"Not a word," was Philippa's sorrowful reply.

JAMES HAMILTON'S ILLUSTRATION



JAMES McBECKERY FAGE

"Will you promise that you will never send me away hungry?" he asked, dropping his voice for a moment

"You will come in and have some tea, won't you?" she invited.

"If I may. Believe me," he added, "it has only been a certain diffidence that has kept me away so long."

She made no reply, and they entered the house together. They found Helen and Nora, with three or four young men from the Depot, having tea in the drawing-room. Lessingham slipped very easily into the pleasant little circle. If a trifle subdued, his quiet manners, and a sense of humor which every now and then displayed itself, were most attractive.

"Wish you'd come and dine with us and meet our colonel, sir," Harrison asked him. "He was at Magdalen a few years after Major Felstead, and I am sure you'd find plenty to talk about."

"I am quite sure that we should," Lessingham replied. "May I come, perhaps, toward the end of next week? I am making most strenuous efforts to lead an absolutely quiet life here."

"Whenever you like, sir. We sha'n't be able to show you anything very wild in the way of dissipation. Vintage port and a decent cigar are the only changes we can make for guests."

Philippa drew her visitor to one side presently, and made him sit with her in a distant corner of the room.

"I knew there was something I wanted to say to you," she began, "but, somehow or other, I forgot when I met you. My husband was very much struck with Helen's improved spirits. Don't you think that we had better tell him, when he returns, that we have heard from Major Felstead?"

Lessingham agreed. "Just let him think that your letters came by post in the ordinary way," he advised. "I shouldn't imagine from what I have seen of your husband, that he is a suspicious person; but it is just possible that he might have associated them with me if you had mentioned them the other night. When is he coming back?"

"I never know," Philippa answered with a sigh. "Perhaps to-night, perhaps in a week. It depends upon what sport he is having. You are not smoking?"

Lessingham lit a cigarette.

"I find your husband," he said quietly, "rather an interesting type. We have no men like that in my country. He almost puzzles me."

Philippa glanced up to find her companion's dark eyes fixed upon her.

"There is very little about Henry that need puzzle any one," she complained bitterly. "He is just an overgrown, spoilt child, devoted to amusements, and following his fancy wherever it leads him. \* \* \* Why do you look at me, Mr. Lessingham, as though you thought I was keeping something back? I am not, I can assure you."

"Perhaps I was wondering," he confessed, "how you really felt toward a husband whose outlook was so unnatural."

She looked down at her intertwined fingers. "Do you know," she said softly, "I feel, somehow or other, although we have known each other such a short time, as though we were friends, and yet that is a question which I could

not answer. A woman must always have some secrets, you know."

"A man may try sometimes to preserve his," he sighed, "but a woman is clever enough, as a rule, to dig them out."

A faint tinge of color stole into her cheeks. She welcomed Helen's approach almost eagerly.

"A woman must first feel the will," she murmured, without glancing at him. \* \* \* "Helen, do you think we dare ask Mr. Lessingham to come and dine?"

"Please do not discourage such a delightful suggestion," Lessingham begged eagerly.

"I haven't the least idea of doing so," Helen laughed, "so long as I may have—say just ten minutes, to talk about Dick."

"It is a bargain," he promised.

"We shall be quite alone," Philippa warned him, "unless Henry arrives."

"It is the great attraction of your invitation," he confessed. "At eight o'clock, then."

#### CHAPTER IX

CAPTAIN GRIFFITHS to see your ladyship."

Philippa's fingers rested for a moment upon the keyboard of the piano before which she was seated awaiting Lessingham's arrival. Then she glanced at the clock. It was ten minutes to eight.

"You can show him in, Mills, if he wishes to see me."

Captain Griffiths was ushered into the room—awkward, unwieldy, nervous as usual. He entered as though in a hurry, and there was nothing in his manner to denote that he had spent the last few hours deciding whether or not to make this visit.

"I must apologize for this most untimely call, Lady Cranston," he said, watching the closing of the door, "I will not take up more than five minutes of your time."

"We are very pleased to see you at any time, Captain Griffiths," Philippa said hospitably. "Do sit down, please."

Captain Griffiths bowed but remained standing.

"It is very near your dinner-time, I know, Lady Cranston," he continued apologetically. "The fact of it is, however, that, as commandant here, it is my duty to examine the credentials of all strangers in the place. There is a gentleman named Lessingham staying at the hotel, who I understand gave your name as reference."

Philippa's eyes looked larger than ever, and her face more innocent, as she gazed up at her visitor.

"Why, of course, Captain Griffiths," she said. "Mr. Lessingham was at college with my brother, and one of his best friends. He has shot down at my father's place in Cheshire."

"You are speaking of your brother, Major Felstead?"

"My only brother."

"I am very much obliged to you, Lady Cranston," Captain Griffiths declared. "I can see that we need not worry any more about Mr. Lessingham."

Philippa laughed. "It seems rather old-fashioned to think of your having to worry about any one down here," she

observed. "It really is a very harmless neighborhood, isn't it?"

"There isn't much going on, certainly," the commandant admitted. "Very dull the place seems at times."

"Now be perfectly frank," Philippa begged him. "Is there a single fact of importance which could be learned in this place worth communicating to the enemy? Is the danger of espionage here worth a moment's consideration?"

"That," Captain Griffiths replied in somewhat stilted fashion, "is not a question which I should be prepared to answer off-hand."

Philippa shrugged her shoulders and appealed almost feverishly to Helen, who had just entered the room.

"Helen, do come and listen to Captain Griffiths! He is making me feel quite creepy. There are secrets about it, seems, and he wants to know all about Mr. Lessingham."

Helen smiled with complete self-possession.

"Well, we can set his mind at rest about Mr. Lessingham, can't we?" she observed, as she shook hands.

"We can do more," Philippa declared. "We can help him to judge for himself. We are expecting Mr. Lessingham for dinner, Captain Griffiths. Do stay."

"I couldn't think of taking you by storm like this," Captain Griffiths replied; with a wistfulness which only made his voice sound hoarser and more unpleasant. "It is most kind of you, Lady Cranston. Perhaps you will give me another opportunity."

"I sha'n't think of it," Philippa insisted. "You must stay and dine to-night. We shall be partie carrée, for Nora goes to bed directly after dinner. I am ringing the bell to tell Mills to set an extra place," she added.

Captain Griffiths abandoned himself to fate with a little shiver of complacency. He welcomed Lessingham, who was presently announced, with very much less than his usual reserve, and the dinner was in every way a success. Toward its close, Philippa became a little thoughtful. She glanced more than once at Lessingham, who was sitting by her side, almost in admiration. His conversation, gay at times, always polished, was interlarded continually with those little social reminiscences inevitable amongst men moving in a certain circle of English society. Apparently, Richard Felstead was not the only one of his college friends with whom he had kept in touch. The last remnants of Captain Griffiths' suspicions seemed to vanish with their second glass of port, although his manner became in no way more genial.

"Don't you think you are almost a little too daring?" Philippa asked her favored guest, as he helped her, afterward, to set out a bridge table.

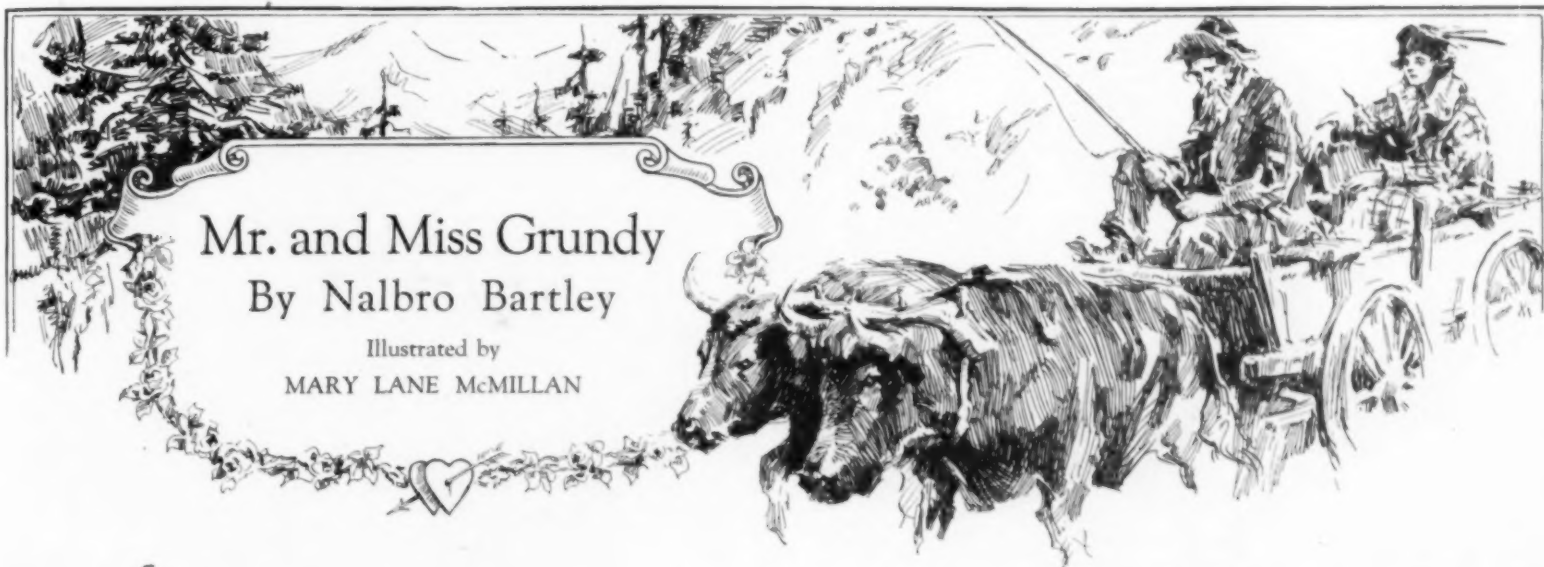
He smiled. "One adapts one's methods to one's adversary," he murmured. "Your friend Captain Griffiths had only the very conventional suspicions. The mention of a few good English names, acquaintance with the ordinary English sports, is quite sufficient with a man like that."

Helen and Griffiths were talking at the other end of the room. Philippa raised her eyes to her companion's.

"You become more of a mystery than ever," she declared. "You are making even me curious. Tell me, really, why you have paid us this visit from the clouds?"

[Continued on page 24]





## Mr. and Miss Grundy

By Nalbro Bartley

Illustrated by  
MARY LANE McMILLAN

**G**RUNDY was leaving Sangster's private office, shaking hands with the boyish young manager and saying pleasantly, "I wish I might return this favor. But it isn't likely, is it? However, you've a friend that you can always call on—at—at—well, I'll send you my new address."

"Do, Mr. Ganson. Been good to meet you. If you don't mind my saying so, I wish you'd reconsider the thing—just let me tell Mrs. Ganson that you came in person to deliver your charge. Seems to me such a splendid woman and such a—" he floundered in confusion.

"Not a word—positively. She would be awfully disturbed if she ever thought I'd been keeping this for her—just let her think that I put it here fifteen years ago—at the time of our divorce—don't you see? I really ought to have done so, I suppose, but—well, I didn't. I'm within the time limit, anyway. Of course, if Aunt Pensey had dreamed of a divorce, she wouldn't have left me confidential keeper of my wife's money. Can't ever see far ahead, can we?"

"No," the younger man shook his head. "Of course, I'll do as you say. The other stuff is safe in the vault—I've often heard my father speak of it. He liked Pensey Jessup."

"A fine woman—my wife was like her." Grundy straightened himself up. "Thanks again—good afternoon."

Outside, he walked wearily down to the station. It was a relief to walk. He kept putting his heels down hard to convince himself that this was not some fantastic nightmare, that he would wake up to find himself back in his carved gilt bed, with a tray of chocolate and rolls waiting beside him.

He must hurry back to arrange for the sale of his things. Then he would sit down in a quiet, second-rate hotel room to decide what he should best do. He would write Kirby a letter telling him he had lost his money and was going away for a while—but no, Kirby might repeat the news and she might suspect. And there was Laurie—Laurie whom Kirby had loved and who, by the simple suggestion of a girl's boarding-school, had turned and denounced that love! After years of idle pleasure, would Laurie come to know sublime self-sacrifice?

Sunday was the twelfth—and Mary was expected in the office on Saturday morning, Sangster said—and then she would find her legacy. Thank heaven, she was no bothering business woman to ferret out the weak corners of the thing and unearth the truth. He could picture her in a shimmering gray gown, with a big sweeping hat, a trifle pale and worn looking, but with the same glorious beauty of an October afternoon. She would sit in the straight-backed chair he had occupied and begin by saying that she felt forty was the time for birthdays to stop being counted—this with her low, musical laugh and a twinkle of the azure eyes. She would receive his sympathy for the failure and tell him in her earnest, brave fashion that worse things might have come to her; she might have lost her daughter. Then she would clasp her hands and tilt her head back and say with just a suggestion of a sob, "I've come for my teapot, please."

And he would get out the package from the vault, sealed and tied and addressed in Aunt Pensey's cramped, queer writing. And as she cut the strings and broke the seals with a thousand memories sweeping over her of all that had gone before, Sangster would tell of the real extent of the legacy—not alone the rare plate—but a million dollars in gold certificates, a curious whim of this Scotch aunt's to hold it in trust, also.

The blue eyes would turn violet with sudden emotion and she would say slowly, "A million dollars!" And then she would wire Laurie.

Well, he could climb down out of the stocks and pillory of a gilded fool that he had voluntarily thrust himself into. He could jostle with the careless crowd of breadwinners. In his heart there would be a throbbing, glad refrain that would brave the hardships—"sublime self-sacrifice"—and the knowledge that the task set him by the woman he loved had been well done.

It was such a wilderness with a baffling fall mist and snow-capped

peaks bearing down on her that overwhelmed the small figure in a bobbed coat of red, yellow and black with its plaid turban, feathered Indian-wise, huddled lonesomely in a corner of the station. The beauty of the Canadian Rockies is not the paramount feature when one has stolen many thousand miles from a select finishing-school, packed her things in the dead of night and slipped away.

Laurie was tired. Four days and nights in the coast train had exhausted her stout resolves, and confused the well-prepared speech with which she had planned to greet Martin. Her mother's wisely chosen words when packing kept recurring to her with unceasing force \* \* \* "A strong, good man of Martin's type,"—"Martin is, of course, very unusual, he loves only once,"—"Well, everybody can't win in love, can he—and he took it so bravely!" And a little later, after the detestable school-baby frocks were laid in the trunk, "It will be a long, lonesome winter for Martin; fancy it, alone in his bungalow, fighting away the memory of the one person he loves. But he's brave and he will fight it away. A more ordinary person after such a disaster would have done foolish things." She mused on those hateful weeks at school—she, Laurie, daughter of Grundy, trying to feed her mind on the glitter of new gilt dancing boots; pretending to enjoy fudge parties and to like the funny, dull-faced girls who tittered of love and life and thrilling novels. She laughed at the thought of her lessons—a choked, nervous little laugh. Then the native in a big rough ulster came to tell her the ox team was ready.

She climbed up on the seat and fell again to musing on school trivialities. French verbs and a little delicate history; some exercises to make one's arms graceful; reading Evangeline and daubing away at a copy of *The Lion of St. Mark's*; listening to the inane chattering of her classmates; trying to smile and courtesy every time Madame Piquot swept through the room; and pretending to be shocked with the latest sensation, whispered about at recreation hour—"that Madame Piquot's diamond-powdered hair was a wig

and that the person who had left the cover of the baby grand piano off after her practise hour was to be publicly reprimanded!"

Then she remembered how at night visions of Grundy's laughing, elegant self with his queer, rich clothes and blasé manner, of her mother with all her charming, forceful wisdom, of Martin's soft, gentle, brown eyes looking down at her had beat in on her consciousness as she lay in her small, white bed at Madame Piquot's and sobbed.

There had been a day when the school went wild with excitement. Madame Piquot was to lecture on preparing one's trousseau. And after they had assembled in the reception-hall, the entire twenty-nine little flappers and the one flame-haired stranger who had known the wonder of a lover's kiss, the Madame, stately and impressive, rose and discoursed on the necessary articles for a bride's first season and ended briefly: "Young ladies, when you are married, go to housekeeping—if it's only under an umbrella!"

At which Laurie fled in rank disregard of the fire drill. She put her hands up to her head with her father's familiar gesture, and told herself over and over that she was a miserable, mean-intentioned, ungrateful person. Then one day, when she had been able to endure it no longer, she had planned her going. There had been a temptation to wire Mary. But a strange dignity befell her—this was her own affair; not even her mother might share it—not until afterward.

The ox team creaked over the winding road overhung with great, jagged, frowning peaks. They almost frightened Laurie. The driver sat unconcernedly beside her. He had begun to talk to her once or twice, but had each time quickly coughed to cover the attempt. Now he was a little braver.

"A fright, these roads—sister of Mr. Kirby's?" Laurie shook her head. She was busy wondering about the furore her departure had caused. But she had left a careful note explaining that she was going home and that Madame could wire her mother at her New York address!

That would give her time, she figured, to reach Martin before the wire would be forwarded to Bonnicrest, since it was liable to lay neglected on the hall-boy's desk. She did not want any one to worry about her—not—not even Grundy.

"Hired girl?" "No." "Ga-lang, ga-lang," he spoke to the oxen. "There's some goods from the states for him—books, I think. He's a great reader, Mr. Kirby is—got money, too."

"Is—is it very much further?" The enormity of her undertaking had begun to grow more and more appalling.

"'Nother two hours," he returned comfortably.

A sharp wind swept over the uncovered cart. The trees groaned as if dreading the coming icebound days. All along rose the mountain peaks, some white and lofty, others vanishing in the clouds. Now and then a bit of railroad track gleamed in the distance and, once, the peak of a hotel was silhouetted sharply against the reddish sky.

"Chinese waiters, there—or Japs—don't know which," volunteered her driver. "Cars stop thirty minutes for lunch—ten minutes to eat and twenty minutes to buy souvenirs."

A little further along, he pointed with his whip-lash. "Suicide cove—two brides threw themselves across the tracks—husbands came out to take up claims—got lonesome—only two trains a day pass—one going east and one going west."

This time Laurie smiled. She was thinking of the loneliness that had haunted her in the midst of civilization; while here, plodding on to Martin's bungalow, she felt a sense of home and peace.

On and on, creaking and rocking, and twisting and turning, they plodded through a fog that shut out the beauties of the ride. Martin had often told her how he drove his car to get supplies—once, she thought she heard the toot of an automobile, but it was a forest sound that sent her heart pounding so.

Suppose he didn't want her—that he had changed—or had gone on one

[Continued on page 44]



"Why, Grundy, I planned to have this end just so."  
"You planned this—this runaway marriage?"



### Girl Who Married a Star\*

by Brian Padraic O'Seasnam

This night I shall go to the hills  
of the spirit.  
I shall hie me away through deep  
valleys of dream  
And you shall be with me, your  
eyes all agleam  
At the thought of the heights  
where the starry winds blow.

Oh, light is the load we shall  
take at the going.  
Just a lute for the song that we  
fling to the sky.  
And the people shall envy our  
steps going by  
To the hills where the winds  
and the waters are flowing

\*Indian legend.

## Jerusalem Unbound—A Prophecy Fulfilled

When the Ends of the Earth take the Gospel of Good-Will back to Palestine, where it was First Proclaimed, then, truly, the Nazarene will have Conquered

By Dr. Elihu Grant, Former Head of the American schools under the Society of Friends in Palestine

SEE you mighty rock east from this gorge? When the gods fashion a giant's altar like that, it behooves us to reverence it. There's a cave of the secrets of the earth-spirits hidden beneath. I know in truth, for once I sacrificed there when thy mother prayed to the Baal for thy birth." The speaker was one of those nomadic compromises between shepherd and farmer who, to this day, symbolize the age-long struggle and passage from the most ancient life of the desert Arab to that of the settler in the better lands of Canaan. He stood with his son on the flank of the next hill east of Jerusalem. It was forty centuries ago. They descended to the valley of Kidron and moved under the south slope of Zion toward the one spring of water in all the region where the Holy City now stands. At the present day, the Mosque of Omar covers the great stone of sacrifice. That afternoon, the shaykh and his son moved their thirsty flock toward the single lustrous eye of water, where a meager half-score of solid huts and a few dugouts guarded the sacred rock and its awesome cave. That this spot was the center of the world to them they knew, but, that it would become the pinnacle of prayer for the earth's millions, they had as little means of knowing as for thinking that the earth was round or that ten thousand miles away on its other side men would invent a machine with which to fly in the air.

Palestine, that little land of mighty consequence, is about the size, shape, and somewhat the physical contour of our State of New Hampshire. Jerusalem is a little city, as cities go nowadays, of perhaps sixty, perhaps seventy thousand souls—who but Allah knows! Turkish figures—like Turkish sanitation—are haphazard! But it has a high wall all around it that is the delight of antiquarians. Stones may be found in that wall from every great period of human history. Big stones are there from the time of Herod, who did a great deal of building; medium-sized stones from the time of the Crusaders; little ones from that of later Arab conquerors.

The corner of the limestone plateau on which Jerusalem stands, hangs out over the two valleys, Kidron and Hinnom. We can see, now, the cisterns cut out of rock, the sacred spring, the underground channels for the water supply in times of siege, and read, like a book, the story of the wars in the times of the great kings and the greater prophets, Isaiah and Jeremiah. No wonder that the Assyrians and the Babylonians felt they must bring this marvelous stronghold to submission or lose their hold on Palestine.

But David—that lovable, magnetic darling of the Hebrews—with his hardy mountaineers, took this village from the Jebusites because he needed a strong capital between his northern and southern Hebrew tribes. With his new capital, he accomplished the nearly impossible. He made it the hinge on which to swing the political fortunes of north and south in a harmony, like the upper and lower arm of a man.

But that period of Jerusalem's history most revered, most pregnant with meaning to the modern Christian world, was

that brief interval during which that tenderest, most heroic of men—Christ, lived. He died on a slope near the city, now the cynosure of the ages. There He caught up the eternal line of life in momentary death.

In the nearly two thousand years since Jesus died, Jerusalem has been in Christian control but a trifle over four hundred. But, once again, has it come to us; this time, the Christian world believes, to stay.

It was a Sabbath day. Two men, gaunt and haggard with anxious watchings, stood in the southern quarter of Jerusalem excitedly exclaiming over the bit of paper that had fluttered like a feather from the swooping aeroplane high over them. Suffering had deepened the facial lineaments of the faces of these descendants of the ancient folk of the city, had tightened the bond of brotherhood between their different faiths; so that they made swift agreement in their common peril.

The Gentile slit the letter open and the other devoured the short note written in Hebrew, French and Arabic: "Jerusalem is cut off by besiegers who are your friends!" Their hands trembled. An eager hope lighted up the gray pallor of their faces, and they said to each other, "Now God be praised. Quick, into the house!"

Over in the camp of the Allies who were coming closer and closer to the Holy City, a captain of engineers—a spare Briton with the face of a scientist and a mystic—was speaking in the Arabic tongue to a village shaykh, when a weirdly plaintive wail came in shattering notes on the wind from the southwest country.

"Captain, may I ask what that is?" said a major nearby, to whom Syria was a new land.

The captain looked at his Arab friend. "Women or men, oh shaykh?" he asked.

"Women, excellency," said the Arab.

"Then," replied the captain, "that plaintive melody means that there is a mourning celebration in Bayt—just beyond us. Had it been men's voices, with the same tune, we might have seen a wedding celebration."

"Oh, I say," broke in the major, "do they take on that way for long?"

"Yes." The captain had spent several survey campaigns in these beloved hills. "Shaykh Asaad, here, tells me that a notable hero from that village is dead, slain in last night's sortie with us against the Turks, and that the countryside is in furious gloom. Let us go nearer and see what is happening."

Then these good souls came near to Bayt, and paid tribute with others visiting the stricken village. The chant continued, now rising, now falling, but ever clearer until the threshing-floor was reached where the disheveled women with soot-marked faces and woful step circled the floor, mourning in a weird, sad song, the death of their mounted shaykh.

That night, when the forward movement was prepared from Neby Samevil, the ancient Mizpah of Samuel, the ma-

jor passed the captain and murmured: "I'm sorry for that shaykh. He'll not see Jerusalem taken."

"We are going in to take it, then?"

"Nothing else," was the steady word of the major from the West: "I feel it in my bones."

The next morning gave many a man his first glimpse of one of the fairest sights on earth. But not too suddenly. The heavy fogs intermitted, but for one brief space the light kindled on the dome of Omar. The buildings sparkled in the mist and the enclosing wall rimmed them in as a treasure from the wilderness of the surrounding hills. "Jerusalem has come into Christendom," flashed over the hills of Palestine to the world.

The folk of the earth have waited long for this. Before the world-war, Jerusalem was visited each year by ten thousand Russian pilgrims, most of them peasants. As they landed at Jaffa and kissed the soil, they were mute with the accomplishment of a lifetime's dream. As they trudged through the country, they broke into singing and, with garlands plucked from the roadside, hailed the glad day of the Christian faith. Other nations sent their devout common people by thousands to meet on common holy ground and to express their fellowship away from their Kings and empires. The Hebrew pilgrims from Europe reached Palestine, compelled, oftentimes, to go by way of America, where they took out papers of citizenship to permit them to land in Syria. And now this holy land of their pilgrimages is theirs, is ours, is Christianity's recovered shrine, where peoples of all faiths may worship and live.

THE Turks have gone." The whisper and then the cry went by the underground throughout the city of Jerusalem. Naomi with her little brother ran for the door and the long-forbidden street to play and to laugh aloud. But a grip from the loving hand of her father held her. "Back and hide in the charcoal bags; the worst is coming." Oh, those hours between the going of the Turks and the coming of the English! True, the army was scuttling toward Jericho in ridiculous haste, and the old oppressor was gone; but the scum of the city, Jerusalem's underworld, burst on the scene, organized in a rough, sinister way, to make that awful day long remembered. Pilfering, jostling, and terror mounted to their wicked climax. The houses were sealed again. Battles were fought in the dark, stones were hurled from roofs, smothered screams started and then went dumb.

"Oh, God, send help; send now." Children and women crouch—huddled heaps in dark corners. Suddenly, as the wind drops, falls a peace and a quiet on the city.

"The troops are coming."

Never was conqueror more joyously received. No feasts are spread as in other days of splendor, but dark faces glow with joy, and children laugh in the streets. An Englishman, on foot, followed by French, Italian, and American aides, pass through the Jaffa Gate close by David's Tower.

[Continued on page 34]



# PLAIN MAN or POET

By Mary Lerner

Illustrations by LUCIUS HITCHCOCK



"You can read your verses with any high-brow you meet at an afternoon tea. But you have to live with your husband!"

**W**HEN people heard that Rhoda Proctor was engaged again, they smiled. Temperamental, piquant, changeful Rhoda! Modern, independent, emancipated Rhoda! When they heard who the man was, they whistled.

Clive Warren! The very last man in the world. So sensible, so practical, so level-headed! One would have expected him to see right through Rhoda's pretty little airs and graces. As a matter of fact, Rhoda was thoroughly sincere, which made her all the more dangerous—her butterfly instability, her delicately adventurous elusiveness. But a man in love, his friends reminded each other, sees appallingly little.

In point of fact, Clive did see—everything. He knew exactly what he was "in" for, and was delighted—and proud—to be "in" for just that. Many a sensible, far-sighted man flatters himself that he can tame will-o'-the-wisps and domesticate humming-birds. The unattainable—he is the man to attain it. The elusive—he is the man to grasp it, quite without mischief to gossamer wings.

For her part, Rhoda liked Clive because she found him "original" and "advanced." She admired his blunt directness, his way of looking you right between the eyes and giving—and expecting—no quarter. It was good to be treated as a grownup, responsible person, instead of always as a pretty girl. She liked Clive, too, for his clear-cut, upstanding good looks, his suggestion of "drive" and power. Most of all she liked him, though her modern introspectiveness never let her find it out, for the same illogical reason that never fails, whatever the culture of the persons concerned. The old song has put it for all time. "Because You're You." The one, unanswerable reason.

It was, indeed, hard not to look at Rhoda as merely a pretty girl, she was, so very evidently, just that. Hard, too, to guess that she was stirring with all the strange yeasts of

the day—queer, new, daring doctrines she only partly understood and had by no means assimilated. One associated advanced ideas with unfemininely broad shoulders, equally broad-soled shoes, and a complete disdain of small coquetties; whereas Rhoda was an elfin, woody symphony of gold and brown in the artistic, flowery yellows she so much affected, with her sun-kissed chestnut hair, clear, sun-warmed pallor and topaz-brown eyes. She had, too, an appealing, disarming smile—the sort of smile that went by rights with 1840 frocks and 1840 fainting spells; a deep dimple of mischief in each smooth cheek; pretty, restless ways; a dancer's foot; and an inquiring, beseeching glance. This inquiring glance was really her key-note. "Is it you?" her wide eyes asked. "Surely it is you?" "Can't it possibly be you this time?" After that, she would turn away, forlornly, or break her newest tentative engagement.

Clive began well. He wrote at once to the aunt with whom Rhoda was to summer at the south shore, in an artists' colony—an aunt who chanced to be a connection of his own—proposing for himself an early visit. Sarah Walpole, a keen-eyed, charmingly malicious lady, acquiesced. She said it would give Rhoda and him a chance to get acquainted, since they had become engaged on rather less than no acquaintance at all. She was sorry, she added, they had not consulted her before announcing anything. The fall would have been amply soon—if there had been, then, still something to announce. Clive replied, naming his train. As to the fall, he remarked, he expected to be married by that time.

The minute he looked at Rhoda, who met him at the flower-set station, he knew he was on the right road. And he proceeded to follow up his advantage industriously.

He was "advanced" enough to feel that no woman is so bound to the man she loves as the woman whose friendships

are left free; to profess that no woman can know one man at all unless she know others to compare him with.

So he encouraged Rhoda to enjoy the society of several unattached young men of the colony whose friendship would be culturally to her advantage. Young Innes, for example, might be able to discover why it was that, though very good at painting children—pretty, little pictures in themselves—she was decidedly unsuccessful with older people, whose faces had begun to interpret their characters.

Then there was Charley Crafts, in whose music she found inspiration. Clive liked it himself, when it wasn't too intricate to allow him to follow the tune. As for Paul Dangerfield, the poet, Clive couldn't see much sense in his things, though some people thought them epoch-making. He never could bear men with waved fair hair and shining finger-nails.

Rhoda started in to have a wonderful summer. She swam in the morning rather conservatively; painted in the afternoon, well attended, or had music with Charley, or free verse with Paul. At five-thirty, she slipped across the moors to meet Clive.

The young people offered freely the story of their respective days. And the fact that they saw comparatively little of each other, made each conversation seem like their first. How wonderful to come to each other freshly, like this!

Of course, some men in Clive's position would have been jealous and miserable. But Clive, luckily, had more sense. Seeing no further than the loved one's eyes spelled stagnation. They thanked fortune they were not like that.

What an exchange of friendly gossip! Young Innes wanted Rhoda to "sit" for him down on the rocks, with a background of blue and white surf and bluer sky.

Just the thing, Clive agreed, as they were strolling home one afternoon. The youngster could make her a wedding present of the picture. He'd have the canvas framed into the chimney-piece of his study, where he could look at her on dark days, against a summer sky.

"Be sure he makes you beautiful enough," he warned, leaning audaciously close, for the paths across the moor were not unfrequented.

She went on to tell him how she'd been lifted out of herself by some nocturne of Charley's; she had felt within her the stirrings of achievement. And Clive, his unartistic ears ringing with some popular snatch he'd picked up in the city, nodded intently.

**A**ND the poet?" he asked, with particular cordiality, "still chopping his prose into two-inch bits?" He always made it a point to be first to mention the poet.

How Rhoda glowed and sparkled! "He's doing some wonderful things, Clive. You can imagine what an experience it is to watch them taking shape—thoughts that may some day reach"—she threw out a swift, expressive hand—"a whole nation."

"What is he rhyming about now, Buttercup?" "Just the little things of every day—the intimate experiences of sensitive people, delicate but deep. And universal as—life."

"Tell me some of them."

"Oh, I don't know that I can. You'd laugh."

"Coarse-grained as that, am I? Now, Buttercup!"

Rhoda flushed delightfully. "Well, you know it's hard to tell those things. They need the master's language. In plain prose—"

"If there's a big thought, little one, the language doesn't matter. Let's sample the masterpieces."

Rhoda leaned her shoulder to his for a second—the phantom of a caress. "You know, a big, strong, practical man like you doesn't take much stock in—moonshine. And some of Paul's best things are so delicate and elusive. That one he wrote to me, now—"

"To you?"

"Yes. 'The Yellow Butterfly'. Why, it was so true it frightened me." She shuddered prettily. "I'd no idea he knew me so well."

Clive's ready laugh was well-managed. "Showed you black and unsuspected depths, did he?"

She flushed still more rosily. "No depths at all! A butterfly, you know, flits and flashes. Opalescent, impermanent." She smiled a bit ruefully. It is not every girl who has to endure the implication of being a butterfly, and she was conscious of her responsibility. "Perhaps you're making a mistake, Clive!"

He put a firm hand on her round forearm. "I'll take a chance on that, my girl."

She rushed on, as if something had been weighing on her modern conscience. "Then there's another bit about congenial friendship, and intellectual intercourse—" She drew an ecstatic sigh. "Paul's wonderful to read poetry with. You don't care for real poetry, Clive. The last time we tried to read something serious together, you went to sleep!" She made a rallying grimace at him, then swept on. "Why, Clive, it's a revelation. He opens up new vistas of delight—things beyond anything you'd ever dreamed of!"

Clive, a little muscle working along his firm jaw, smiled resolutely. "You're so sensitive to poetry, Buttercup. To all the arts, indeed."

"It means the whole world to me, Clive, to know some one who can meet me half-way in these things—to have an interpreter as a friend."

Clive's dark brows met over his narrowed eyes, but his voice remained light and pleasant. "You must always have what friends you need, Rhoda, to satisfy every demand of your nature. That, we've always agreed, makes for the full life, the rounded human experience."

**S**OON after this, Rhoda suggested painting a portrait of her fiancé. If he was to have young Innes' picture of her, it was but fair she should have her picture of him. He'd never be any better-looking or younger than he was this very summer. Besides, she scrutinized him with mock relentlessness, you never really know a face till you've tried to paint it.

It was Sunday afternoon on the rocks, and they were, for the moment, alone. Clive leaned over her suddenly; he had never seen her looking prettier or more responsive. "I know your face," he said, in an ardent whisper.

She patted his hand. "Not that way, Clive. No one but an artist could do that."

"A painter, you mean?"

"An artist in song, or words, or pigments."

Clive gave himself resolutely to her thought. "How could an artist in song, for instance—"

Rhoda made a pretty, fluttering gesture. "A great musician could—play me. Can't we put it like that? A great painter could draw me. A great—poet could give you an unforgettable picture in words."

With the summer wind whipping her golden draperies about her, the summer sun gilding her shining hair, the reflections from the dazzling water dancing over her white-camellia skin, she was entrancing. In spite of her pedantry, Clive could not see beyond the glowing topaz of her eyes.

"Leave me outside the charmed circle, would you?" Clive put his big arm about her gently. "How about a great lover, Buttercup? Has he no eyes to see?" His voice held the unforgettable wooing note, the mating tone. No woman could be deaf to its thrill.

Her pedantry forgotten, Rhoda leaned to him with sudden kindling. A flush flowered over her face, and the glow of her eyes no longer spoke of intellectual enthusiasm. Of love, merely. The most unacademic, unplatonic of loves. She brushed her cheek against his tweed sleeve, like a cuddlesome kitten.

"You're all wrong, and beside the point, as usual, my lawyer lover," she murmured. "But when you're like this, you're irresistible!" Her voice trailed off into a sigh of contentment. He could feel her slender fingers clinging strongly to his arm. They gazed deep into each other's eyes, the rest of the world—poets and artists as well—shut out, forgotten.

CLIVE'S sittings began with happy zest in the airy loft of the old barn fitted by an adoring uncle for Rhoda's studio, from the wide dormers of which one got a magic view of cliff and sand sweep and sail-flecked open sea. Ah, the sweet intimacy of yielding one's self to the rapt and searching gaze of one's beloved! The searching gaze was a shade impersonal, but one thrilled to the idea. She needed his likeness, as she needed himself. Her talent was to make permanent his young maturity, "Beyond the reach of time, and chance, and change."—What was the rest of that gloomy thing she had read to him?—"Or broken vows, that sadden and estrange." There'd be no broken vows in their case.

Rhoda turned over contemptuously his supply of scarfs. Artistically "impossible," every one. And a dash of color could make or mar a portrait. Finally, she went shopping with her poet—Paul was wonderfully discriminating and versatile—and returned triumphant with a length of sea-blue fabric.

She threw the silken scarf over Clive's shoulder and haled him to a mirror. "See! It brings out the color of your eyes. You never knew they were so blue, I'll warrant; neither did I. Paul did."

Clive flushed darkly. Confound that fellow's impudence! What was the color of his eyes to him?

"Don't you like it?" exclaimed Rhoda. "Don't you think it's a good match?"

"Where should I find time to speculate about the color of my eyes?" he retorted, cloaking resentment with impatience. "If they're good to see with, that's all I ask." Suddenly he softened, fingering the scarf. It looked out of

place in his square-palmed, vigorous hands. "You don't think it looks too—artistic for me?" he asked, with mock anxiety.

Rhoda laughed. "You'll soon make it look matter-of-fact enough!—Run and put it on, there's a dear."

Several weeks of sun-drenched mornings, they kept religiously to their task. Though not allowed to see the painting, Clive felt sure it was progressing satisfactorily, for Rhoda seemed keyed-up and happily immersed in her work.

Suddenly, one day, her sureness of touch faltered; her alert face clouded; she scrutinized Clive as if she had never really seen him before. From that moment, the picture did not go so well.

Soon after that, Rhoda informed Clive, a little defiantly, that she had begun a likeness of the poet. He was an unusually plastic type, very tempting to a manipulator of color and brush. Then, think what it would mean to a young painter to have done the first portrait of a world-famous writer! It was an honor—an investment, indeed.

Clive agreed. "He'll be your lion. A tame lion, but still a lion. While I—" half-ruefully—"What shall I be, Buttercup?"

Palette in hand, Rhoda made a playful little rush at him, and, catching his sleeves, stood a-tip-toe for his morning kiss.

"You!" Her musical laugh trilled out caressingly, but her manner held the fatal hint of condescension. "Why, you will be—merely the husband!"

Clive did not kiss her. He merely drew her lightly to him and buried his face a moment in her sunny hair. Then, releasing her, he turned abruptly to the model's throne.

"Shall we make the most of our time this morning, Buttercup?" he asked, quietly. "The light's unusually good."

Some days later, Rhoda told him frankly that she thought the poet's portrait bade fair to be the best thing she'd ever done. As for his own likeness, her interest in that, he found with dismay, was decidedly on the wane. Indeed, she frequently postponed his sittings to capture Paul as often as possible before his impending departure.

"I must finish Paul," she explained, her smooth cheeks glowing with the febrile excitement that signals the completion of any piece of creative work. "I could never recapture the mood."

At last came a day when she frowned impatiently at Clive's off-putting counterpart on her easel, retouching nervously, painting out details. Suddenly, with a sharp sigh, she put down her brush.

"This isn't going well, Clive. I don't know whether you're not a good model, or too subtle for me." The last remark she tossed out with laughing irony, for how could good old Clive be subtle?

She thrust the canvas away. "I'm not going on with it, Clive. No self-respecting painter could. There's something lacking—perhaps in my understanding of you. I'll try another some time." She smiled a bit wanly and put back a straying curl.

Clive came forward, his resolution disguised by an air of timidity. "Do you mind if I look at it, Rhoda? It owes me something, after all these weeks."

Rhoda placed the canvas before him. Indeed, they had not found many words for each other, of late.

Clive stared in amazement at the picture. Exact enough as far as drawing went, the portrait absolutely lacked life. What was worse, considering Clive's well-marked, highly developed features, it was characterless.

There was a moment's heavy silence. Clive nodded his head thoughtfully.

Then, with a pathetic accent of determined camaraderie: "May I see your poet's picture, Rhoda?"

Rhoda set the canvas before him with a proud little flourish. "There you are, Clive," in her best tone of confidential intimacy. "Isn't he wonderful?"

INDEED, he was "wonderful." A spirited, well-interpreted portrait. A poet in white flannels, with fair, waving hair, sleepy gray eyes, slim feet, and slim, swaying waist; a poet of rather pampered spirit. If Rhoda hadn't been his most outspoken admirer, one would have suspected malice.

In one way, the picture was a relief. Rhoda saw the poet as he was; not "trailing clouds of glory." Clive had feared clouds. One ugly fact remained; she knew the poet, but did not know himself.

After a moment, Clive heard himself go on. "It's a splendid piece of work, Rhoda. And your poet must be a splendid model. You need several more sittings?"

"A few more hours." Clive drew out his watch. "Why don't you get him to give you the rest of the morning?"

Rhoda made a play of hesitation, but Clive could see that very thing had been in her mind. "Perhaps I will," she returned, carelessly. It was the first time she had not been absolutely direct with him.

Clive was at the door. "I've letters to write before luncheon. Why don't you ring him now?"

Crossing the lawn, he caught her voice from the upper window. She was talking to Dangerfield.

Clive swung out along the cliff and across the moors, mile after mile. At first, conscious thought was too painful. He let the sea winds, the mounting sun, the sweet, eddying breaths of the moorland have their way with him, cooling his burning face, resting his smarting eyes. He felt as he often felt in the midst of a tremendously difficult case—harassed, driven, concerned. Currents of rage swept him. The false solace of renunciation raised its head. It might be better for them both to end this strife now, before they were more closely bound.

But how could he give her up? There were humdrum, home-keeping girls enough, but no other Rhoda. No girl with quite her life and verve and spirited independence. No girl with whom existence would be quite such an adventure. He recalled her sprite-like figure, her flashing, birdlike glances, her lively, teasing tongue, her colorful, enchanting ways—his butterfly girl! He could never give her up!

He stopped to lunch at a red inn where he and Rhoda had often taken tea together, and insisted on having the

(Continued on page 40)

## PERSONALITIES ON PARADE

Editor's foreword:—Hearing so much of women in the war, we are apt to forget those who are carrying on the nation's activities at home. The half-dozen interesting personalities here "on parade" hold positions unique even in these days when "women go to war."

WHENEVER the United States Department of Education sets out to plan new methods for the schools here, it calls for advice on one of its employees, Miss Anna Tolman Smith (top), since she is familiar with every system of education that has been tried out abroad and has published much literature on the subject.

MISS NELLIE NEVIN (left) bears the unique title, for a woman, of General Adviser in Technical Efficiency, in the offices of a huge electrical plant in New Jersey. She can tell to the slightest fraction whether or not an appliance is producing the right amount of heat or light. In a new and elaborate laboratory, she makes tests of devices and perfects them. She is the final court of decision for her company, and no new appliance ever goes through without her O. K.

MISS ELLEN LOMBARD (top), of the government's Home Educational Bureau, has the interesting job of promoting reading circles for parents in small towns. These clubs exist for purposes of general education and the training and care of children.

MRS. WILHELMA KORTE (right) is the curator of the tapestry-restoring department of the Museum of Art in New York City, and spends her days rebuilding the marvelous patterns of worn tapestries. Many of the most valuable pieces in the world pass through her hands. Mrs. Korte knows not only the many stitches necessary for this intricate work, and the history of clothes, furniture and customs far back in the world's history, but she is also a chemistry expert, and does her own dyeing of wools and silks. On one large tapestry, Mrs. Korte worked an entire year.



THE health of New York City babies hangs upon the decisions of this woman, Dr. Hazel M. Hatfield (right) who is chief analyst of milk in the Health Department of this city. Throughout the United States and Canada, in every district from which our milk comes, inspectors are continually gathering samples to send to Dr. Hatfield for analysis. Last year she and her assistants handled over 68,000 milk tests.



MISS FLORENCE ETHERIDGE (left) of the Office of Indian Affairs, in Washington, determines the heirs of deceased Indians and approves their wills. Extraordinary complications frequently arise through differences of law and the letter of a will, especially among the Osage Indians who are the wealthiest in the country. It is Miss Etheridge who sets these aright, and she's not a bit afraid of tomahawks, either!



# From Beyond

By

Lily A. Long

# The Diary of a Widow

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA



SEPTEMBER 20.  
**K**ENT, I am going to write to you. I am going to pretend to myself that you are away—merely away—and that you will read what I have written in your absence. I always used to do that when you were away before, you remember. It helped me over the hard places to talk them out with you, even on paper. That this thing, the hardest of all—the only hard thing that has ever come to me, when compared with all the rest of life—that this should be the one thing I cannot take to you. But I will.

Why, I feel different already. Just writing that to you, just assuming, for this one minute, that you are somewhere, and that communication in some manner is still possible, has lifted me already from that death-in-life which has been holding me in its numbing grasp. And the iron band which has been paralyzing my brain seems to be loosened a little. You see, dearest, what you do for me. Just to hold you in my thoughts means that you save me. I have been compassed about by terror, Kent. You would think I should say grief rather than terror, wouldn't you? But I have not been sufficiently myself to give way to grief, and that is a part of the terror. I seem to be somehow outside of the realm of feelings that have fit name and place. I don't know what I have become. It is as though I were paralyzed except for one quivering center in my heart that keeps warning me to hold myself awake, alive, and not let the darkness overwhelm me wholly, lest I be lost. Of course, I do not mean death. I could not fear that now. How I should rejoice to meet it!

I never knew that death would be like this, Kent. Sometimes, in the days when we were together, I used to test myself by thinking of what it would be like to have you dead. I would try to imagine it, partly to measure my happiness, partly to fend off any evil fate that might be tempted by a too confident joy in life. But I never, in those pitiful imaginings, guessed what the real thing would be. With you alive, the universe was filled with aliveness. And I didn't realize that that would be the terror of your dying—this feeling that life has gone out of everything—that all I supposed fixed is unreal. To feel that you have gone out of existence, that the universe does not hold you, that all this out-crying, out-reaching yearning which is me, is reaching and crying toward a void, a nothingness—But I mustn't let that thought go on. That is what I am fending off by this pretense that it is You I am writing to—a You somewhere existent, possibly responsive. It is a pretense, I know, but it makes it possible for me to breathe for a moment. Oh, Kent! Oh, my own!

SEPTEMBER 21.  
I have won through another day. That is doing fairly well—don't you think so, dear? You know! You understand.

SEPTEMBER 24.  
I am not going to write to you every day, my dearest. So long as I can keep going alone, I will. I will come to you only when I cannot bear it any longer alone in the darkness, as one takes a drug in extremity.

SEPTEMBER 30.  
Dearest, hold me. Help me to steady myself. I am so torn, so dazed, so unsure.

This morning I happened to pick up a new magazine and your face looked at me from the open page—that photograph you had taken in the spring, you know. It made my heart stand still, and I sat down breathlessly to look at it, and look, and look. Think, if I had suddenly seen you, alive, in the garden, coming toward me! Well, it was something like that, seeing your face so suddenly and unexpectedly. (Your eyes have that quizzical look they had when you were laughing at me—that was because I wanted your photograph before you went to the barber's. No one else of the thousands who see that picture will know what put that funny twinkle in your eyes. It is just between you and me, that!)

That made me suddenly realize that there must have been much about you in the papers when you died, and that the magazines would be publishing sketches of you this month. Wasn't it queer that I had not thought of that before? And I so proud of your fame, too—so much more eager about it than you would ever condescend to be!

So I went down to McWright's bookstore. The whole front window was given up to you, Kent—a large picture of you in the center, with your books beneath, building a pedestal for it. And, inside, your books were heaped high on a table, all the familiar covers of them seeming queerly different, as when you meet yourself in a mirror and don't recognize the reflection for a moment. It was hardly decorous of them to look so gaily unchanged! Of course, I didn't want them in black, but just for a moment, they seemed heartless, crowding together there so cheerfully! I asked McWright to send up everything he had about you, and, when I came home, there was a big package of magazines and papers waiting for me. I read them all.

**I HAVE been compassed about by terror, Kent. You would think I should say grief rather than terror, wouldn't you? But I have not been sufficiently myself to give way to grief, and that is a part of the terror. I seem to be somehow outside of the realm of feelings that have fit name and place. I don't know what I have become. It is as though I were paralyzed except for one quivering center in my heart that keeps warning me to hold myself awake, alive, and not let the darkness overwhelm me wholly, lest I be lost. Of course, I do not mean death. I could not fear that now. How I should rejoice to meet it!**

Dearest, I don't know whether I like it or not, this cry of dismay and protest that has gone up all over the land at your death. (I write the word as one presses a wound to deaden it.) At one moment I am furious that they should dare—all these strange, outside people who do not know—dare to grieve, to claim a share in my sorrow. What do they know? And yet, Kent, I was moved when I read how the world had stood listening, too, during those terrible days, for any sound from your room.

Then, when I read the sketches and the appreciative comments that came out—afterward, you know—I couldn't help but be proud and glad that you should have been so understood and valued by the world. It is a great tribute, Kent. If fame counts for anything, dear, it is yours.

There was regretful reference again and again to your unfinished novel. That it must now remain forever unfinished is felt to be a loss to English literature. (So it is—but what does that matter?) I know it is a great work, dear—but more than that, it is the last piece of work you touched. Your last thoughts are in it. It was a growing, living, unfinished thing in your mind. Is it finished now in your mind?

I went to your writing-desk and opened it. Everything is exactly as you left it that day when you shut it up to go down to the patriotic meeting at the Auditorium. I was sorry then that I could not go, too. I always loved to hear you speak, and that day I knew your heart was full of the message you had to give. But now I shall be forever glad I did not go. To have seen you shot down, to have seen you fall and not be able to reach the platform, to have struggled—

At least I was here to receive you when they brought you home.

OCTOBER 6.  
I haven't written anything here for a week. I haven't been able to. I don't know whether any one has guessed how near I came to going under, but I have felt myself—this self that went about the house—to be an empty shell, moving by habit. Where I was—if there be any other me—I don't know. Do you?

To-day I heard some one speaking of the season. It seems that we are having an unusual fall—so unusual as to be a matter of comment. They spoke of the lingering summer warmth, the coloring of the woods, the uncommon

beauty of it all. I hadn't noticed. I remembered how sensitively you felt the changes of the earth's aspect and how perfectly you pictured them. It meant much to you, the look the day wore. So I went out of doors and looked about me, trying to see. I saw colors, but they did not spell themselves together into Beauty as they should have done. Did you ever discover—you who knew at a flash what I must feel out with my finger tips—that beauty is the garment which Joy puts on to make herself visible? There is no such thing as beauty to the eye that is alive only to the presence of Sorrow. As I looked at the landscape to-day, it was a dead thing. The soul has gone out of the world. It is dead, dead, dead. Why am I here in this painted charnel house?

OCTOBER 7.  
Dear, you would be horribly ashamed of me if I should give up, wouldn't you? Or, if not ashamed, sorry—very sorry and troubled that I hadn't been equal to the test. I can see how your eyes would look—grave and worried and yet trying to look courage into me. Oh, I am not going to give up yet, dear—not just yet. As long as I can—

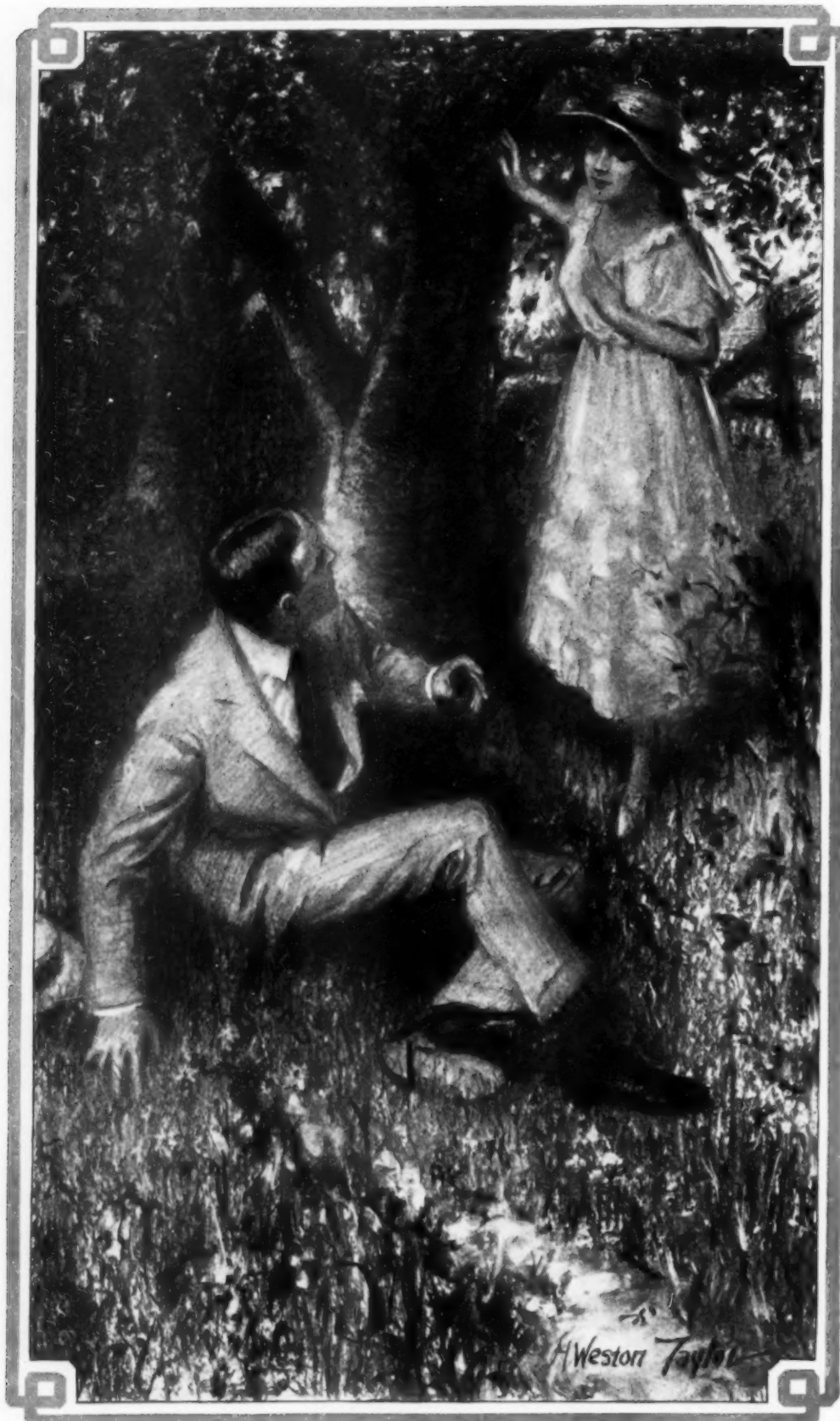
OCTOBER 8.  
The longing to get some word from you is driving me with whips. Oh, Kent, my self of selves—if you are, if the universe holds you, answer me—answer me!

OCTOBER 21.  
There was a white frost last night. This morning, before the sun came up, the still-green grass was stiff with it, and the trees were motionless as if they dared not speak their horror even by a quiver. The late asters beside the path in the garden—(you planted them there for this fall's pleasuring, you remember)—have kept faith. The unnatural white was over all their poor, brave colors—like the death-in-life that has fallen on me.

NOVEMBER 1.  
Dearest, I am going under. You mustn't mind. You know I have tried, don't you? You won't blame me, because it was an impossible thing to do. I feel like a swimmer whose strength has been drained away by each wave that has washed over him—and the shore still a thousand miles away. I can't help it, can I, dear? You understand. I haven't given up, you know. But I am going down.

NOVEMBER 2.  
My dearest—mine! I had not expected ever to write in this book again. I thought I was dying—I knew that I was dying. When my pen dropped, I knew that it required nothing more than a moment's letting go, and life would slip from my hands. And I couldn't hold it any longer. I saw I should have to let go. The moment had come. I went over to your desk and took up your unfinished manuscript. I wasn't thinking about the story. Your hand had rested on each sheet of the paper; the ink had followed the movement of your fingers—that was what I wanted; the thing that carried some physical touch of you. I put my face against the manuscript, I crushed it to my breast, I kissed it and buried my hands among the loose sheets. And then I dropped it on the desk (scattering and spilling part of it about!) and laid my head upon it. It was so that I would slip out, I thought. I closed my eyes, careless how soon the moment came, knowing it must come soon, and, in the meantime, the peace of ceasing came over me like a blessed foretaste of death. My body was almost dead, it was so without volition or weight or desire. I don't know how long that lasted—I forgot about time—but suddenly I realized that, in my mind, I was following out the story of *The Wraith* from the point where you had laid it down. You know you had not told me about it—you never did that. I was waiting till it should be finished. You worked best in an inward stillness, I knew, and, besides, I never understood the process of literary creation. The story was non-existent to me until you had imagined it. So, when your story began to work itself out in my mind, exactly as a plant grows—inevitably and harmoniously becoming a complete Thing where before there was nothing—I held my breath at first with the amaze of it. I forgot everything—that you were dead and that the world was a mockery of promises, and that I couldn't bear longer to go on with the false sham of it. I had no thought for anything but the story. I hardly dared stir for fear of somehow checking the miracle. But it went on and on, like a joyous stream that gathers force in its channels, until the whole was clear and perfect, and I knew what it means to be a creator—to see the thing of your inward fashioning take outward form. It was solemn and yet full of an impersonal joy. I took your paper and pen and wrote—oh, so quickly, for fear some link would break. But it all held, as though I were reeling in a cobweb cable, and I got it all down in a hurried snare of words—just enough to hold it fast for me if it should every try to vanish out of my mind.

When it was done, I dropped the pen and came back to myself. The night had gone while I wrote. It was the  
(Continued on page 34)



"I'm just a girl," she said humbly, "who has come many hundred miles to ask a very wise man four questions"

## The Box Behind the Door

### A Story of Love in Apple-Blossom Time

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ALAN GRAY SEYMORE unrolled a bright-colored Navajo and placed it on the floor of the one-roomed cabin. The rug was his own—the cabin his for as much of the summer as he should choose to remain; that period of occupancy depending on the length of time it might take him to write his text-book on psychology.

The cabin had been something of a find. All year at Western University he had hoped for just such a secluded place where he might work undisturbed by the strident voices of summer-school students. He had found it beckoning to him from a grassy knoll in a wandering, gipsy-like apple orchard.

With incredulous wonderment, the old couple who lived down in the clearing had rented it to him and directed him "down the road a bit to Marthy Flagg's" for his meals.

He had brought his belongings out from town that afternoon and was making short work of settling. The Navajo

disposed of, he placed his books and papers on the cheap pine table, arranged his typewriter in the best light, and took his clothes out of their case. Deciding to improvise a closet, he swung the door back. A little trunk stood there, a home-made, rude affair covered with an untanned calfskin. The initials "J. C." were worked out on the top with brass-headed tacks.

He tried the lid—he had a right to know with what sort of objects he was living—and it flew open with amazing readiness. He almost laughed aloud at the contents. There were a doll and doll clothes, books of various kinds, paper ladies, a game or two—all the little treasures that might belong to a small girl.

He reached down and brought up a volume. It was *Little Prudy's Captain Horace*. On the fly-leaf, in heavy, pressed-in letters, was written "Jean Craddock—aged eight." Craddock was the name of the old couple. Their little girl, then. Dead, perhaps, or, if living, middle-aged. No doubt

a grandmother now—these country girls married young. He wondered vaguely why they didn't have the chest with its keepsakes down at the house.

The text-book progressed with amazing rapidity in the days that followed. In the setting of the old apple orchard, whose solitude was broken only by the happy calls of birds or the sharp gossip of insect folk, the book almost wrote itself from the data that Alan had collected.

As he worked busily in the midst of his scattered papers, he stopped occasionally from sheer arm weariness rather than brain-fag. At these times, he found himself whimsically talking to the ancient little chest—for, gradually, the faint aroma of mint and sassafras and dead violets that came from the depths of the box wrought a magic spell that, with its sorcery, brought to life an enchanting little girl who had owned the paper ladies and the old-fashioned doll with its painted cheeks and neatly waving china hair.

On the fourth day, as he went carefully through the books, he came to the diaries. With no more compunction than he would have shown at reading the life of some bygone character, he set about perusing the memoranda. They were charming:

"Some of the apple blossoms came out this morning, and I ran out to the orchard and looked up to the sky and said, 'Please, God, don't make anything in heaven smell sweeter'n apple blossoms, because we couldn't stand it.'"

"I said something cross to-day and I feel sore and sick and mean. I have thought this to myself, that mean words are bad fairies that go out to hurt other people and then they come back and hurt you worse."

So little Jean Craddock, too, in the long-ago, had found her boomerang.

"I love the yellow dandelions in the grass and the white daisies and the lavender crocuses. They are for everybody—but the sweet, sweet violets are mine. The angels made them just for me and hid them in the hollow by the creek."

When she was twelve, with true feminine instinct, the mind of Jean Craddock had dwelt upon worldly things.

"When I grow up, I am going to have a hat that is lacy and white like the inside of silky milkweed pods. I am going to have other beautiful things, but best of all, I am going to have a dress of pink silk as pale as the first little anemones, and with it I am going to wear a string of pearls."

The winter she was fifteen, she wrote of love.

"Love comes to a person in waves. Sometimes you don't think about it—you just think about school and having fun and things to eat and skating on the creek—and then, all of a sudden, you think of love."

Alan Seymore looked off through the old gnarled apple trees. Yes, that was the way. You just think about your book and your lectures and the canoe you are having made—and then, all of a sudden, you think of love, how if you ever did meet the girl that was like your dream-girl—

IN the summer, Jean Craddock's dreams took on more definite form. "I can see him when I sit under the apple trees," she had written, "at least most of him. I can see his shoulders and the square kind of chin he has and the way his head looks in the back—but, try as hard as I can, I never can see right in his face. But, anyway, I know this: When I see him I shall know him."

"Dear little Jean Craddock,—aged fifteen," said Alan, "I hope with all my heart that you knew him when you saw him."

He turned the page. "I am sixteen to-day. They have told me. It is in five more days—" Then followed a blurred place where something had been painstakingly erased. It ended simply—broken-heartedly, it seemed—"Good-by, little Jean Craddock, dear little Jean Craddock—I love you—good-by."

He was so startled that he read it all over. What was it? What happened to her? Did she die? Did they marry her to some one against her will? For Heaven's sake, what became of her? He turned the pages, but their blankness laughed up at him and mocked him.

At the end of the second week, the tragic ending (if tragic it were) had grown less significant in Alan's mind—and Jean Craddock was once more a charming little personality to whom he read the rapidly increasing pages of his text-book.

The afternoon was dark, with big, puffy black clouds that rose in the west and glowered down on the straggling old orchard. Alan threw down his manuscript and stretched himself lazily.

"Well, little Jean Craddock," he said aloud, "thus endeth the eighth chapter." Big drops began spattering here and there, like birdshot. So he got up and closed the cabin door, then walked across to the window, where he stood looking out at the swaying trees. Suddenly, he heard some one singing in the rain:

"Skies are only bright and fair in your eyes of blue,  
Song is only sweet, my dear, when I sing of you!"

The voice came nearer and rose in a crescendo of sweetness:

"Spring hath many a rose to wear—" The singing stopped; the owner of the voice was unmistakably kicking at the door of the cabin. As the door began to yield, she took up her song where she had dropped it:

"Kissed of sun and dew, they are only sweet, my dear!"

Wide-eyed, she stopped.

"When they bloom for you," finished Alan Seymore—which was rather nimble for a professor of psychology.

She looked distractingly pretty in the doorway. She was wearing a simple white dress under her raincoat, which, disdainful of the weather, was flying wide open. Bare-headed, with drops glistening on the gold-brown of her hair, she seemed to have floated out of the clouds that brought the shower. There was a faint odor of violets—

"I beg your pardon," she said, distressed. She might have added "The nerve of you!" for her eyes looked it.

It was Alan Seymore's turn to feel uncomfortable. In answer to the questioning expression of her face, he defended himself with, "I have rented this place of Mr. Craddock."

"Grappy rented my playhouse?" she flashed out angrily. "Why, of course." She smiled so that he felt an intense relief. "He didn't know that I was coming. It has been seven years since I was here. I am Jean Craddock," she added.

"I am Alan Seymore," he volunteered, "and, if I intrude, please tell me. I could make other plans."

"Oh, no indeed." She was friendly again. "For the moment, I had forgotten that I was too old to play here. But—I left some things—" She turned to look about inquiringly.

"I must confess," he said, bending over the box, "I raised the lid. You know I thought there might be dead men's bones in there."

[Continued on page 29]





## Enlisted for Service

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Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Call to the Knitting Needles for Baby

By Elisabeth May Blondel

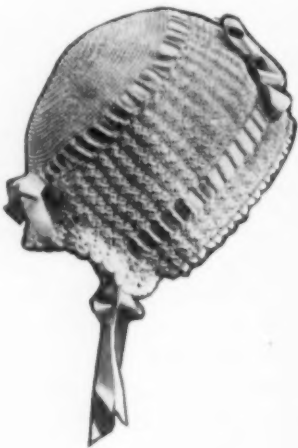


Baby will look her sweetest in the little sacque shown above (No. FW. 42), with its unusual combination of a crocheted yoke joining lower part and sleeves knitted in pink and white stripes that roll in box-pleated effect. The edge crocheted in pink silk gives a pretty finish.

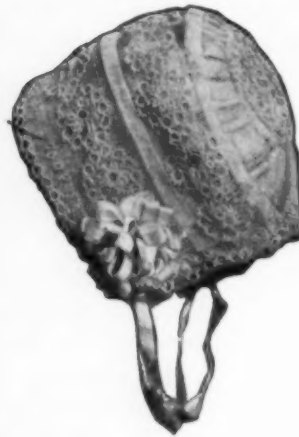
White stripes around the lower edge daintily finish the sweetest of little pink sacques ever knitted for the tiny newcomer. The small size, and the simple ribbon finish around the neck and sleeves, make the knitting of this little sacque a speedy affair (No. FW. 44, shown above).

With its collar that laces up or opens out, could anything be more cunning than the little slip-on sweater of light blue Saxony wool (No. FW. 43) shown above, in the center? It will fit a child from about one to two years, and can be made in dark brown or blue for hard wear, if desired.

Nothing more or less than a perfectly straight piece is the peacock-blue sweater (No. FW. 51) in the center of the page—yet, when connected under the arms with the belt sections it is transformed into the smartest of models, having the much-to-be-desired touch of individuality.



Combining plain crochet and a variety of the shell-stitch, the little cap above (No. FW. 46) is altogether lovely when crocheted in cream-colored silk. Particularly effective is the introduction of the beading for holding ribbon. The directions provide for crocheting the cap in infant's and two-year size.



The simple bit of tatting, combined with net and china silk, in the cap above (No. FW. 47) makes a very dressy bonnet for his majesty the baby when he rides out in state. The cap itself can be cut from McCall Pattern No. 6780. Price, 10 cents.

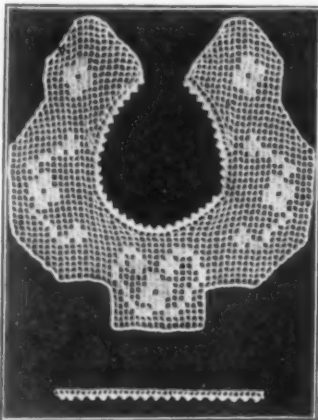
The two little yokes in filet crochet have been especially designed in answer to repeated requests from mothers who want to trim the frocks of their little ones with this pretty work. The yokes are shown in the lower corners of page.

Directly below is the dearest little yoke (No. FW. 49) which can be made in infant's or one-year size. Its unusual shape and the simplicity of the design give it particular charm when crocheted in fine cotton. The tiny edge is for trimming sleeves and hem.

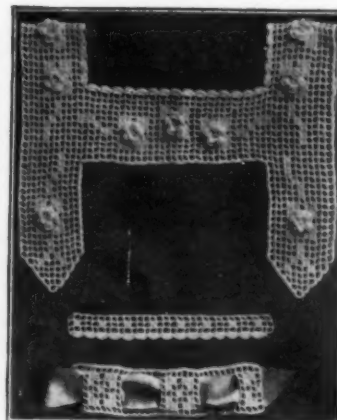


To have this little slip-on sweater, just like father's, will delight the little four-year old. The cunning model (No. FW. 45), shown on the left, was made for hard wear of serviceable gray wool, with collar, purled edge and cuffs of navy blue forming a pretty contrast.

Tiny Irish crocheted roses give this little square-necked yoke in filet crochet a most festive air (No. FW. 50). With the beading used around the waist, and the edging on the sleeves, this set will trim a little frock becomingly for a 3- to 5-year-old child.



These little ties (No. FW. 48) are adorably quaint. Crocheted with cotton, they are cool and comfortable for summer wear, and easily laundered. A few pairs of these, each worked in a different color, will prove an attractive economy in baby's wardrobe.



**Editor's Note.**—Directions for making all the articles on this page can be obtained as follows: For the four children's sweaters and sacques, Nos. FW. 42, 43, 44 and 45 (all printed on one leaflet), send 10 cents; for the two caps and ties, Nos. FW. 46, 47 and 48 (printed on one leaflet), send 10 cents; for the two filet yokes with block patterns, Nos. FW. 49 and 50 (on one leaflet), send 10 cents; and for the ladies' sweater No. FW. 51, send 6 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope. Send money in stamps or money order to the McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



# Talking Business to American Women

By Edith J. R. Isaacs

Chairman Women's Publicity, Liberty Loan Campaign, Second Federal Reserve District

A REGIMENT goes marching down the village street, tramp, tramp, tramp to the railway station. To the army men who watch it pass, it is a splendid fighting unit, one of hundreds just like it, marching out of camp to join the fighting units of our Allies "over there."

But to the women at the windows it is not a regiment at all; it is three thousand individual men, each one a husband or brother, a father or son, each leaving behind him not only some woman's waiting heart, beating for his safe return, but some woman's watchful mind and nimble fingers to guard the family he loves and to do his share of the world's work until he comes again.

Every branch of trade and avenue of industry is represented in the ranks. Every kind of task is waiting behind the lines for some woman to do. Even the woman who cannot do her husband's work, the lawyer's wife, or the engineer's, even the home-keeping woman whose hands are full managing her house and caring for her children is not left without war's claim for extra service. For if all the men who are going to France are to have bread to eat and meat and sugar, if they are to have wool for their uniforms and coal to fire the ships that carry them, she and her kind must help to conserve these things for them. And saving in war-time is a work

as real as bridge-building, one that requires reckoning as careful, patience as infinite, labor as untiring.

It seems like a man-sized job, this variety of extra service which every regiment that marches out of our towns and villages puts upon the women that are left behind to maintain established business, to fill up the gaps on the farm or in the factory, to conserve food, labor and material for the use of the army and our Allies.

Yet there is something else which they have been called upon to do which dwarfs all of these. American women must help to pay the cost of war, the cost not only in human life and spiritual sacrifice, but in dollars and cents. And what a cost that is, running into figures that many of us cannot write and that most of us cannot think! Billions of dollars already spent, billions and billions more to be raised in a hurry and spent at once—for ships and supplies, for food and clothing, for guns and ammunition!

FOR the third time the Government of the United States has come to its citizens to ask for a loan to pay the money cost of the war we have undertaken in order that our children's world may be a better, safer, freer world than our own. For the third time we hear men say that the success of the Liberty Loan means the success of the war and that it depends upon the cooperation of the American women who hold the American purse, who spend or save in war-time.

Is that really true? With millions of our brothers giving their lives for freedom and democracy and the hope of universal brotherhood, is it fair to say that the success of the war depends upon the dollars we save and the Liberty Bonds we buy? It is fair and it is true. Men and money—those are the double tools of war. One is useless without the other and just as there are no men but our men whom we would ask to fight our battles, so there is no money but our money, yours and mine and our neighbors', to pay the cost.

Since this is so, however, since the business of the nation to-day, which is the business of war, is in the hands of American women, somebody must tell our women the plain, downright facts about business. It will not do to say, "Save or we perish," "Don't waste or we starve,"

"Buy Liberty Bonds or we fail." We must know why.

SOME of us women think that because we are accustomed to handling money and to thinking of it in a small way in relation to our household expenses, or to our pay envelope (if we work), or to our bank account (if we have one), that it is impossible for us to understand the theory of a government loan involving billions. Nothing of the kind! That is the only way anybody thinks of money; in terms of his own experience. There is not a principle involved which any woman who is not an idler can not understand. There is no principle which every one of us does not practise, whether our work is on a farm, in a factory, or at home. If we are capable of doing work, we are capable of understanding what we do!

Here is the whole matter in a nutshell, the reasons why Uncle Sam, the richest man in the world, needs all the money we can save in our homes, or on our clothes' account, or out of our pay envelopes, this month and next month, and the promise of all we can save for months to come, in order to run this war:

I. Everything that is bought must be paid for.

II. The money to pay for things comes from labor or from capital; that is, from money we earn by work or from money

our post-office, guarding our coasts, replanting our forests, caring for our fisheries, and a hundred other services. Uncle Sam earns his taxes and uses them to pay his ordinary bills, just as we would do.

But sometimes with a government, as with a family, there comes a day when our earnings are not enough to pay our bills. War is such a time for Uncle Sam. However far he stretches his taxes, he can not earn enough to pay the billions upon billions of dollars which this war costs. What shall he do? What would you do? You would go to your savings bank, if you had one, wouldn't you? and take out a part of your capital. That is just what Uncle Sam did.

BUT suppose that all the money you had in the savings bank was not enough. What then? Why then it would be time to remember the third principle of the business of war, that all capital is not money and that if you have other capital besides your savings account you can borrow money to pay your bills.

For instance, suppose that you and your husband had \$5,500.00 saved, that is, you had \$5,500.00 capital, with \$5,000.00 of which you bought a farm. You would still have \$5,500.00 capital of which \$5,000.00 was invested in a farm and \$500.00 remained in the savings bank. If you wanted to plant your crops and had not enough money in the savings bank to pay for seed and fertilizer and men to do the work, the bank, knowing that you had \$5,000.00 capital invested in a farm would be glad to lend you a few hundred dollars which you would pay back, with interest, when you sold your crops in the fall.

And that is just exactly what Uncle Sam does when he comes to us and asks for a Liberty Loan. Uncle Sam is the richest man in the world, for the whole United States is his capital, all the fertile fields of all the states from Maine to California, all the mines and lakes, forests and plains, all the great cities and little towns. And yet, just as you could not pay for seeds with a foot of farmland, so Uncle Sam cannot pay for ships or guns with a mine or a forest. We pay our bills with dollars; so does Uncle Sam. He cannot go on with the war, he cannot sow the seeds of the world's future peace, unless he has, from each and every one of us, rich or poor, the promise of every extra dollar we can earn and of every dollar we can save—while the war lasts. He does not ask for the gift of these dollars, remember. He asks us for a loan until after the war. A bond is a promise to pay. A Liberty Bond is Uncle Sam's promise to pay back to the lender all of the money invested in the bond. So when we say that we buy a \$50.00 Liberty Bond, what we mean

is that we loan our Government \$50.00 which it promises to pay back in full when the harvest of peace and prosperity has ripened. More than that, it agrees to pay us interest at four per cent. a year. And still more than all that, we are lending it to him for a cause that is our cause, every woman of us.

Whether you are conserving food in the home, or working in a shop or factory, or running a farm or doing any of the hundred other things which the war has assigned to women, are you going to have just your worn fingers to show for your work when the war ends or are you going to have a capital in the shape of Liberty Bonds, which you have bought yourself out of your weeks' earnings or the money you have saved in your home? Which will you be, rich or poor in service and in pocket when the regiments come marching back, tramp, tramp, tramp?



Thirty-four races of foreign-language-speaking peoples in this country bought largely of Second Liberty Loan Bonds

THE second principle is that the money to pay for things comes either from labor or from capital, that is either from money you earn or from money you have saved out of what you earned last month, or last year. If you pay for your muslin out of your factory wages, you pay out of the product of labor; if you take the money out of your savings bank, you pay out of your capital. And as it is with you, so it is with Uncle Sam, except that the money he gets for his labor is called, not wages or salary, but taxes. Taxes are the money we pay our Government for all the work the Government does for us; for making our laws, protecting our lives and property, running



Make your kitchen sparkle like the spring sunshine!

In summer, of all times, how important it is to have the kitchen bright and clean! Such refreshing newness when the refrigerator has been "dressed" inside and out; and the stove and boiler have been "cheered-up"; and the hardwood kitchen table made all fresh; and the sink, and service buckets, and garbage can, and floor and walls—like new pins with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. They save the cost of new things!

Most home furnishings are called "worn out" when they are only shabby; they will still give years of service when regularly touched up with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes.

Your interest in making old things NEW will be greatly increased by reading our two books—"Acme Quality Painting Guide Book," which answers every paint question, and "Home Decorating"—a valuable aid in home beautifying. Both will be mailed you on request, without charge.

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BOSTON	MINNEAPOLIS	PITTSBURGH
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**ACME QUALITY**  
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Have an Acme Quality Shell

You'll find it valuable to have handy at all times at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnish, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



# The War Comes Home To Us

## Growling Patriotism

IT is a shame that so much perfectly good patriotism goes to waste through growling. We answer the many war cries usually heartily and thoroughly, but always, at first, grumblingly. We close our factories to save fuel, but we grumble the while at the necessity; we save wheat and fat and sugar, but often and often good sturdy patriotism looks wan and sick at our complaining. What Uncle Sammy needs is a wife! No man that ever lived could raise a family by himself—too many things seem small and not worth while to a man. Now if we just had an Aunt Molly who would make no bones about turning us over her checked apron, when we are ugly and bad-tempered, American patriotism would take on a grin. It's a poor sort of obedience that goes reluctantly to its task.

Look at the women! An overwhelming call for ten billion or so of sweaters and mufflers and dressings and children's clothes sends the women flocking from brownstone fronts and prairie dug-outs to the Red Cross workrooms where they chat and laugh and weep a bit over the tasks they love so much. No growling there. Why they've even made it fashionable to knit and save and give. There's a jolly competition among them to see not who can be most patriotic—that is an absolute term, not to be compared—but who can be most blithely, most exuberantly, most gladsomely patriotic!

What Uncle Sammy needs is a wife.

## A Look Backward and Forward

DO you realize how much food can be raised in the home gardens of the whole country? Last year, the average garden covered one-tenth of an acre, and the average yield was 636 pounds. There are at least 5,000,000 families, not farmers, in this country, and if each one would plant an average garden, the railroads would be relieved of carrying 160,000 carloads of vegetables, that number of cars would be released to carry food, munitions and supplies for our fighting men and the people in the war zone. The transportation problem cannot be simple in war time. Any effort to relieve the railroads is war service. Will you do your share to encourage the people in your section to plant gardens, raise their own vegetables, and serve their country with the hoe just as faithfully as the boys with the guns are doing "over there"? This is your branch of "the Service," and there is no age-limit for the man or woman who is willing to enlist in the 1918 land brigade.

## Every Cantonment Should Have One

THE Massachusetts and Michigan Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution have established "mending-rooms" in cantonments. These departments have been opened for hospitals, where between 200 and 300 garments are mended two or three times a week.

A room is furnished for this bureau, the members of the D. A. R. furnishing sewing-machines, mending-materials, and mending-equipment. When our boys are away from home, this mending is one of the little things we worry about. How comforting to the women at home and how really satisfying to the men if every camp had its mending-room where the women of the nearest town could do for the boys what they would like to do for their own in the army and navy.

## Why Not Chickens?

IT is absolutely imperative that all women who can shall raise poultry to the extent of their ability and opportunity," says Professor Lamon of the Department of Agriculture. "One of the phases of the present Government poultry campaign is to encourage backyard poultry-keeping, especially among city and suburban dwellers, thereby utilizing table scraps for the production of fowls and eggs for home consumption."

## Unpalatable To Cooties

THE Daughters of the Orient, as the chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution located in the Philippines and in Shanghai are called, have been making pongee shirts to send to the American soldiers in France. The officers of the organization say that these shirts are vermin proof, because the "cooties" object to the odor of the silk.

## Building For The Future

THE War Savings Stamp and the Liberty Loan have been a service school for American women. To most of us it seemed, when the war opened, that our household allowance had no margin for saving. But the Liberty Loan taught us to "do without" to-day, so that when the war is over we may have the wherewithal in the shape of Liberty Bonds to build better homes in a better world.

But now that we know how and what to save and what to do with the money that we save, there is a new question confronting us. What shall we do with the time that we save? And again the answer comes from the War Savings Stamp and the Liberty Loan. Work longer hours, earn more, produce more; make two things grow where one grew before, make something grow where nothing grew, and put your extra earnings and your extra profits into the Liberty Loan and into War Saving Stamps.

Napoleon once said that there were three things needed for war: money, money, and more money. Why this is so, why the richest government in the world needs our money to fight the war, you will see from the article on "Talking Business to American Women" in another part of this issue. Billions have been spent already and billions more are going to be spent before victory is assured. These billions cannot come from a few American millionaires; they must come in war savings and war loans, from millions of Uncle Sam's citizens.

To make the Third Liberty Loan a success it is estimated that one out of every six men, women, and children in the country must subscribe to a Liberty Bond. To do this, means not only that we must give all that we can save, but that to our savings we must add all the extra money we are able to earn in extra hours of work. If every American woman would feel that while our men are on the fighting-front no one has a right to inactive leisure, the success of the loan would be assured in advance. It never was more necessary that time be turned into money; it never was more true that time is money. When you have turned your minutes into War Savings Stamps and your hours into Liberty Bonds you will have done your share to win to war.

## Our Bit and Their All

WE have been at war a year, our men are returning wounded, crippled and disabled after having done their best to defend us. More men go forth, hourly, giving up, not a part of a day or a week or a month to this grim business of war, but their lives to bring about victory.

And yet, Heaven save the mark, some of us still talk about "doing our bit" and, on occasions, have to be urged to do even that! It would seem as if the time had come when we should see that perhaps we are hiding behind the widow's mite. When some are giving time, money, health and life, such selfishness on the part of the rest of us is more than unpatriotic—it is criminal.

## Girls' Land Army

EVERY community must raise its own perishables this year to relieve the work of the railroads this summer and fall. But the greatest hindrance to increased farm production in this country is the lack of labor. Here, unemployed women and girls can help.

The great success of a girls' movement to help on farms last summer led to the formation of an organization called the Land Army. Units are now being formed in which girls may enlist for any number of weeks. The members do not live in their employers' houses; indeed, to make sure the farmer's wife will not be burdened, the army has a rule that they not enter the farmhouse. Each unit is housed and boarded under the direction of its officers.

Last summer the girls showed that they could do this work and profit physically thereby. Each unit has a resident physician who determines the daily fitness of each worker or gives her time off for indisposition. College girls and others who have summer leisure are seizing this chance to help. As one college girl put it, "If my brother can dig trenches, I can dig furrows." Further information, including the addresses of the Army Units, may be obtained from "The Land Army," 32 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## Volunteer Health Work

HOME Health Volunteers will be enlisted by the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense to work during the Children's Year, from April 6, 1918, to April 6, 1919, for 12 to 24 hours per week. There are three forms of service. The Messenger Service of young women able to do any unspecialized task will include duties such as taking nurses and doctors about in automobiles, making the necessary connections between the clinic and the home, making beds, cleaning, etc. The Medical and Social Service will be recruited from women who have had experience either in dispensaries and hospitals and in the care of children or in housewifery. They will help especially in child welfare stations. The Trained Nursing Service will be formed of those trained nurses who have retired from active work.

Home Health Volunteers will serve under nurses and physicians and will work only under direction. Dr. Jessica Peixotto, executive chairman of the Child Welfare Department of the Woman's Committee, Washington, D. C., is issuing pledges to volunteers.

## Real Garden Helps

BECAUSE it is anxious that the home garden production be as large as possible in 1918, our Government has published some especially good booklets on garden subjects. "The Home Vegetable Garden" and "The Preparation and Care of the Home Fruit Garden" will give practical help to all gardeners. "The School Garden" will be valuable in helping children's garden clubs. "Potatoes" and "Weeds" are intensive studies planned for those who garden on a large scale. "The Home Garden in the South" and "Beautifying the Home Grounds" are very practical and well worth reading.

Amateur gardeners should not attempt to plan nor plant a garden without the advice of expert and experienced gardeners. Seed is too scarce, the need for crops too great to risk any avoidable failures. Instruct yourself first, then plant, will be the best procedure.

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the free edition lasts, any of these booklets. When the free edition is exhausted, it will purchase booklets from the Government at the cost price (eight cents for each). Always enclose an additional three-cent stamp to cover part of the bureau's expenses.

## Junior Home Reservists

Dear Reservists:—

I have some quite wonderful news for you this month. Last month, we got crowded out by all the things which had to go into the first number of the New McCall's, and I have had to keep a secret meant for you all bottled up for a whole month.

Way last May when I first began to think about a girl's army of Home Reserves, it was because I realized how much could be done by us if we could work together. There was no other children's organization at the time doing the kind of work I had in mind, so I said to McCall's, and McCall's said to me: "Let's organize a girls' army," and we did!

Since that time the big Red Cross organization, which knows from actual investigation just how the help of each of us can be used to the best advantage, has recognized the need we felt these months before, and has formed the Junior Red Cross, an organization intended to include all the children in the schools of the land. The teachers have agreed to help, there are the school-rooms to work in, and altogether it is quite a wonderful plan.

I could not help feeling that it will be a wonderful thing to have all our Junior Home Reservists taken into the big body of the Junior Red Cross, and help in this nation-wide work. And so somebody from our editorial office went down to Washington to see the Junior Red Cross and talk it over, and finally the big thing we all wanted was achieved and all of our warm-hearted, patriotic Junior Home Reservists are invited to become members of the Junior Red Cross.

We are asked to join on very special terms, for whereas, if you were not Reservists, you would have to pay twenty-five cents to join the Junior Red Cross, the fact that you have done war service as a member of the Junior Home Reserves lets you join without paying anything at all. In other words, the Junior Red Cross takes the whole body of Junior Home Reserves into its organization.

If there is a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in your school, all you have to do is to show the principal your

Junior Home Reserve button and the letter from Dr. MacCracken, head of the Junior Red Cross, which is printed below, and, presto!, you will be given a Red Cross button without charge and become a member of the Junior Red Cross. And if there is no such Auxiliary in your school, ask your principal to form one with all of you who are Junior Home Reservists as the first members, in which as such members you will not have to pay any fee to obtain your Red Cross button.

It has made us happy to be able to bring about this big thing for you. Hereafter there will be no Junior Home Reserve department in McCall's, because the Junior Red Cross will be directing its work so well through its wonderful organization and the help of the teachers in your town. And that brings me to the only thing about the new arrangement which makes me sorry—the fact that I shall no longer be your commander. But, after all, that doesn't matter, because you will be going on doing bigger and more helpful work every day. So here's my farewell to you, and my love and my faith that you are all going to prove the best little soldiers the world has every had.

Faithfully yours,

ALICE MANNING DICKEY,  
Commander.

To the Members of the Junior Home Reserves:—

The Junior Red Cross welcomes the members of the Junior Home Reserves as future workers in its great army of relief and reconstruction. There is work for all to do, and the Red Cross will help you to find a way to do it.

If you go to a school which has a Red Cross Auxiliary, you may ask for the Red Cross buttons, without delay, as soon as you present your Home Reserve buttons. If you go to a school that has not yet joined the Red Cross, ask the principal to form you into a unit and begin yourself to enroll the others as a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary. Your local Red Cross School Committee will tell you how.

Cordially yours,

H. N. MACCRACKEN,  
National Director, Junior Membership.





In the Woodbury Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find the proper treatment for oily skin and shiny nose. This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



# Conspicuous Nose Pores

## How to reduce them

Do you know why it is that the inner surface of your arm is so white and satiny, while the texture of your face, especially of your nose, is rougher and shows enlarged pores?

It is exposure—constant exposure to changing temperatures—sun, wind and dust—that enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the skin of your face.

On parts of the body that are habitually covered by clothing, the skin changes very little from the fine texture of childhood. It needs no special care to keep it fine and smooth.

### The skin of your face must have special care

The pores of the face, even in normal conditions, are not so fine as in other parts of the body. On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

Under exposure to wind and dust and sun, the pores of the face contract and expand. If the skin is not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, the small muscular fibers, especially those of the nose, become weakened and do not contract as they should. Instead the pores remain open, they collect dirt and dust, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the cause of conspicuous nose pores—the bugbear of so many women, and often the only flaw in an otherwise perfect complexion.

### Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry your skin carefully.

This treatment cleanses the pores and strengthens the small muscular fibers so they can contract properly.

After ten days or two weeks of this Woodbury treatment, you will begin to see an improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change completely in this short time a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit and supplement it with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

In the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, treatments are given for the various troubles of the skin. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general use for that time. You will have the same experience that all others do—when you once use Woodbury's you will always use it. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. You will find directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury soap.



If your skin has become gradually coarsened, this special treatment and the general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will make it fine and soft again. For directions, see the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

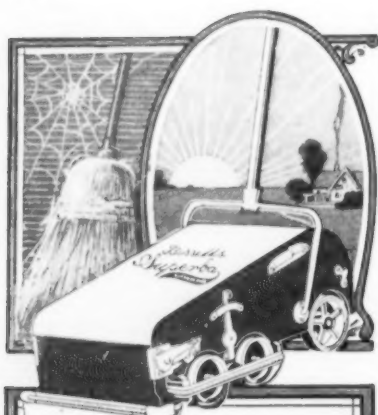
### Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1505 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited., 1505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



A-SKIN-YOU  
LOVE-TO-TOUCH



### New-Day House-Cleaning Methods

Demand a

## BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

**B**ISSELL Carpet Sweepers and Vacuum Sweepers give present-day housewives a combination that keeps their rugs and carpets clean all year 'round. This new-day sweeping combination has made broom sweeping out of date.

For every-day sweeping, use the Bissell Carpet Sweeper with the scientific patented "Cyclo" Ball Bearings.

For the more thorough weekly cleaning, a Bissell Vacuum Sweeper keeps your rugs and carpets sanitariously clean.

Our staff of mechanical experts have built into this sweeper many improvements you can find in no other device of its kind.

Always ready, smooth-running, easily emptied, and with powerful suction, you will be satisfied with no other make.

Don't put off a single day longer the purchase of this wonderful household machine.

Prices: \$6.00 to \$12.00; Bissell Carpet Sweepers with the patented "Cyclo" Ball Bearings: \$3.50 to \$6.25—depending on style and locality.

At dealers everywhere.

Write today for booklet.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**

Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Made in Canada, too.

**Tycos THERMOMETERS**

Keep a Tycos Fever Thermometer in your home. Unnecessary illness may be avoided by observing body temperature. **ASK YOUR DEALER.**

Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y.



## Ivers & Pond PIANOS

Are unexcelled for refinement of tone, beauty and originality of case design and wonderful durability. Used in over 450 prominent Educational Institutions and 60,000 discriminating homes. Our 1918 models are the most artistic musically and the handsomest in case design we have ever produced. The new catalogue, picturing and describing in detail these latest creations, sent free upon request. *Write for it.*

### How to Buy

Our latest models are on exhibition at high-class piano houses throughout the United States. If none in your vicinity sells them, we can supply you direct from our factory easily, safely, and to your advantage, shipping the piano on approval and paying railway freights both ways if it should disappoint you.

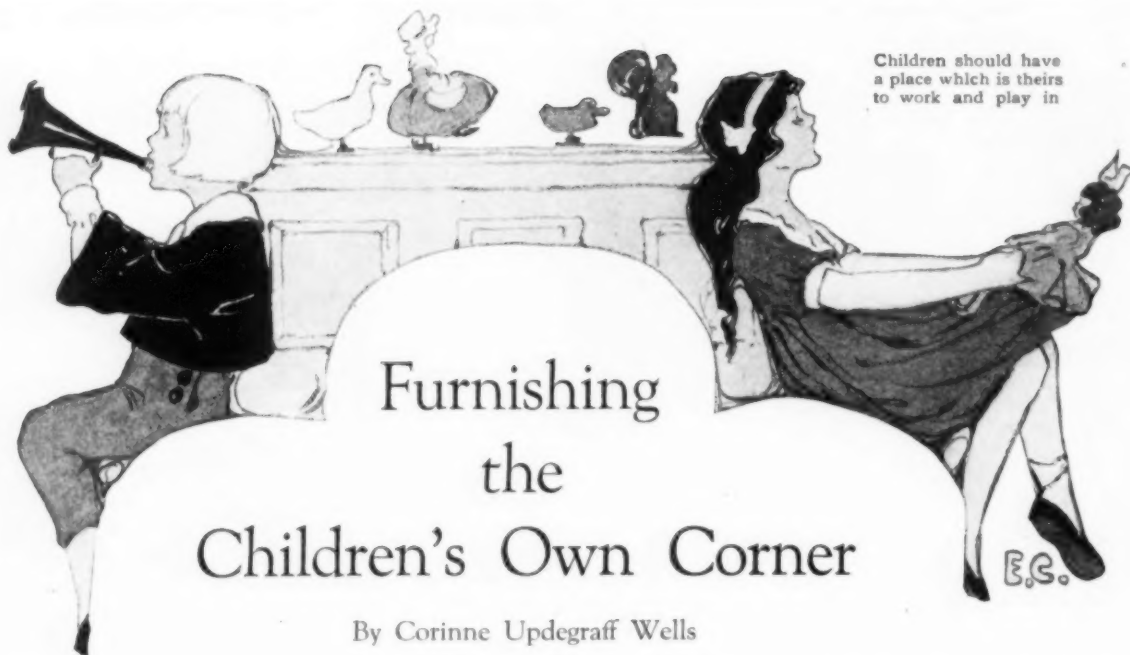
Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

**IVERS & POND PIANO CO.**  
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and proposition to buyers.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_



By Corinne Updegraff Wells

**I**N planning our homes we never think of equipping rooms intended for the adult members of the family with chairs and tables and book shelves on a level with juvenile hands, but too often, alas, we expect children to be comfortable and happy in surroundings far beyond their mental and physical reach. The same father who will lift his small son to his shoulder to see the clowns and elephants in a circus parade, may consider a nursery an affectation only to be afforded by the wealthy. In every home where there are children there should be some place which is theirs to work and play in as they choose.

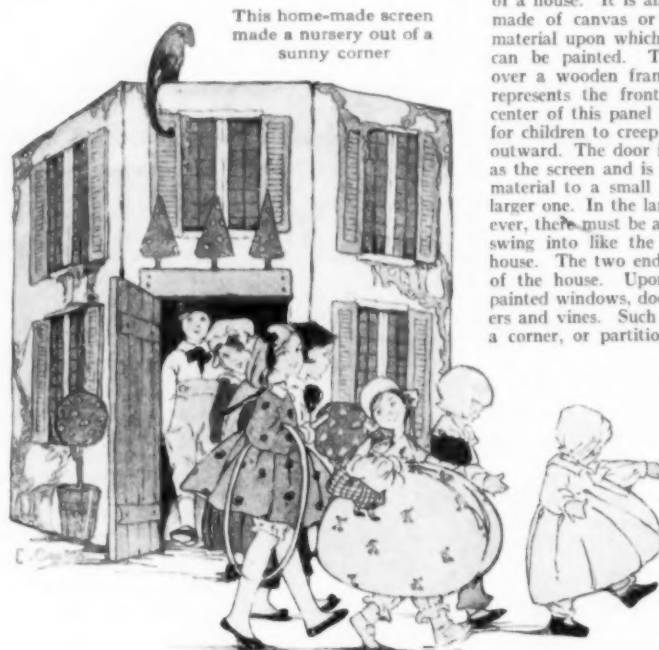
The ideal nursery arrangement is to have two connecting rooms, one for play and the other for rest. Where two rooms are not possible, one room, furnished as a combination play- and sleeping-room will answer the purpose. If an entire room cannot be spared, a corner of the living-room may be screened off and kept sacred to toys. Whatever the arrangement, there should be sunlight, fresh air and simple, sturdy furniture. And the place must be orderly enough to be inviting. All the toys in Christendom will not tempt the average child to remain long in a stuffy, gloomy place filled with a conglomeration of playthings which even patient fingers have not the courage to untangle.

A most alluring type of nursery is one with low window seats, built-in wardrobes, closets and book-shelves. Door-knobs are within reach. Windows are low enough to be looked out of. Rugs are washable. There are plenty of windows with sunlight streaming in. There is a spacious bay-window for playing house. Best of all, there is a place for everything.

The walls of a nursery should be decorated with a washable paint in a soft warm tint, with perhaps a few Mother Goose or Kate Greenaway figures parading around the frieze, or birds flying toward the ceiling, squirrels scampering around the corners, or ships a-sailing on the sea. As to draperies, there need be but few and

these of firm fabrics that will stand pulling and frequent laundering.

Since there must be a light in the room, instead of a grown-up electric fixture, there may be a basket cage, inside of which a bluebird swings on a perch. When the button is pressed the bird is illuminated,



This home-made screen made a nursery out of a sunny corner

giving just enough light to see to go to bed by.

The most practical furniture for the nursery and play-room is painted or enameled wood, which may be washed often and which lends itself to rounded corners which make bumping a less serious happening. A small table, with chairs that fit snugly beneath it when not in use, is always necessary. A desk or flat writing-table, also with a chair that slips under it, is desirable. Since these and similar articles of children's furniture are equipped with compartments for holding the various materials used in conjunction with them, orderly habits be-

come instinctive. For example, arranging clothes upon a Mother Goose clothes-hanger is much more agreeable than poking them into a dark closet where the hooks are too high to be reached quickly.

When the children must play and sleep in the same room, a useful article is a play-house screen made to resemble the outside of a house. It is an ordinary triple screen made of canvas or burlap or any heavy material upon which the design of a house can be painted. The material is tacked over a wooden frame. The central panel represents the front of a house. In the center of this panel is a door large enough for children to creep through. This swings outward. The door is of the same material as the screen and is made by fastening the material to a small frame exactly like the larger one. In the large central panel, however, there must be a frame for the door to swing into like the door-frame of a real house. The two end panels represent sides of the house. Upon these there may be painted windows, doors, porches with flowers and vines. Such a screen placed across a corner, or partitioning off the end of a room, makes a play-house that has all the charm of reality.

When the occupants of the nursery include an infant, the toilet screen is a convenience. The inner side has pockets for accommodating all the necessities of the baby's toilet.

Cushions, table covers and similar articles are permissible

if they are made of sturdy materials such as pin-check gingham, hemstitched, or unbleached muslin, decorated with hand work or stenciled designs.

One of the most valuable articles of play-room furniture is a toy cupboard made with doors opening into compartments at the bottom where the children can place the playthings at the end of the day. Above are open shelves for books or toys not in constant use.

For the small boy with a mechanical or inventive turn of mind, a corner of the nursery should be equipped with a combination work-bench and tool-cabinet.



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Photographs by M. E. Hewitt





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For luncheons or suppers, float in bowls of milk. Serve as wafers in your dinner soups, or as a garnish on ice cream. Serve them freely—any hour—for they do not tax digestion.



## The Zeppelin's Passenger

[Continued from page 10]

She was sorry almost as soon as she had asked the question. For a moment, the calm insouciance of his manner seemed to have departed. His eyes glowed.

"In search of new things," he answered. "Gun? Fortifications?"

"Neither." A spirit of mischief possessed her. Lessingham's manner was baffling. She had an intense desire to break through his reserve. "Won't you tell me—why you came?" "I could tell you more easily," he answered, "why it will be the most miserable day of my life when I leave."

She laughed with perfect heartiness. "How delightful to be flirted with again!" she sighed. "Still, your secret, sir, please? That is what I want to know."

"If you will have a little patience!" he begged. "I promise that I will not leave this place before I tell it to you."

Avoiding his eyes, Philippa called the others. "We are quite ready for bridge," she announced.

"Do you play club bridge in town, Mr. Lessingham?" Griffiths asked. He had become more taciturn than ever, and even Philippa had to admit that the evening was not ending successfully.

"Never," Lessingham replied calmly. "You are head and shoulders above us in bridge down here."

"Very good of you to say so," Lessingham replied courteously.

"I wonder," Griffiths went on, dropping his voice a little and keeping his eyes fixed upon his companion, "what the German substitute for bridge is."

"I wonder," Lessingham echoed. He strolled away toward Philippa.

"So many thanks, Lady Cranston," Lessingham murmured, "for your hospitality."

"And what about the secret?" "You see, there are two. One I shall most surely tell you before I leave here, because it is the one secret which no man has ever kept to himself. As for the other—"

He hesitated. She broke in hastily. "I did not call you away to ask about either. I happened to notice Captain Griffiths just now. Do you know that he is watching you very closely?"

"I had an idea of it. He is rather a clumsy person, is he not?"

"You will be careful?" she begged earnestly. "Remember, won't you, that Helen and I are really in a most disgraceful position if anything should come out."

"Nothing shall. I think you know that, whatever might happen to me, I should find some means to protect you."

"You really are a delightful person!" she exclaimed. "Captain Griffiths," she continued, as she observed his approach, "if you really must go, please take Mr. Lessingham with you. He is making fun of me. I don't allow even Dick's friends to do that. You must both come again very soon." Philippa concluded, as they shook hands. "I enjoyed our bridge immensely."

The two men were already on their way to the door when a sudden idea seemed to occur to Captain Griffiths.

"By the by, Lady Cranston," he asked sympathetically, "have you had any news of your brother?"

Philippa shook her head sadly. Helen turned away and held a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Not a word," was Philippa's sorrowful reply.

"Bad luck!" he said. "I'm so sorry, Lady Cranston. Good night once more."

This time their departure was uninterrupted. Helen removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and Philippa made a little grimace at the closed door.

"Do you believe," Helen asked, "that Captain Griffiths has any suspicions?"

Philippa shrugged her shoulders. "If he has, who cares!" she replied a little defiantly. "The very idea of a duel of wits between those two men is laughable."

### CHAPTER X

PHILIPPA and Helen went a few mornings later for a walk across a land of trees and moorlands. Here and there, the yellow gorse glowed in unexpected corners. Driven by the wind, a white-winged gull sailed over their heads. A flight of pigeons, like torn leaves tossed about by the wind, circled and drifted above them. Philippa seated herself upon the trunk of a fallen tree and gazed contentedly about her.

"If I had a looking-glass and a few more hairpins, I should be perfectly happy,"

she sighed. "My hair must look awful."

"I decline to say the correct thing," Helen declared. "I will only remind you that there will be no one here to look at it."

"I am not sure," Philippa replied. "These are the woods which the special constables haunt by day and by night."

"Are you suggesting that we may meet Mr. Lessingham?" Helen inquired, lazily.

"My dear," Philippa remonstrated, "Mr. Lessingham does nothing crude. I am perfectly certain that he knows nothing of the melodramatic spy. As to Zeppelins, don't you remember he told us that he hated them and was terrified of bombs?"

"And yet," Helen began— She rose suddenly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed upon a figure approaching.

"Good morning," called a familiar voice very near.

Philippa sat upright at once, smoothed her hair and looked resentfully at Lessingham. He was carrying a gun under his arm.

"Whatever are you doing up here?" she demanded. "You can't come out into the woods here and shoot things just because you feel like it."

He seated himself between them.

"That is quite all right," he assured her.

"Mr. Windover, to whom these woods belong, asked me to bring my gun out this morning and try and get a woodcock."

"Gracious! You don't mean that Mr. Windover is here, too?" Philippa looked uneasily around.

Lessingham shook his head. "His car came for him at the other side of the wood," he explained. "He was wanted and I elected to walk home."

"And the woodcock?" she asked. "I adore woodcock."

He procured one from his pocket.

"There," he said, handing it to her, "the first woodcock of the season. I really only accepted one in the hope that you would like it."

"You must come and share it," Philippa insisted. "Those boys of Nora's are coming to dinner. Your gift shall be the pièce de résistance."

"Then I may dine another night?" he begged. "This place encourages in me the grossest of appetites."

"Have no fear," she replied. "It is to be a simple feast to-night, but I promise that you shall not go away hungry."

"Will you promise that you will never send me away hungry?" he asked, dropping his voice for a moment.

She turned and studied him. His loose, well-fitting country clothes, his tie and soft collar, were all well-chosen and suitable. She admired his high forehead and his firm, rather proud mouth. His eyes as well as his tone were full of seriousness. Philippa had no relish for serious flirtations.

"Come," she said, "it's time to go home."

Helen had already gone on ahead. Presently, they joined her.

Philippa arrested her companions on the outskirts of the wood, and pointed to the red-tiled little town under the cliff.

"Would one believe," she asked satirically, "that there could be scope here for the brains of a—Mr. Lessingham?"

"I was sent," he protested. "The error, if error there be, is not mine."

"And, after all," Helen reminded them both, "think how easily one may be misled by appearances. You couldn't imagine anything more honest than the faces of the villagers and the fishermen one sees about; yet do you know, Mr. Lessingham, that we were visited by burglars last night?"

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Without a doubt. Last night they walked in through the French windows and made themselves at home in the library."

"I trust," Lessingham said, "that they did not take anything of value?"

"They took nothing," Philippa sighed.

"They evidently didn't like our things."

"How do you know that you had burglars, if they took nothing away?"

"So practical!" Philippa murmured.

"We heard some one running down the drive. The French windows were open, a chair was overturned in the library, and a drawer in my husband's desk was wide open."

"The proof," Lessingham admitted, "is overwhelming. Does your husband keep anything of value in his desk?"

"Henry hasn't anything of value in the world," Philippa replied dryly, "except his securities, and they are at the bank."

"Without going so far as to contradict you," Lessingham observed with a smile, "I venture to disagree!"

[Continued in the June McCall's]



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## Right Ways with Children

Earnings or Allowance or Both?

By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg

Vice-President of Federation for Child Study

**M**OTHER, give me a penny for a lolly-pop?"

Sometimes Mother says "Yes!" with more or less enthusiasm; and sometimes she says "No!" with more or less decisiveness. Both seem to be equally hard.

The trouble seems to be that mothers have no clear policy to pursue with children's demands for money. It is not altogether a question of what the family can afford. Just as important is the question, Should Jane have this thing she wants?

One day Arnold asked his mother for a penny. "But I gave you a penny only the other day," answered the mother. "It was two days ago, mother," pleaded Arnold, as though the length of time was an indication of his great need. Mother gave him the penny, but she did not do it very graciously. When Arnold had gone, Mrs. Hunter, who was visiting Arnold's mother, asked, "Why don't you give him a regular allowance? He won't bother you so much then."

**A**RNOLD's mother had never thought of that. Arnold for a child of six? Why, what could he do with it?

He could do with it no worse than he is doing with the three or four cents a week that he gets for his nagging. And there is just the possibility that he might do better. If the child is old enough to spend his penny, he is old enough to begin counting two or three pennies, and to plan his spending two or three days in advance.

When the child feels the need for money, there should be some way for him to get it. The most simple and direct source of money, as of all his other needs, is of course the gift of the parents. The child may be granted a money allowance on exactly the same grounds as he is given his food and his clothing and his shelter. If we think of the money that the child spends as a necessary instrument for his education in the art of spending and saving, we shall not hesitate to give him the "allowance" as we give him his other supplies. Moreover, it is well to make an arrangement that will avoid begging on his part, and annoyance on our part.

Parents and teachers often seem afraid to give up whatever power they may hold over the younger people. We do hate to see children grow in independence. Perhaps it is only the unconscious fear that we are becoming superfluous to our children. At any rate, Arnold's mother insisted upon tying a string to her concession.

**I**F he comes to me for each penny, I can withhold it, or grant it, and thus use it as a means for rewarding him when he is good or for punishing him when he is naughty." This probably represents the unexpressed thoughts of very many of us. If our control over the pennies did indeed accomplish what rewards and punishments are commonly supposed to accomplish, there might be some force in this attitude. But aside from that doubt, we ought to apply the same principles to the money allowance that we apply to the other contributions which we regularly make to the child's health and welfare. We decide to purchase clothes and books and breakfast food solely on the grounds of the child's needs and our resources. We do not starve or freeze a child because he has been "naughty." It follows logically that if the allowance is recognized as a necessary part of the child's experience, it should come as a regular part of the child's life.

**I**N many families it is still possible for children to find "chores" of various kinds to perform. Parents are often puzzled in regard to the relation between these home duties and the child's allowance or payment for services. Generally speaking, the child should learn to do his share of the work as a matter of course. He should not expect to get paid for ordinary fetching and carrying. Children, at first, love to do these things because the activity is in the nature of a game. When the child is old enough to have his own interests, he is likely to resent not so much the call to service as the distraction from his own concerns. It is not, as a rule, "laziness" or unwillingness to oblige that stands in the way of getting our children to do what we ask of them. It is more likely to be our manner of requesting the service, or our interference with the child's own plans. If the required chores can be made a part of the daily or weekly routine, most of the difficulty will be removed.

**T**HESE routine participations in the family's activities do not call for pay. On special occasions, however, unusual service may legitimately receive special payment. Yet even here the child should be paid only for work that you would otherwise have to hire someone to do.

There are occasions or situations in which it may be even well to pay the child for regular household chores. It may happen in many families, as it did in that of Harry Alden, that the total amount of work at home has to be increased, and that an additional assignment for the child would justify a temptation to rebel. While the additional work was too much to ask Harry to do "for nothing," it was not too much for him to do "for pay."

**A**GAIN, in many homes children have little or no opportunity to earn money on the outside. In such cases it is better to pay the child for his regular work, rather than give him an allowance. Children vary so much both in their ability to find opportunities to earn money and in their surroundings, that some may need to be helped out by the family.

As the child grows older his needs and desires also grow. But the opportunity to earn does not always grow proportionately. With most children it will become necessary to increase the allowance, so as to enable them to buy more and more of the "necessities." The aim should be to get the child to exercise complete control of all that he gets, besides food and other general needs, as soon as possible. With some children this may take up to eighteen years or later; with others it may be practically achieved at fourteen. At any rate, if the earnings are not sufficient, the allowance should tend to become large enough to cover the actual need for clothing, recreation and so on.

By spending money, however obtained, the child learns to value dimes and quarters and dollars in relation to what they can buy. But it is only by receiving his money for services rendered that he can learn how much a dime or a quarter is worth in human cost. If Walter has to lose the last three innings of a baseball game to earn a quarter, his attitude toward what a quarter will buy will be influenced accordingly.

It is not fair to underpay children for doing tasks that have commercial value, even when they are working for their parents. Nor is it fair to them to overpay them; for this defeats the most valuable part of the experience.



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## Facing the Unknown

[Continued from page 7]

Swiss frontier were they at liberty to open the envelopes containing their wealth.

It is on the filthy straw beds of these internment camps, previously occupied by untold numbers of exiles or prisoners, that the refugees contract most of the bad skin diseases and head troubles that now keep me busy almost daily; for, since February, I have been transferred to the *pouponnière*, or baby section, established in a stationary Red Cross railroad car fitted out for the purpose. There we have eight or ten tables in a row, each containing a mattress covered with rubber and a tiny sheet with a basin next to it. In each corner there is a pail of hot water where baby-bottles full of milk are kept warm for the children who are too young to eat in the restaurant. Boxes filled with various articles of baby clothing and towels are conveniently placed on a stretcher suspended from the wall, in case of need. A Red Cross table contains all necessary instruments, gauze, and medicines. Several Swiss soldiers are detailed to fetch hot water, and wrap up the repulsive soiled clothing, which is given back clean to the mother of each clean child.

We begin our siege on unwashed babyhood by collecting the children under four years of age while they are at the table, taking down the car number and the name of the mother, in order to know where to return the little ones. Some of the children are friendly, easy to manage, and conversational to an extreme. But generally they sabbingly repeat over and over again: "*Ma maman est partie!*" and sometimes cling to us for protection, when, in the first doubtful moments, they mistake the Swiss uniform for the no-longer fairytale ogres of childhood, the *Boches*. Occasionally, we have the restful experience of bathing a child who is as much interested in the cleaning process as we are, and delightedly compares her one scrubbed leg to the other grimy one, or joyfully admires and strokes her fresh, new clothes, as if afraid they might vanish like a dream.

Unfortunately, such cases are rare. I once had to cut a shirt off a small boy because he clung to it so frantically. This often comes from modesty. One little boy very seriously requested me to stand between him and a *petite fille* who was sitting nearby in all the primitive glory of Eve. Sometimes the children are just obstinate, or unhappy without their mothers. With soldiers, nurses, two doctors and sometimes a Red Cross man, there is no room in the *pouponnière* for the mothers, who would unwittingly retard the work.

NEVER, so long as I live, shall I forget my sensation on looking down into a mass of blond curls in which tiny specks were slowly moving! I rapidly put some distance between myself and the little girl, who was using me for a pillow; then I gathered up all my self-control, and pushed under my protecting cap any stray hair, lest it prove a temptation to the insect colony which I had set out to exterminate. The next minute I managed to massage the baby head with a petroleum preparation supplied from the Red Cross table.

The most difficult job that ever fell to my lot was the bathing of a little chap of two years, who was dressed in a neat blue suit and had a deceptively clean face. But one whiff of him after I had him in my arms was enough to undecieve me. I summoned a soldier to keep him from kicking, held my nose with one hand, and proceeded to pull off a stocking. By that time I was experiencing a sudden longing for the open fields—clover preferably. I glanced at my soldier friend, who looked pale despite his tanned skin, and seemed to have the same rural impulse as I. I thanked my lucky stars that I had the table near the door, and stuck out my head for a timely breath of air. Then I returned to the kicking youngster, while the soldier gratefully followed my example and put his nose outside for a reviving whiff. We continued in this jumping-jack fashion until the child was completely undressed, and thus held on to our self-control until we could throw the filthy clothes out of the window, to be picked up and put into boiling water by a soldier outside. You never would have recognized that baby boy when I had dressed him in some of the clothes donated by the Swiss and French benefactresses. Even his mother hesitated before claiming him.

Such is the task which our Zurich *Comité des Repatriés* has undertaken and reduced to a systematic routine. Nor is

ours the only Samaritan city along the *évacués'* homeward route. Although we are the ones who receive them at their first long stop after crossing the German frontier at Lake Constance, other committees throughout Switzerland meet each train regularly all along the line to the French border at Evian.

I HAD the opportunity of seeing the welcome given at each station, when I was recently detached to accompany a train of four hundred *évacués* to France. For lunch, the people were given sausages and rolls, and, at Berne, again coffee and refreshments were served to them through the train windows during a twenty minutes' stop. A crowd of school children came to the station just to sing little French songs and cheer the *évacués*. The greatest joy of all, however, was seeing a French prisoner make a dash into the train, calling: "*Maman!*" The next moment, he lifted up an old, weeping woman in his arms and smothered her with kisses, saying, "Never mind, *Maman*; from now on a new life begins for both us. Don't be sad any more!"

At Fribourg there was another welcome and more souvenirs, with a large group of French interned on hand to talk with their compatriots. Women have often said pleadingly to me: "Please, *ma soeur*, won't you bring a French soldier here for me to kiss, for the sake of my own boy at the front? It is so long since I have seen our own uniform!"

At the three stops between Lausanne and Bouveret, hot chocolate and sandwiches were served, and French flags hung from windows of homes overlooking the railroad tracks. At Bouveret, since I was the only member of the Swiss personnel of the train who had permission to enter France, the Swiss car was detached to return to Zurich and drop, on the way back, the various Red Cross women it had picked up at each city. Here the French authorities met us and we all had our pictures taken in a farewell group. The people, tearfully grateful, waved an affectionate good-by to Switzerland, as we entered France.

At Evian, just over the border of France, I watched my recent protégés file down the village street to the Casino, under a sign, *Soyez les Bienvenus*. Later I joined them at supper in the huge room of the Casino where great preparations had been made for their welcome. The *Préfet* greeted the *évacués* with an eloquent speech and gave for them a resumé of military activities since they had been shut off from France. Then he offered a vote of thanks to Switzerland for all she had done in taking them to her heart. This message I was charged with taking back. At the same time, the *Préfet* said that it was a rare pleasure to shake the hand of a representative of France's new and great ally, the United States. Then the orchestra played the Marseillaise, and everybody stood up and joined in the singing. The Swiss National Hymn followed, and, after that, came two tedious hours of regulating passports and official papers.

Before I left Evian to return to Switzerland, I visited Bellevue hospital. It was here that I chanced upon the saddest tale I have heard in all this review of misery. A mother and four children from a little village in Northern France lay stiffly bandaged in the white beds along the wall. Back at home one of the little boys had spent the hours playing with exploded shells which he found on the streets. One day he discovered an interesting specimen—one which had not burst—and he tried to open it. Failing in this, the youngster picked up a rock and shattered it! The awful result may be imagined. Not a piece could be found of the child so full of life a moment before; two nearby houses were blown up, and a little brother at some distance lost an eye and had one cheek badly torn. The poor distracted mother lost her mind when she heard of the disaster and she, with her injured children, was brought to Evian. From the hospital where these miserable five have found kindness and somewhat of comfort, it may be that three children will go out again to live. Even I, grown so accustomed to war sorrows, was glad to get into the streets after that.

Within a few days on a radiantly sunny morning, I took a boat across the lake to Switzerland, and left Evian and its portion of woe—left my hopeful little band of 400 to find as best they might, homes and friends and courage to pick up again their threads of useful life.

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## The Box Behind the Door

[Continued from page 16]

She gave a merry little rippling laugh, and then sobered suddenly. "Do you know—you were right. The girl in there is dead."

"You mean Jean Craddock, aged eight? You see, I lifted out a book to see whose property it was."

"I mean Jean Craddock, aged sixteen. I have come to see if I can bring her back to life or whether she is quite dead."

It was a most unusual experience. Yesterday, the diaries in the trunk; to-day, the girl kneeling there by it—as though the genii had tapped on the chest and there had arisen the girl of long ago.

As the shower ceased to drop its shrapnel on the cabin roof, the girl jumped up. "She's alive," she asserted joyously. "Alive—and she can stay a week."

Alan watched her go down through the orchard toward the old house in the clearing—the sun shining through the rain-spangled branches on the gold-brown of her hair. "Jean Craddock," he said softly, "not dead nor over forty—but alive and—twenty-three."

That was Tuesday. On Wednesday he awoke with a vague, delightful feeling. All day his mind reverted to the new thing in his life. In the evening he walked briskly around by the house in the clearing. She was crossing the barnyard. When she saw him, she waved her basket gaily and called, "I'm hunting for eggs. Do you like to?"

"It's my favorite pastime," said the grouchiest member of Western faculty.

On Thursday, they went berrying. On Friday, they took Alan's runabout and drove to the big woods for pine cones and spruce bark. On Saturday, they got out the old water-soaked punt and went fishing—all of which had nothing in particular to do with the writing of psychology texts.

Sunday evening they drove aimlessly, contentedly, over the long, brown highways. When he was helping her out of the car—it happened. It was only for a moment that he caught her to him and kissed her with, "I love you, little Jean Craddock"—only for a moment that she clung to him. Then she said, "Oh, no, no," and sped through the yard that led to the old house.

On Monday morning when Alan opened the cabin door, he picked up her note. It said, "I am leaving this morning, instead of to-night as I had planned. Please believe that it is better so."

As he stood, stupid and uncomprehending, the morning train whistled in. It woke him to action. Speeding down to the village station in the runabout, he saw the train pulling out. He felt he wanted to be dragged along with it. But she would not—she would not go out of his life like this.

When Alan returned to the house in the clearing, he found the old people in the garden together. When he asked where Jean had gone, he was bewildered to meet with an instant rebuff.

"That I will not tell ye," the old man gruffed out.

"But—I love her," explained Alan, as though it settled the matter.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth. "Love!" he said—"Huh!" and replaced his pipe.

Alan turned to the grandmother, who had been crying. She looked timidly at her husband and said, "I canna tell ye."

When school opened in September, the professor of psychology, apparently unchanged, took his place at Western. Over and over the details of that week in the summer went through his mind. Through it all, his faith never wavered. The memory of her charm, her childlike purity, her loveliness, permitted no thought but that she was all she had seemed.

In November, he went back to the farmhouse. After an unsuccessful interview with the old man, Alan tramped up through fallen leaves to the cabin. As he came back in the deepening dusk, the grandmother stepped out from the shadow of a tree.

"Pa's out milkin'," she said breathlessly. "Here it is."

The slip of paper contained an address in an eastern city.

With fine disregard for work, Alan told his President he had been called east.

He determined to call on Fritz Emerson of his old college class. At a more suitable hour, after lunch, he would find Jean.

He easily found the great brokerage suite, and his welcome was greater than he had imagined. Little Fritz wrung his hand and pounded him on the back.

"Married, Alan?" he asked.

"Not guilty. How about you, Fritz?"

"Not yet—but soon," and launched into a panegyric on the qualities of one Miss

Marjorie Wilmarth, in the midst of which he became suddenly imbued with the noble desire to have Alan meet Miss Wilmarth and the girls that composed her set. That afternoon, there was to be a tea-drinking stunt of some sort at Marjorie's home—wouldn't he come?

Alan felt compelled to accede to the plan. Through the unfamiliar avenues they rode, stopping in front of one of the castle-like structures that lined the drive. Dreading the ordeal, Alan entered the house in tow of the little man, who bounced along like a rubber ball.

Soft lights, sweet music, delicate colors, made up the combination of sensations that assailed him.

A few feet away stood a laughing, animated group of young people. In their midst, in pink "as pale as the first little anemones," stood Jean Craddock.

As though hypnotically compelled, she turned and met Alan's eyes. Dazed, uncomprehending, her own clung to his. The color slipped from her face, but she kept her perfect poise.

Fritz gaily piloted Alan toward the group. "Marjorie, I want Mr. Seymour to know you. Alan, Miss Wilmarth—my fiancée."

Jean Craddock extended her hand.

"Old college classmate, you know, people. Knows more than all the rest of us in this bunch put together. Can't give us but a few minutes—looking up an old girl of his this afternoon. Lucky girl, I say—"

and on and on in his little, piping voice.

Alan stood straight, immobile. Would the confounded lunk-head never stop?

It seemed hours before they found a corner to themselves in the gallery. Marjorie Wilmarth raised miserable eyes to Alan.

"That girl—was it—"

"Yes—you."

"How did you find me?" He explained in the briefest way. Tears sprang to her eyes. "Granny did that for me?" She was unconscious of the slip. "Oh, I've so much to tell you—so many things to explain—if we only had more time—they may come in here any minute—" Her sentences were tripping over each other.

With folded arms, the man stood looking down at her.

"I'll tell you all about me, now," she went on. "I'll begin back when I was a little girl—no—before I was born. Grappy Craddock and Grandfather Wilmarth were great friends as boys. Later Grappy had one daughter and Grandfather Wilmarth three sons. One of the sons went out to Grappy's to spend the summer vacation. He was twenty. She—my mother—she was only seventeen, you know—Grappy made him marry her. After the marriage, the son, my father, started back east and was killed in a wreck. When I was born, my mother died. I lived with Grappy until I was sixteen. Then the Wilmarths suddenly decided they wanted me, but Grappy didn't want to give me up. They left it finally to my own decision. Of course, I wasn't long in deciding. It seemed like the enchanted garden to me. My mother's death, the Wilmarths' immense wealth, Grappy's poverty, my decision to leave him—those things all made Grappy bitter. He won't mention the Wilmarth name, nor allow Granny to either. He has always called me Jean Craddock just as my mother was called. When they told me on my sixteenth birthday, I was wild to come—but just at the last minute I was sorry for the little Jean Craddock I was leaving behind. I had to change my name—everything changed—my ideas—my ideals—life itself. The Wilmarths made me promise not to go back—but last summer I went. They thought I was with Alene Palmer at her home. I wanted to see if there was any of the old Jean left. I—"

She suddenly covered her face with her hands. "I'm sorry—I went."

His lips were pressed, as if waiting to get himself well in hand.

"Why?" he asked in a moment.

She turned her face away. "You know."

When he spoke again it was to ask very low: "Don't you care for Fritz?"

"He is good to me," she evaded, with pitiful eyes. "And he represents all the things I have grown used to having. I was engaged to him before—last summer. I wasn't—in love with him—but—it seemed all right."

"Doesn't it seem all right, now?"

"Oh, no," she admitted, simply.

"Would you be happy with me?" he asked suddenly.

[Continued on page 32]

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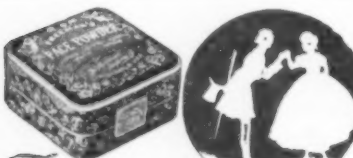
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## How Can We Keep Well? Summer Care of Infants

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., LL.D.

Commissioner of Health, State of New York

FEW people realize that the death-rate of infants under one year of age is ten times as great as that of children between the ages of five and fifteen. More than 100 out of every 1000 infants born in this country die before the end of the first year. Formerly this number was very much larger and in some industrial centers even 200 or more out of each 1000 died during the first year of life. There has thus been a great decrease, but the number of deaths is still far too large. In New Zealand and in specially favored country districts one-half or less as many deaths occur as in this country as a whole.

It is especially in summer that the death-rate in infants is highest and can be most certainly prevented. The large number of deaths at this season is the result particularly of the hot weather and improper feeding and the diarrheal diseases which are thus caused. In winter it is mostly the diseases of the respiratory tract which are the cause of many unnecessary deaths in infants. While there is reason to believe that heat itself is a factor in producing diarrheal disease, especially in infants, there can be no question that most of the cases are caused by improper feeding and especially by bad cows' milk or milk not properly modified to suit the age of the baby, or given at too frequent intervals or in larger quantities than the stomach of the infant can care for.

VERY few babies are at their best during the hot weather. Usually the gain in weight is less than during the rest of the year. There is, however, comparatively little trouble with those who are nursed by their mothers—the only perfect infant food is mother's milk. Ten bottle-fed babies die to one fed at the breast. There are very few mothers who cannot nurse their babies if they try to do so under the direction of a competent physician. Frequently the failure of the breast milk and

the disturbances which follow its use are due to the ignorance of the mother as to the proper diet for herself.

WHEN it is impossible to secure mother's milk, fresh, clean cows' milk, properly modified and pasteurized, is the best substitute. Milk may be pasteurized by placing the bottles in a double-boiler and putting in a thermometer and heating it until the water is 150 degrees F. The boiler should then be moved to the back of the stove so as to keep the temperature between 140 and 150 degrees F. for thirty minutes. This is necessary to destroy the harmful germs which may get into even the best milk.

In summer, and especially on very hot days, the baby needs less food but more water than at other seasons of the year. The milk should therefore be somewhat diluted with boiled water, and cool boiled water should also be given freely between feedings. The clothing should be of the lightest character, and the baby should be kept out of doors as much as possible (except when it is very hot), and should be bathed morning and evening, and on hot days also in the middle of the day. If any signs of diarrhea appear, the food should be immediately diluted with boiled water, and the amount of food much decreased. If the diarrhea continues or if there is vomiting or fever, all food should be at once stopped and only boiled water given, while a physician should be immediately called.

Every mother should send to a State or City Department of Health for a booklet on the summer care and the feeding of infants. A stamp should be enclosed.

If the simple directions given above are carefully followed, the lives of thousands of babies will be saved during the coming summer. A Child Welfare Campaign carried on in England during 1917 under the strain of the war resulted in a death-rate far below that previous to the war. America should do as well this year.

### Health Questions Answered

DR. ARTHUR W. GUERARD, formerly of New York City's Department of Health, will answer questions concerning health. All letters containing self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be answered; we

will publish as many questions and answers as space allows. Address Dr. Arthur W. Guerard, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.—The Editor.

#### REDUCING WEIGHT

E. P., Illinois.—I am anxious to reduce my weight. I am 5 feet 2 inches, and weigh 145 pounds. Would dieting help?

Avoid the use of fat-forming foods in the diet (alcohol, sugar, fats, potatoes, fat fish, fat meat, nuts, butter, and water at meals). Eat light meals frequently rather than hearty meals infrequently. A little fruit on rising and a glass of hot water on retiring are useful. But more can be accomplished by vigorous, systematic exercises (daily walking, hill climbing, golf, etc.), and simple indoor exercises repeated 20 to 40 times every night and morning.

#### TREATMENT OF SPINAL CURVATURE

N. K., Oregon, and others.—My daughter has a slight curvature of the spine. She is growing very fast. Would systematic exercise tend to correct the trouble?

The treatment of spinal curvature can be properly carried out only on the prescription and under the supervision of an orthopedic surgeon. In general it consists in careful attention to the bodily health, removal of the cause (if due to bad posture, etc.), properly directed corrective exercises and massage; in some cases spinal braces are required. Properly treated in early life, slight curvatures are curable. In adults this condition is apt to be permanent. Home treatment is not advisable.

#### CANCER OF THE STOMACH

S. A., New York.—What are the first symptoms of cancer of the stomach?

There may be no symptoms at first other than general failure of health. As a rule, however, there is some gastric disturbance, dyspepsia, nausea, vomiting (sometimes of blood), and there is pain in the region of the stomach, aggravated by taking food. As the disease progresses these symptoms increase in intensity, the patient becomes emaciated, very anemic, and the face has a sallow appearance. At the slightest suspicion of cancer, a physician should be consulted.

#### REMOVING A SCAR

E. A., Kentucky.—Can a disfiguring scar on the face or neck be removed?

Scars of all kinds, unless extremely disfiguring and obnoxious, are usually best left alone. They can be removed by a surgeon with the knife, followed by the transplantation of skin and tissues obtained from another portion of the body, but this can be done in exceptional cases only. The new scar is apt to be greater than the original trouble.

#### WHAT ABOUT TONICS?

V. P., New York.—I am an office worker and feel that I need a tonic of some sort. The hypophosphites have been recommended. Is this a good tonic?

If you think you need a tonic you should consult a physician and let him prescribe one suited to your needs. The hypophosphites of sodium, and phosphates of lime, also iron, quinine and strychnin, are good standard tonics.



With That New Frock  
You Will Need  
**DELATONE**

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sheer fabric for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of noticeable hair from the under-arm. Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of \$1 by The Sheffield Pharmaceutical Co.  
330 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. F. H. Chicago, Illinois.

**"Mum"**

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes body odors as they occur

—without checking natural secretions or clogging the pores. "Mum" is a snow-white, greaseless, disappearing cream. Indispensable. Easily applied. Lasts from bath to bath.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.  
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

### Let Your Hair Breathe—It'll Grow

ON every scalp, scurf, dead-skin and flimsy accumulations are constantly forming. Scrubbing and soap never entirely remove them. The new way to clean scalp and hair is by dissolving the accumulations.

### EGGOL

The New-Way Shampoo

does this in a remarkable way. Cleans instantly, clears the pores, lets your hair breathe. That's one of the secrets of lustrous hair-growth. Make good and hair longer than you could ever have it before. It also dissolves dandruff completely. Try it, you'll use no other. Sold at drug and department stores or sent direct on receipt of price by FRED W. SCARFF CO., 484 Thompson Bldg., CHICAGO

**JUST SEND 50c**

and we'll send you this handsome \$50,000 GUARANTY WALTHAM Bracelet Watch

In 20-year gold strata case on approval. Your Money Back if any jeweler can sell it cheaper for Spot Cash. Just 50c. down and 20c. a week. Take 9 months to pay. No interest. Buy now, when our terms are so easy and price so low. Send 50c. and we'll send watch for inspection. Jewelry catalog free.

Lenox Jewelry Co.,  
Dept. M 227 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

### NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That. I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

**Wedding** 100 Announcements or Invitations for \$2.50 Latest New York Styles. Superior Quality and Workmanship. Birth Announcements, \$2.50 a doz. 100 Calling Cards, \$30. Samples free. Mention kind of samples wanted. THE REGAL PRINTERY, 2200 East 87th Street, N. Y.

## Want \$10.00?

You can earn \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily if you have a spare hour or two to devote to the work that we have for an ambitious woman in your neighborhood. It is pleasant work. You will like it—and no experience is necessary. What you can earn will depend entirely on the amount of spare time you have. Ask us to write and tell you about it.

**McCall's Magazine**

The McCall Company, 250 West 37th St., New York





# Resinol Soap

*will improve your complexion*

**M**ANY and many a girl has a clear, healthy complexion today because some friend came to her with this sound advice, based on her own experience.

Resinol Soap is a toilet soap with a real purpose. It has a free, cleansing lather, and a most wholesome, refreshing odor, while its extreme purity is not excelled even by the most expensive of imported soaps, some of which cost many times as much per cake. In fact, few of these highly perfumed soaps can equal Resinol Soap in absolute freedom from alkali or other injurious impurity. Resinol Soap is, then, first of all, a superior soap for regular daily use in the toilet, bath, shampoo, and baby's tub.

*But it is much more!* To this exquisite toilet soap has been added that soothing, mildly antiseptic

Resinol medication which physicians prescribe, in Resinol Ointment, for skin affections.

This medication helps to make poor complexions clear, fresh and velvety, to protect delicate skins from irritations, and to keep the hair rich, lustrous and free from dandruff.

If you go into the matter of your complexion with the utmost care and discrimination, you will find that wisdom in the selection of soap is an absolute essential. Some soaps are more harmful to the quality and health of the skin than actual neglect, but the constant use of Resinol Soap encourages a clarity and texture well worth considering.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a free trial of each, write to dept. 3-F, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



### Delicious, Economical Muffins for The Little Folks and Grown-Ups, Too!

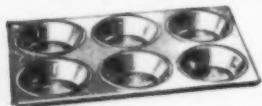


To help save wheat for our own fighting men and those of our allies, patriotic women have adopted the Food Administration recipe which calls for the use of part flour and part rice—a recipe that produces tasty, nourishing and satisfying muffins.

#### Cooked Rice Muffins

(10-12 Muffins)  
1½ cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup cooked rice  
½ cup milk  
1 egg  
1 tablespoon melted fat

Sift together dry ingredients. Add the milk, beaten egg and melted fat to the cooked rice. Beat thoroughly. Finally add the sifted dry ingredients. Mix well. Bake in a "Wear-Ever" Muffin Pan about one-half hour in a moderately hot oven.



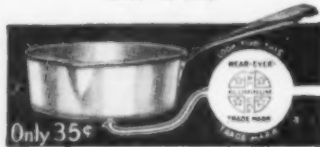
### "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Muffin Pans

cost so little and contribute so much toward good baking that no home should be without them.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils save fuel and thus pay for their cost in a comparatively short time.

Replace utensils that wear out  
With utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Ask your dealer to show you a complete "Wear-Ever" set today



Only 35¢  
The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa., or if you live in Canada: Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Send request for a 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 25c. In stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until June 30, 1918, only.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

### What dishwashing does to drainpipes

Almost everybody knows what clogs up the drainpipes—the grease from dishes and pots and pans, which hardens and keeps the water from flushing away bits of waste from the sink. Gold Dust, when used for dishwashing, not only dissolves the grease on the dishes, but keeps your sink and drainpipes free, unclogged and sanitary. If you've had trouble with your sink and drainpipes, you'll appreciate this hint. *Adv.*



### Bakes bread an inch higher

These loaves were made from the same amount of dough and baked in the same sized pans in the same oven at the same time!

Try this test yourself with any ordinary pan and Pyrex. You will be amazed at the difference!

When you cook in an ordinary pan, only one-third the oven heat reaches the food. All the oven heat floods through Pyrex. Every food baked in Pyrex is more evenly, thoroughly, deliciously cooked.

Dealers everywhere sell Pyrex. Each dish is guaranteed not to break in the oven. It lasts a lifetime. Try your first dish today. You will say it cooks so much better, is so much cleaner, so much more beautiful, that you will never again use an old-fashioned pan.

Send today for the free illustrated booklet, "New Facts About Cooking." Pyrex Sales Division, Corning Glass Works, 254 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N. Y.

Manufactured by the World's Largest  
Makers of Technical Glass

**PYREX**  
TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

## Labor-Saving Devices for the Housekeeper



With this churn one can make one pound of butter into two by mixing with milk



A cream dipper, an olive prong, and a grapefruit knife



Vegetables are easily drained through the holes in this steamer's cover



A double perforated pie tin insures a well-shaped crust for soft pies



A good breadbox saves the wheat



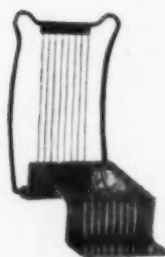
The breadmaker who does not use a mixer is wasteful of strength and material



This dishpan has its own stopper and strainer



This vegetable slicer is a help, the knife sharpener (above) a necessity



This egg slicer is especially suitable for canteens where many sandwiches are made



An apple-corer saves time and material



A covered broiler saves time and fuel and thoroughly cooks the meat

## The Box Behind the Door

[Continued from page 29]

When she remained silent, he said, "It seems preposterous—to compare all this that you have with what I could give you—the four things I could share with you."

"What four things?"

"My salary—it's twenty-four hundred dollars a year—and a seven-roomed bungalow—and a dinky runabout of last year's model—and—love."

"And—love." She repeated it after him, very low. In a moment, she said in a little tense voice: "Last summer when I left Granny's I thought I put everything out of my mind—the apple orchard—you. But I learned something—there are bridges that won't burn."

Neither spoke for a moment, after her confession. Suddenly, she looked up at him. "I want to be fair to you. I want to be fair to Fritz. But most of all, I think I want to be fair to Marjorie Wilmarth and Jean Craddock. I can't go on like this—" For the first time she smiled with a touch of her old mischievousness. "Marjorie Wilmarth likes the flesh-pots of Egypt—Jean Craddock believed in good things and simple things—"

"And love."

"Yes," she said bravely, "she did." In a moment, she asked, "Could you come out to Granny's again in May?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to give them equal chances—those two girls. I'm going to give them until May to know which may survive. I'll come to Granny's some time in the first

week of May—and, whichever way it is, I will tell you." They went to join the crowd.

May came, slowly—shyly. For two evenings after the westbound train passed through, Alan sat on the seat formed by the roots of the apple trees, with his eyes glued on the house in the clearing.

On the third, "Pleasant evening, Mr. Seymore," she said suddenly at his back, and laughed like a child at his surprise.

"Well," he questioned, his hands clenched at the import of the moment, "which are you?"

"I'm just a girl," she said humbly, "who has come many hundred miles to ask a very wise man four questions."

"What are they?"

"The first one is—what will twenty-four hundred dollars a year buy?"

"Twenty-four hundred dollars a year will buy for a family nourishing food, sufficient clothing, a few friendly books and a bit of good music."

"And what will a seven-roomed bungalow hold?"

"It will hold two people who love each other, and leave room for a little boy, some time, who will pull his daddy's papers off the desk and throw his mother's thread down the registers."

She leaned her cheek suddenly against the shaggy gray bark of the tree. In a moment, she went on: "And where can one go in a dinky runabout of last year's model?"

"One can go out in the peace of the good green country—out where the wild roses tangle on the hillside and where the sumac burns scarlet in the timber."

"And what—is love?"

"It is dreams come true," he said gently. "Well," she said, with a queer little laugh, "you certainly have the most uncanny way of bringing Jean Craddock back to life—and if you really think you want me, I'm afraid you'll have to take me pretty soon, for when I told them, they made such a fuss—I didn't bring anything but a comb and two handkerchiefs and a toothbrush—"

He held her close without a word.

A discriminating co-ed ran up the stairs of the dormitory and burst into the room from which came an odor of fudge.

"The biggest piece of news since the flood."

"Well," said her pessimistic room-mate coolly, "ready—aim—fire."

"I told you I suspected it—you said 'jiffy,' remember—and now it's come. Seymore's married!"

"No!"

"Honest as Mary Pickford's curls. They were on the car. Introduced Prof. Gates to her—Professor Gates, I want you to meet my wife—just like that. He looked perfectly grand—and she's a beauty."

The pessimistic room-mate sank limply to the floor where she gave a very poor imitation of a dying fish.



# UNIVERSAL Home Needs



THE American housewife's weapons in the great nation-wide movement for the conservation of our food supply. War-time necessities now—peace time necessities always. Save food, time and labor by doing your housework the UNIVERSAL way.

## UNIVERSAL Bread Maker

Saves time and work and makes larger and more nutritious loaves at a lower cost than baker's bread. The "Universal" makes them all—wheat, rye, graham and war bread—big bulging loaves of wholesomeness without guess-work, mess-work or the slightest waste. Pour in the liquids, add the flour, turn the crank three minutes, and light, thoroughly kneaded dough results.

*Recipe for making War Bread, in accordance with the United States Government Proclamation of January 26th, mailed upon request.*

## UNIVERSAL Butter Merger and Churn

Saves you about 40% on your butter bill by making two lbs. of merged butter from one lb. of commercial butter and one pint of milk. While the merging process considerably reduces the proportion of fats, merged butter has all the delicious flavor of freshly-made creamery butter and costs only about half as much. The government asks you to save all the fats possible and there is no better way than by using the UNIVERSAL Butter Merger.

## UNIVERSAL Food Chopper

The tons of left-over pieces of meat, fruit, vegetables, etc., now thrown away must be saved if the war is to be won. The more food we save now the more food we'll have next year. With UNIVERSAL Food Chopper the left-overs are made into delicious but inexpensive dishes; less food is used and household bills are cut in two. Self Sharpening, Self Cleaning and will last a life-time.

## UNIVERSAL Coffee Percolator

Extracts the full flavor and aroma from each grain of coffee before the water boils. Uses a third less coffee than the ordinary coffee pot, saving money and providing a more healthful and delicious beverage every day of the year.

*On Sale at Hardware and Housefurnishings Stores Everywhere.*

*Write to dept. No. 115 for free Booklets*

**LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.**

UNIVERSAL  
Bread Maker  
Four Sizes  
\$2.00 to \$3.50

**UNIVERSAL**

This is the trade-mark that appears on all UNIVERSAL Home Needs. It is the mark of quality and your guarantee of satisfaction.



UNIVERSAL  
Butter Merger  
Four Sizes  
\$2.50 to \$4.00



UNIVERSAL  
Coffee Percolator  
No. 76, \$5.00  
Other Patterns  
Sizes 4 to 14 cups  
\$3.25 and upward



UNIVERSAL  
Food Chopper  
Four Sizes  
\$1.50 to \$3.00

# Plenty of Food



HERE is the most convenient and practical way to practice food and fuel conservation. With Conservo you may can 14 quart jars of fruit or vegetables at one time—with Conservo you can cook an entire meal at one time—over one burner of your stove.

## CONSERVO

Conserves Food—Fuel—Time

It conserves, serves and saves. No housewife can afford to be without it. In canning, a new delicacy of flavor is secured and the rare flavor of fresh fruits and vegetables is retained. In cooking, the food is cooked in its own moisture. No water necessary. Thus saving the valuable mineral salts and juices.

The fuel saved by Conservo will pay for it in a short time. And the worry and watching of cooking is eliminated.

**Free Book**—"Secrets of Cold Pack Canning" and Conservo cooking recipes. Mention dealer's name.

TOLEDO COOKER COMPANY  
Department 57  
TOLEDO, OHIO

SECRETS OF COLD PACK CANNING

## This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.



There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is an entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

Gold Medal

## Glenwood

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood. See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry—it

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 142 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.  
Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

## Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



TO CLEAN VELVET OR PLUSH, rub it briskly with damp salt, and then brush it, using a stiff brush. This works well with velvet hats.—Mrs. A. P., Cleveland, Ohio.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE for the meat in a mince pie will be found in two bouillon cubes.—R. S. H., Tulare, California.

IF YOUR KEROSENE HEATER SMOKES and smells disagreeably when in use, set it on a box a foot from the floor.—Mrs. M. F. S., Alexandria, South Dakota.

TO UNSEAL AN ENVELOPE without tearing it, wring a cloth out of cold water, lay it smoothly over the flap and run a hot iron over the wet cloth. When the forgotten clipping or photograph has been enclosed, reseal the envelope with the white of an egg.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

AFTER WASHING FINE EMBROIDERY, rinse it in water having a little raw starch dissolved in it. Roll the goods in a towel for about an hour, and iron dry.—Mrs. J. C. K., Los Angeles, California.

SAVE WOOD in grate fires by substituting a large-sized rock for a backlog. Once well heated, the rock remains so indefinitely.—Mrs. W. J. H., Wilas, North Carolina.

CUT BUTTER EVENLY by folding some of the waxed paper in which the butter is wrapped over the edge of the knife. Wet the paper before beginning to cut, and the butter will have clean, straight edges. A cook in our camp does this.—Private C. W. S., Camp Custer, Michigan.

BAKE PRUNES in a slow oven after

you have soaked them over night. This way of cooking gives a richer flavor than stewing does.—V. T., Grove Hall, Massachusetts.

KNITTED SOCKS last longer if a silk, silkaleen or coarse crochet thread is knit with the yarn in the heel and toe.—Mrs. S. M. A., Winsted, Connecticut.

GROW CHICORY in your garden, and use it as a substitute for coffee. Cut the roots into small bits, wash and dry as you would corn. When dry, brown in the oven and blend with coffee in any proportion preferred. It may be used with barley, browned and ground, or wheat and a very little coffee.—Mrs. I. R. F., Salem, Oregon.

TO REMOVE SPOTS ON RUGS, rub cornstarch into the nap and let remain for a couple of days. When brushed, the grease or mud spots will disappear. This will remove sewing-machine oil from silk.—Mrs. A. J. S., Cambridge, Illinois.

FLATIRONS WILL KEEP HOT longer if you have a soapstone near your ironing-board on which to rest the iron when it is not in use.—D. H., Oxford, Maine.

NEVER STARCH LACE CURTAINS, as the starch rots them. Dissolve one ounce of

gum arabic in a half-pint of boiling water, strain and bottle, keeping well corked. Add a dessert-spoonful of this to a pint of cold water, and dip your lace curtains in it.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT for the baby is a piece of ribbon-bound mosquito netting to throw over the carriage.—A. L. J., New York.

We want your best suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities.

We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted.

Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope will be returned.

Address Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York.

## From Beyond

(Continued from page 15)

gray of the morning, and I threw open the doors and walked out to the porch. A rain had come on during the night, though I had not known it. I lifted my face to its cool drops as though it brought a caress. I laughed in happiness that I should be a part of the splendid whole of things.

For, of course, I had understood that the story came to me from you, dearest. It was your very self—your thought coming into my heart. No other message could have been so convincing.

All is so clear and simple before me, dear. Now I shall go on with the affairs of living while I wait—and it does not so much matter how long I wait, now that I know how the waiting will end. Oh, my dear, you are so near to me that I need no touch to feel you by my side again. I clasp all the sorrowing past and future in the arms of my joy, and I hold it back, so from the shadow of the world's despair.

Oh, Kent, it is you to whom I reach my arms!

## Jerusalem Unbound

(Continued from page 12)

It is Allenby, their deliverer. Eagerly, the people search his face for signs of friendliness; and, steadfastly, this man of the West returns their gaze, for are they not to be fellow citizens of the New Jerusalem?

How they throng the towers and the balconies! There by the crescent and the star, on that balcony near the gate, stands a disarmed Turkish soldier, free and at attention. He is glad, I think. Up near the clock tower, over the gate, the top-rimmed black hat of a Greek priest picks out a silhouette in the sky. Fezzes, scarfs, caps, tears, joy, but no shouting. There, on the steps of David's Tower, stand the major and the allied officers. A priest is reading and interpreting the proclamation by General Allenby. "The General from the West salutes the people of Jerusalem of all sects and nations and bids them go happily and innocently about their occupations.

He guarantees order and that no harm shall come from the British troops."

Jerusalem redeemed once more may become the capital of the new world. The people of the land of the Bible will stand on their feet again with our help. And we are ready, eager to give it. We shall enter Palestine on a new crusade with American treasures of food, tools, schools and money; enter with the humility and brotherliness of a great-hearted people to open our gifts at Bethlehem, at Jerusalem, at Nazareth:—

To proclaim release to the captives, And recovering of sight to the blind, To set at liberty them that are bruised, To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

When the ends of the earth take the gospel of good-will back to Palestine, where it was first proclaimed, then, truly, the Nazarene will have conquered.

## WOMEN! there's great convenience in

### OVERALLS for House and Farm Work

For real economy be sure those you buy are made of

### Miss Stifel Indigo Cloth

Look for this boot trade-mark on the back of the cloth inside the garment.

Remember it's the CLOTH in the overalls that gives the wear!  
J. L. STIFEL & SONS  
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## O-Cedar Polish

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"Cleans as it Polishes" 25c to \$3.00. At All Dealers.

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## GLOW NIGHT LIGHT

Cheaper than gas or electric light! won't blow out; burns kerosene without odor or smoke. Keeps a night glow in nursery, bath-room, hallway, and sick-room. Gives a feeling of security, and saves shins and toes. Original and most practical night lamp. All metal parts solid brass. Will save you its price many times. \$1.25 prepaid. Money back if dissatisfied. Very interesting booklet, free. Write today.

H. G. McFADDIN & COMPANY,  
31 Warren St., New York City

## 200 Hours of Light for 1¢

## A WHIFF KILLS

Black Flag kills bugs and insect life by inhalation. The bugs do not eat it—they breathe it and die. Blow it in the cracks and crevices, and then forget the bug.

**BLACK FLAG Insect Powder** is harmless to humans and animals yet it is death to all kinds of bugs and insects which make trouble for the housewife. It destroys moths, roaches, water bugs, ants, bed bugs, etc. Quickly frees house from flies and mosquitoes. Excellent for freeing dogs, cats and birds from fleas and lice. Also kills the parasites harmful to plants and flowers.

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For sale everywhere in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes  
Packed in sealed Glass Bottles  
Holds Strength

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Learn at home, in spare time. Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligation whatever. Write today—30c.

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Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.75. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 75c. **C. OTT ENGRAVING CO.**, 1087 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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## Help Stop The Rat Waste

**Feed Belgium—Not Rats**  
Rats destroy enough food in the U. S. yearly to feed all Belgium for one year. Help stop the Rat waste.

**Rat Bis-Kit**  
—provides an easier, quicker, cleaner way of destroying rats. They die quickly. Are not sick, and are not a nuisance. The Rat Bis-Kit Co. Springfield, Ohio U.S.A.  
For roaches and water bugs, use Rat Bis-Kit Paste in Tubes—50c.



# Jiffy-Jell

For the New Type  
Desserts and Salads

## Flavors in Glass Vials

This is the only quick gelatine dainty with true-fruit flavors sealed in glass. There's a bottle in each package.

In the little vial we concentrate the flavor from a large amount of fresh, ripe fruit. It is in liquid form and sealed, so it keeps its strength and freshness. Thus Jiffy-Jell desserts and salads, without any additions, have a wealth of fresh-fruit taste. You will find that means a multiplied delight.

## Your Set of Molds Is Ready for You—Send for It Today



**Loganberry**  
The favorite berry flavor

We want every reader of McCall's to have a set of Jiffy-Jell Dessert Molds. They are made of pure aluminum in several attractive shapes. And they last a lifetime.

They bring Jiffy-Jell to your table in a most inviting form. Then it looks as good as it

tastes. So we repeat the offers made below and urge you to accept one. They are good for this month only.

### A Double Value

These offers mean a double value on a two-package purchase of Jiffy-Jell. Just to introduce to you a fascinating dainty, which a million homes enjoy.

Jiffy-Jell is fast displacing the old-time quick desserts. It has brought a new conception of what fruity flavors should be. We want you to know it, for your own sake, before this month goes by. So we make these offers to induce a trial now.

### How It Differs

Jiffy-Jell is the latest creation of Otis E. Glidden, the leading gelatine expert. It is made with a rare-grade gelatine especially produced for Jiffy-Jell. It's made under the personal direction of Mr.

Glidden himself—in the model food plant of America.

The fruit flavors are made where the fruit grows—made from the fresh, ripe fruit. It is reduced to an essence, then bottled and sealed.

### Ten Flavors in Glass Vials

A Bottle in Each Package

Loganberry	Strawberry
Raspberry	Pineapple
Cherry	Orange
Coffee	Lime
	Mint

Two Packages for 25c



**Jiffy Fruit Dessert**  
Also delicious without the fruit or topping



**Jiffy Lime Salad Jell**  
Or mix your salad into the jell before cooling



**A Mint Jell Garnish**  
It has a wealth of fresh mint flavor

Each little vial which comes in the package contains the flavor from much ripe fruit.

You make Jiffy-Jell in an instant by simply adding boiling water. Add the flavor when the jell has partly cooled, so you do not scald it. No sugar, no color is needed.

You may, if you wish, add fruit or nuts, chocolate or topping. But Jiffy-Jell alone is complete. A package serves six in mold form. If you whip the Jiffy-Jell it will serve twice as many. So it means rich, fruity desserts and salads at a very little cost.

### Favorite Flavors

Loganberry is the favorite berry flavor. Pineapple is a delightful flavor which must be sealed—as we seal it—to keep.

Lime—made from lime-fruit—makes a salad jell, tart, zesty and green. Mint makes a garnish jell with a wealth of fresh mint flavor. And all are made in an instant.

Get two of these flavors from your grocer. Then you will know what bottled flavors mean. You will be amazed at what they add to these economical delights. Write us then for the molds you want.

Remember that Jiffy-Jell alone has the flavors in vials. And there is no other way to bring to your table the finest fruit flavors intact.



**Lime Fruit**

## Dessert Mold Offers



Style 4



Style 5



Style 2

Buy from your grocer two packages of Jiffy-Jell. Write us that you did so, stating name of grocer. Enclose 10 cents—cost of mailing only—and we will send you three individual dessert molds made of pure aluminum.

Or enclose 20 cents and we will send you six molds—enough to serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. The value is 60 cents per set.

Or enclose 10 cents—cost of mailing only—and we will send a pint mold made of pure aluminum. The value is 50 cents. We have two shapes—heart shape and fluted. Say which you prefer. Address

Waukesha Pure Food Co., Waukesha, Wis.



### Cut Out This Reminder

To buy two packages of Jiffy-Jell, then write for the dessert molds that you want as offered in McCall's.



## "By Using Royal Baking Powder You Can Make a Big Saving in Eggs"

Leave out one-half or more of the eggs, and in place of each egg omitted use an additional teaspoon of

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try this method with all your baking recipes. You will be pleased with the results. Also try the following new recipes which make most delicious food without eggs and save wheat as urged by the U. S. Food Administration.

### Rice Muffins

1 cup milk  
1/2 cup corn meal  
1 tablespoon shortening  
2 tablespoons sugar or corn syrup  
1/2 cup cooked rice  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1 EGG

Scald the milk, and pour over the corn meal; add the shortening and sugar or syrup. When cool, add the rice, and the flour, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together; add beaten egg. Beat well and bake in greased muffin-tins in moderate oven 20 minutes.

### Oatmeal Biscuits

1 1/2 cups flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons sugar  
3/4 cup water  
1 1/2 cups cooked oatmeal or rolled oats  
6 tablespoons shortening  
NO EGGS

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add oatmeal, melted shortening and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thin on floured board; cut with biscuit-cutter and bake in greased pan in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

### Chocolate Cake

3/4 cup shortening  
1 cup brown sugar  
2 squares chocolate  
1 cup rye or barley flour  
3/4 cup wheat flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup walnuts

Cream shortening; add sugar and melted chocolate. Add one-half the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt. Mix well and add the milk; add the remainder of the flour, vanilla and the nuts, which have been chopped. Bake in greased loaf-pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes.

Send for our two economy books, which are mailed free. "55 Ways to Save Eggs" and "Best War Time Recipes," a helpful guide to food conservation.

ADDRESS ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 134 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK



# THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

*What to have to eat and how to cook it*

## Good Things Out of Nuts

By Lilian M. Gunn

**M**ANY changes have been made in the planning of our foods by the new conditions which confront us, and one good result is the better appreciation of nuts as a staple article in our menus. Highly nutritious as well as deliciously flavored, the nut well deserves its new prominence.

Nuts have been considered by many to be indigestible. This is often due to their being eaten after a hearty meal, when the stomach has already had all it ought to digest.

Nuts are a source of protein and fat, and should be supplemented by bulky foods which will supply the other food principles.



Steamed Nut Pudding, Marshmallow Sauce



Steamed Nut Bread

### NUT CROQUETTES

Take equal quantities of cold mashed potatoes and ground nuts. Mix well, add 1 well-beaten egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt. Form the batter into small cakes, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs, fry in deep, hot cooking-oil. Croquettes may be baked instead of fried.

### STEAMED NUT PUDDING

1½ cupfuls pastry flour  
½ teaspoonful soda  
¼ cupful salt  
½ cupful suet  
chopped fine  
¼ teaspoonful clove

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk to suet. Combine with dry ingredients. Fill well greased molds two-thirds full of mixture; steam 45 minutes if in individual molds, 2 hours if in large molds.

### STEAMED BREAD WITH NUTS

1 cupful corn meal  
1 cupful graham flour  
1 cupful rye flour  
2 cupfuls sour milk

Mix dry ingredients, combine with the moist; add the nuts, and steam 3 hours. Water or sweet milk may be used. One-pound baking-powder tins, very thoroughly greased, make fine molds for bread. Be sure to grease the covers.

### NUTS AS SHORTENING

For piecrust, rub the nut meats through a sieve, and use equal quantities of nuts and flour. For biscuits, use a little more than you would if it were butter. To blanch black walnuts, heat the meats in a moderate oven, letting them get just hot enough for the skins to slip off. Rub well, and pour from one dish to another.

### NUT ROAST

Soak 2 cupfuls of hominy (grits) over night in 1 quart of fresh, sweet milk, setting it in a cool place so that it will not sour. In the morning, boil it until thick and thoroughly cooked. Take any kind of nuts, 1½ pounds, and run them through the food chopper. Mix them with the hominy, season with salt and chopped celery, place in a greased tin and brush over with melted fat. Bake, basting frequently with butter-substitute melted in hot water. Serve with cream sauce.

## The Other Flours

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

This Page was Approved by the United States Food Administration

**W**HAT proportion of other cereals must I use with wheat flour to make my cooking most palatable and save all the wheat possible? This is the question that many women are asking, a question a little hard to answer if one does not know all the ingredients in each recipe. But there are general rules which may be followed with satisfactory results. Of course, always use some other cereal in all your breads, even if only a little; it will help to save the wheat.

In Johnny cake, spoon breads, corn pone and dodgers, all corn may be used; in muffins the best results are obtained by using from ½ to 1/3, and in yeast breads 1/3 is the safest rule.

Rye, alone, may be used in making muffins and baking-powder biscuit, and in popovers and pastry, ½ rye is safe. In yeast bread, 2/3 rye gives excellent results. The supply of rye is limited, and the Food Administration urges that we use the other wheat substitutes more than rye.

Buckwheat is much like the rye in its use; it may be used by itself in muffins, but with yeast, ½ to 1/3 is best.

Oats, both cooked and uncooked, are used in many breads at the present time. Using uncooked rolled oats, 1/3 for yeast breads gives a good bread; with the cooked cereals, in muffins, a little less than ½ is best. Do not forget that you can use other cooked cereals besides oats, and if you have not already done so, try barley muffins, using 1 cupful cooked barley and 1½ cupfuls wheat. Mashed potato is delicious in bread, and here you use 1/3 potato and 2/3 flour.

The yeast bread loses many of the characteristics of the wheat loaf when combined with other cereals, but in taste and nutritive value, it equals and in many cases excels the former product.

### BUCKWHEAT MUFFINS

2 cupfuls buckwheat  
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
½ teaspoonful salt  
1 egg  
1¼ cupfuls milk  
1 tablespoonful melted fat  
3 tablespoonfuls sugar

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the well-beaten egg to the milk, and combine with the dry mixture, add the fat last. Bake from 30 to 40 minutes in muffin pans in a moderate oven.

### CEREAL MUFFINS

1 cupful cooked cereal  
1½ cupfuls flour  
2 tablespoonfuls sugar  
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
½ teaspoonful salt  
½ cupful milk  
1 egg  
2 tablespoonfuls melted fat

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the egg well beaten and ½ the milk. Mix the

other half of the milk with the cereal, beat well, combine with the other ingredients and add the melted fat. Bake in muffin tins 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

### RYE RAISIN ROLLS

1 cupful rye  
1 cupful wheat  
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
2 tablespoonfuls sugar  
½ cupful raisins  
4 tablespoonfuls fat  
¾ cupful milk  
½ teaspoonful salt  
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon  
½ cupful raisins

Sift together the flour, baking-powder, and salt, cut in the fat, and add the milk slowly until the mixture can be handled on a board. Roll out in an oblong sheet, sprinkle with the sugar mixed with the cinnamon, dot on the raisins. Roll up tightly like a jelly roll and cut in slices about ¼ inch thick. Lay the slice on its flat side and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

### OATMEAL COOKIES

1½ cupfuls rolled oats  
½ teaspoonful soda  
¼ teaspoonful salt  
2¼ cupfuls flour  
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon  
¼ teaspoonful clove  
¼ teaspoonful nutmeg  
¾ cupful dark corn syrup  
¾ cupful brown sugar  
½ egg  
¾ cupful boiling water  
½ cupful fat  
¾ cupful seeded raisins

Sift flour, salt, soda, and spices. Add the oats and the raisins. Melt the fat in the water; add the corn syrup. Add sugar and egg beaten. Drop by spoonfuls on a baking-sheet. This will make 72 medium-sized cookies.

### BARLEY BREAD (GOVERNMENT RECIPE)

1 cupful milk  
1 cupful water  
½ yeast cake  
2 tablespoonfuls molasses  
1 teaspoonful salt  
4 cupfuls whole wheat flour  
2 cupfuls barley meal

Scald milk, add water, cool to lukewarm. Add yeast mixed with some of the lukewarm liquid, molasses and salt. Stir in flour and barley sifted together. Knead, using more flour if necessary. Cover, let rise until it doubles in bulk. Form into loaves and put into well-greased pans; let it rise until it again doubles in bulk. Then bake in a moderate oven four hours.

### OATMEAL BREAD

1 cupful cooked oatmeal  
2 1/3 cupfuls flour  
1 tablespoonful fat  
1 tablespoonful corn syrup  
1 teaspoonful salt  
1 yeast cake softened in ¼ cupful lukewarm water

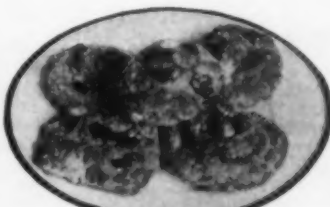
Add the syrup, the salt, and the fat to the oatmeal while it is still warm. Cool this mixture and then add the yeast to it. Then proceed in the same way as when making any other yeast bread. Bake in a moderate oven.



Buckwheat Muffins



Oatmeal Cookies



Rye Raisin Rolls

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

## The Egg as a Meat Substitute

By May Belle Brooks

Edited by Lilian M. Gunn

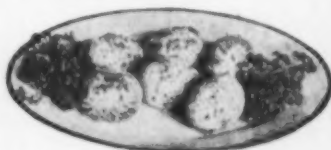
**I**F ever eggs may be indulged in freely, spring is the accepted time. And as a protein food to take the place of meat, there is nothing easier for digestion or more easily prepared.

### SAVORY EGG BALLS

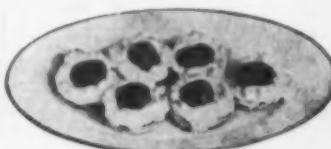
Drop 6 eggs into 2 quarts of boiling water, set where it will keep hot but not boil. At the end of 30 minutes remove and drop them into cold water, and peel. Drop the eggs as they are shelled into hot water to keep them warm, then roll them in melted fat or drippings, then in a mixture of chopped parsley, pickle, and salt and pepper. Grated cheese may be added or used alone to roll the eggs in.

### BAKED EGGS ON TOAST

Toast rounds of war bread. Spread with butter-substitute and cover each with grated cheese. Beat the whites of eggs, put about 5 teaspoonfuls on each slice; drop a yolk in the center, and set in the oven to brown.



Savory Egg Balls



Baked Eggs on Toast

### EGGS LOUISIANA

Dilute 1 can of tomato soup with half as much water, pour into a baking-dish and stir in 1 cupful bread crumbs. Drop whole eggs into this, cover with greased crumbs and bake.

### EGGS PIMIENTO

If green peppers are on the market, use them; if not, the canned pimiento will do. Cut the end from the green peppers and remove every particle of seed and inner white portion. Lay them in a pan of hot, salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and break 1 egg into each pepper, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with greased crumbs and set in a baking-dish. Pour a cupful of water around them and bake until the eggs are set.

### CREOLE EGGS

Hard cook 6 eggs as in the above recipe. Slice and pour over them a tomato sauce made of 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 of butter-substitute and 1 pint of strained tomato. Season with parsley, salt and pepper. A plain cream sauce may be substituted for the tomato sauce.

### EGGS IN ASPIC

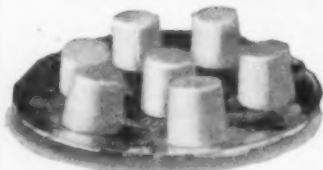
Heat 1 pint of rich and highly seasoned stock or beef bouillon. Add 1 tablespoonful granulated gelatine dissolved in a little cold water. Pour 2 tablespoonfuls of this liquid into a greased ramekin, drop in an egg and fill up gently with more of the soup. Set in a pan of hot water until the egg is poached, then remove the ramekins to a cool place to harden. This may be served on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise as a salad, or as the first course for luncheon.

### ST. FRANCIS OMELET

Make a white sauce of 1 tablespoonful of butter-substitute, the same of flour, and 1 cupful of milk. For each egg used add 1 tablespoonful of the sauce. Beat until well blended; season with salt, pepper, paprika, a saltspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, sage, sweet marjoram and thyme. Turn into a greased baking-dish and keep in a moderate oven until set. Serve on a platter garnished with green peas in butter sauce.

*Editor's note.—If you would like the recipe for any dish mentioned in McCall's, or if you want help in solving any of your food-planning problems, Mrs. Gunn will gladly write you. Address her, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.*

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this book  
by Mrs. Knox  
on "Food Economy"  
-138 recipes  
like this one



Cottage Pudding

Boil one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two cups milk, one-third cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two egg whites. Add melted gelatine to the hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, two-thirds cup stale cake crumbs and one teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into a mold or small cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Any left-over cream or coffee may be used instead of the milk.

THE above is just one of the many economical dishes included in Mrs. Knox's new book on "Food Economy." Most of the war-time recipes contained in this book show how to make delicious dishes out of "left-overs"—new and inviting uses for inexpensive foods—all of them approved by the Food Administration.

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## THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

What to have to eat and how to cook it

### Sunday Night Buffet Suppers

By Lilian M. Gunn

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THE Sunday night supper is a most informal affair, and whether a woman keeps a maid or not that is the one time when she likes to do her own cooking.

Much may be done in advance; the cake may be baked, the meat cooked ready to slice, the ingredients for the salad in the ice box and the dressing made, a dessert may be made the day before, or simple cookies may be baked. Sunday night is the time when a guest may drop in unexpectedly and one should always plan a dish which could serve more than "just the family."

A main dish with some kind of bread (generally hot), jelly, pickles or conserve, may comprise the first course; some dessert with cakes, cookies, or wafers is sufficient to serve for the second. If you have a chafing dish, now is the time to use it.

Do not try to lay separate covers for your guests, but place the plates, forks, spoons and napkins conveniently on the table, and so make the meal informal. The dessert may be placed on the serving table or sideboard.

#### TWO SUPPERS WITH MEAT

Creamed Chicken (pimiento)  
Olives  
Brown Bread Sandwiches (lettuce filling)

Raspberry Gelatine  
Marshmallow Sauce  
Nut Cakes  
Tea with Lemon

Cold Sliced Meat  
Grape Jelly  
Cucumber Salad

Hot Corn Muffins  
Chocolate Layer Cake  
Coffee

#### TWO SUPPERS WITH FISH

Manhattan Shrimps  
Oatmeal Bread  
Toasted Sweet Pickle  
Strawberry Turnovers  
Tea with Lemon

Sautéed Shad Roe  
Nut Bread  
Cucumbers, Cream Dressing  
White Sponge Cake  
French Chocolate

#### TWO SUPPERS WITHOUT FISH OR MEAT

French Cinnamon Toast (Victory Bread)  
Orange Marmalade  
Cocoa with Marshmallows  
Fresh Fruit Compote  
Rice Wafers

These Suppers may be Served with or without a Chafing Dish



Photograph by Hal Ellsworth Coates

This Arrangement makes the Meal Informal

Nut and Cottage Cheese Salad  
Toasted Saltines  
Rhubarb Shortcake  
Mustard Pickles  
Tea

#### FRENCH CHOCOLATE

Pour 1 pint boiling water over 4 tablets of sweet chocolate, cook slowly  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Add 1 pint scalded milk, and cook 15 minutes. Add 1 teaspoonful arrowroot starch mixed with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful cold water, and cook 10 minutes. Add 1 teaspoonful vanilla just before serving. The arrowroot may be omitted.

#### FRENCH CINNAMON TOAST

2 eggs  
1 cupful of milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful cinnamon  
1 tablespoonful sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
6 slices of Victory Bread

Beat the eggs a little, add salt, sugar and milk. Dip the toast in the mixture, drain, sprinkle with a little cinnamon; fry in a hot pan until a delicate brown. Serve with syrup.

#### MANHATTAN SHRIMPS

1 pint of shrimps, canned or fresh  
4 tablespoonfuls fat  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
Little cayenne  
1 teaspoonful lemon juice  
1 tablespoonful flour  
1 cupful milk  
Yolks of 2 eggs

Clean the shrimp, and cook in half the fat for 2 minutes; add seasoning and lemon; cook 2 minutes longer. Remove shrimps and make a white sauce of the remaining fat, flour, and milk; when thick-

ened add yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, stirring in quickly and cooking 2 minutes; add the shrimps.

#### RHUBARB SHORTCAKE

1  $\frac{2}{3}$  cupfuls flour  
1  $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful potato flour  
4 tablespoonfuls fat  
2 teaspoonfuls sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Mix and sift dry ingredients; cut in fat; add milk; roll out on floured board and cut into biscuit about one inch thick. Bake in hot oven. Split and cover lower part with stewed rhubarb, place upper part on top with crust side down, cover with rhubarb. This makes individual serving. The cake may be baked in one round piece, split and filled with rhubarb.

#### CREAMED CHICKEN PIMIENTO

3 cupfuls cold cooked chicken cut in dice, or 1 one-pound can of chicken cut fine.

2  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls milk  
5 tablespoonfuls flour  
1 pimiento cut in tiny pieces  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful pepper  
5 tablespoonfuls fat  
1 teaspoonful salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful celery salt

Scald milk. Melt fat, add flour and seasoning and milk slowly. When thick, add chicken, and cook long enough to heat the chicken. Add pimiento last; serve at once.

#### MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

$\frac{1}{4}$  pound marshmallows  
1 cupful powdered sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful boiling water

Melt marshmallows in top of double boiler. Stir sugar into boiling water until dissolved; add slowly to melted marshmallows and stir until thoroughly blended. Chill. Add vanilla. For variety,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful chopped pecan nuts or 6 minced candied cherries or 2 tablespoonfuls of finely chopped citron may be added. This is a good substitute for cream (see page 41).

## New Ways with Cheese

By Sarah Haviland

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THE careful housewife would often feel less defeat over the size of her meat bill if she could utilize more cheese, for this is an excellent substitute for meat and an increasingly popular food.

Cheese is richer in protein than meat, and far richer in fat; experiments have shown that cheese in proper quantities is digestible, healthful and sustaining. A meal consisting of bread, cheese, and fruit is a well-balanced and nutritious one.

The housewife must remember that most prepared cheese dishes contain more fat than meat dishes prepared in the usual way; also, that as cheese, like meat, contains neither starch nor cellulose, it should be combined with bread, potatoes, and other starchy foods. The concentrated character of cheese suggests the use with it of fruits and vegetables; and the soft textures of many of its dishes demands that they be served with crusty breads and crisp crackers.

#### BOSTON ROAST

Mix one-pound can of kidney-beans, or equivalent quantity of cooked beans,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of grated cheese, bread-crumbs, and salt. Put the beans through meat-grinder. Add cheese and sufficient bread-crumbs to form a roll. Bake in a moderate oven, basting with butter-substitute and water.

#### NUT AND CHEESE ROAST

To 1 cupful of grated cheese, 1 cupful of chopped English walnuts and 1 cupful of bread-crumbs, add 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onions that have been cooked tender in a little water, a tablespoonful of butter-substitute, juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, salt and pepper. Moisten ingredients with onion-water, and a well-beaten egg; pour into shallow baking-dish and brown in oven.

#### BAKED RICE AND CHEESE

To 3 cupfuls of rice that has been cooked in milk, add 1 cupful milk, 2 tablespoonfuls flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of grated cheese, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt. Make a sauce of the milk, flour, cheese and salt. Into a greased baking-dish put alternate layers of rice and sauce. Cover with greased bread-crumbs and bake until brown.

#### CHEESE POTATO PUFF

Beat together 1 cupful of mashed potatoes and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of milk. Add 1 egg,



Stuffed Celery

$\frac{1}{2}$  cupful grated cheese. Beat thoroughly; bake in a slow oven 10 or 15 minutes.

#### STUFFED CELERY

Clean and dry one bunch of celery. Season a cream cheese; if necessary, add a little milk to soften. Fill the stalks of celery with the cheese, dot in pieces of walnuts or pecans, sprinkle with paprika.

#### PIMIENTO CHEESE ROAST

Put through meat-grinder 2 cupfuls of cooked lima beans,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound cheese, and 3 canned pimientos. Season with salt and paprika; form into roll with fine bread-crumbs, and bake in a slow oven.

#### CHEESE BETTY

Grease and dice slices of stale bread. Put a layer of this diced bread on the bottom of a baking-dish. Cover with a layer of chopped or grated cheese, alternating until the dish is full, the last layer to be cheese. Scald 1 pint of milk so that it will not curdle, and add it to 2 well-beaten eggs. Season with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful mustard, and a dash of paprika. The milk should be allowed to cool before pouring over the eggs. This can be prepared some hours before it is needed, and then half an hour before eaten put in a moderate oven and baked until the custard sets.





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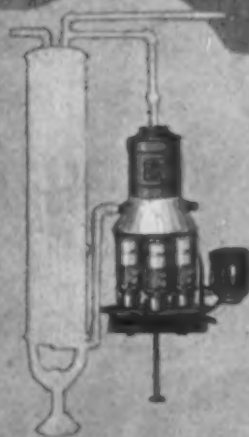
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Stretching forth her hands to all in need—to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

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## FAIRY SOAP

**B**UBBLING with a rich, cleansing purity all its own, Fairy Soap is most refreshing for all toilet and bath uses.

Fairy Soap floats. The white, oval cake fits the hand.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"



## Plain Man or Poet

[Continued from page 14]

same table in the deep bay-window. He almost felt as if she were really there, opposite him, with the sun on her bright hair, outlining the curves of her slender neck.

He would not return till evening; that would give her time to finish her picture. How she could paint, that girl of his! He glowed with pride at her attainment.

WHEN he faced Rhoda across her aunt's dinner-table, he saw at once that she had made some strange, sudden decision. She avoided his glance, and set her mouth firmly.

As they left the table, he flew to her side. She regarded him as if from a distance, and asked him, in a whisper, if she might speak to him in the garden. She led the way with the air of a tragedy queen.

She stopped under the fragrant honeysuckle of the pergola, and lifted steady eyes to Clive's. "We're making a mistake, Clive," she began abruptly. "It won't do. We're not suited to each other. We—we were attracted to each other, merely; like any couple of youngsters."

She paused a moment, then, as he did not speak. "Why, we haven't a thing in common. Not a thing. We're not even congenial. We don't like the same people; we're not interested in the same things. We'd end by boring each other." There was a little catch in her throat; she mastered it and threw up her head proudly. "And I couldn't bear that. I've always held, no matter how much they love each other, two people ought to remain interesting to each other—ought to find each other's society entertaining—stimulating."

Clive stumbled into speech. "But life's not all entertainment, Rhoda."

She hurried on, unheeding. "We can't even read the same books, sympathetically. We can't exchange ideas—"

Clive broke compellingly into her excited speech. "But marriage isn't made up of reading books together, Rhoda. Marriage is more even than intellectual companionship. Something deeper, more fundamental. There's love. Don't you love me, Rhoda? Don't you want to be—mine?"

Rhoda turned away and clasped her hands.

Clive's voice deepened, thrillingly. "You don't have to marry a man to talk art with him, Rhoda. You can talk art to any one on earth who's interested in it. You can read your verses with any high-brow you meet at an afternoon tea. But you have to live with your husband!"

Rhoda's averted cheek flushed, but she shook her head sadly. Clive swept on.

"Do you think you could—love one of your artists, Rhoda? Do you imagine you could give him—what you've given me? Can't you be content to love me, and talk with all the rest?"

Though he could see her eyes fill, Clive knew he had not convinced her. In a trembling voice, she told him she could not bear any more. In another minute, she had slipped away, and he was alone.

He stood staring at the spot where he had last glimpsed her white figure, his jaw setting decisively. Then, with the terrible resolution of the mild man who is suddenly mild no longer, he stalked blindly through the beauties of the twilight garden into the house.

He went straight to Aunt Sarah, and told her he was leaving. Aunt Sarah looked up smiling. She had weathered storms caused by "Rhoda's heroics" before. She informed him that there was no train that night.

"You know there never is a train 'that night,' Clive. Not in the third act. Hadn't you better wait till the fourth?"

She looked up, surprised at his silence. "Oh, come now, Clive! Don't look like that, my boy." She put a sympathetic hand on his arm. "You'll have to wait till morning. Night brings counsel."

Clive pulled away and swung to the desk with its time-tables. "That may be," he replied, grimly. "But I make my exit right here."

"Clive, the child's not serious yet, about anything. Can't you wait—"

"No use, Aunt Sarah. I'm through. The only trouble is I've waited too long. And I should have played my own game. I played hers, and lost. There's a nine o'clock from the Centre. I can get a taxi and pack."

He would have to be content with a carriage, it developed; every taxi had been engaged for the dance at the casino. Clive remembered that he had been slated to at-

tend Rhoda at that dance. Well, she'd not lack cavaliers.

The man assured him he'd have a good pair of horses. He could easily make the Centre in an hour. Clive groaned.

"See that you're in time," he growled. He stamped up to pack.

Meanwhile, a couple passed along the grassy path that skirted the cliff's perilous verge. The girl was fairly-slight, elusive, provocative; and her floating laces—modishly short—disclosed a dancer's foot in the Frenchiest of slippers. Her rippling hair was silvered by the moonlight, but one could well imagine how it would catch and hold the sunbeams. Her whole figure was instinct with life and spirit and anticipation.

Her cavalier, exquisitely white-shod and white-flanneled, seemed chivalry and adoration personified. He talked a good deal, fluently, with graceful, poetic gestures. Talking in verse, no doubt. Quoting ardent lines from all the bards that ever sang. Here was the ideal suitor of whom all women dream—the fabled Perfect Lover.

The crisis came just before one leaves the cliff-walk for the road, in the screen of a big, white-starred syringa bush, decked like a bride. The little lady inclined her head, leaned yieldingly toward her exquisite cavalier, and he, not one whit behind his cue, held out his arms. Against the dark bush, their white figures merged.

But only for a second. The willing maid became suddenly an unwilling maid—an affronted and disillusioned maid. She tore herself from the arms of her exquisite cavalier. She trembled with some sudden, terrible revulsion, with amazement, horror and dismay.

She put her hands to her face. Her cavalier, picking up heart, made a slight movement toward her, but she checked him with an imperious gesture. He stiffened resentfully, then; and, gathering the torn remnants of his dignity, appeared to be taking her sternly to task.

At once, she threw up her head defiantly, and spoke shortly and to the point. Then, her poise quite recovered, she seized her shimmering satin cloak from his lax grasp, and gave him his dismissal. "Let me never look on you again!" said every frounce of her muslins.

It was a very much meeker maid that, once out of sight of the cliff-walk, broke into a hunted, faltering little run. She slipped through the garden, intent on escaping unseen into the house.

Coming onto the highway behind the house, she stood stock-still. Sheltered by the hedge stood Davy Kerrigan's depot carriage. Old Davy and Clive Warrenner were hastily strapping Clive's trunk on in back.

As she started, her hand at her heart, Clive strode back to the house. She could hear him taking leave of Aunt Sarah.

Must she let him go? Something told her that, once gone like this, Clive was not a man to be easily brought back. Useless to accost him imploringly now, however, in this mood.

Before Clive could turn from his hostess, Rhoda was on the further side of the decrepit carriage, tugging at the door.

"Let me in, Davy," she begged. "I'm going, too, as a surprise."

The old man, familiar with her from childhood, grinned and winked. "And a very pleasant surprise, Miss, I'll be bound."

Rhoda, her cheeks burning, leaned from the open window. "The minute he gets in, Davy, start the horses. Don't stop, no matter what he says. You see—he may not—want me to go—just at first. He may even take it into his head—to get out!"

"Oho!" returned Davy, who was far from slow in the uptake. He scrambled obligingly to his seat. "In that case, I'll have the reins in me fist, and the whip handy. Once started, 'twill mean a matter of broken bones to be getting out!"

So that, when Clive rushed down the path with a hasty: "You'll have to put the whip on them!" and jumped into the dark carriage—the moon, as if a party to the plot, just at the moment drew a cloud over its bright face—the door slammed behind him sharply enough to rattle every window, the horses leaped forward. And Clive, thrown suddenly off his balance, fell to the seat, with an angry exclamation.

He perceived that he was not alone. In an instant, he was on his feet, hammering on the front window. "Hey! Hold up a minute! Hold up, I say!"

The carriage plunged on, taking the corner at a dangerous rate. Clive grasped

[Continued on page 43]



# THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

## Announcement Luncheons

By Elizabeth Mann

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THE very nature of the exciting news gives interest and enthusiasm to an announcement party. Military luncheons are most appropriate for these times. The illustration shows a table set for six guests, with a "soldiers' tent" as the centerpiece. One end of each red, white, and blue ribbon hidden within the tent is attached to the calling cards of the guest of honor and her fiancé. The other end ties a place-card to the little flag-stick. A tent may be made with sticks and heavy white cotton cloth.

Since we are anxious to save the butter fat in cream, it is, generally speaking, wrong to use cream as suggested in some of the recipes. Cream has been left in the recipes so that it may be used in the country or in any town where cream is plentiful and cannot be used otherwise than as cream.

The following menu is especially appropriate for the military party:

the membrane, 5 white grapes cut in halves, 1 teaspoonful of chopped mint, 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice, and 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Mix and chill thoroughly. Serve in glasses, and garnish each serving with a sprig of mint.

### CREAMED FINNAN HADDIE

2 cupfuls flaked haddie 2 cupfuls milk  
4 hard-cooked eggs 1 teaspoonful salt  
4 tablespoonfuls butter-substitute 1/4 teaspoonful pepper  
6 tablespoonfuls flour 1/2 cupful dry bread crumbs, sifted

The finnan haddie may be served with the border of duchess potato in large scallop shells. These can be purchased at any fish market, and are always a useful addition to the housekeeper's equipment. Place the finnan haddie, about 3 pounds, in a pan of cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point, simmer very gently for 20 minutes. Free the fish from the bones and skin. Slice hard-cooked eggs into 1/4-

The Surprise is Hidden  
in the Tent

These Decorations are  
Home-Made



Photograph by Hal Ellsworth Coates

Tomato Soup Chicken Mousse  
Asparagus Tips Hot Buckwheat Biscuit  
Ice Cream Bride's Cake  
Coffee Salted Pecans

The chicken mousse can be made an especially attractive dish by serving the mold on lettuce with the asparagus tips well marinated; the dish is prettier if garnished with pimiento.

### CHICKEN MOUSSE

1 tablespoonful granulated gelatine 1/2 teaspoonful grated onion  
1/4 cupful cold water 1/4 teaspoonful pepper  
1/2 cupful hot chicken stock 1/2 teaspoonful salt  
2 cupfuls chopped cold chicken 1/2 cupful whipping cream

Soak the gelatine in the water, dissolve it in the hot stock, add the seasonings. Chop the chicken meat very fine, mix it well with the gelatine, stock and seasonings. Fold in the cream, beaten stiff, and turn the mixture into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water.

The ice cream should be served in red, white, and blue paper cups.

For the girls who aren't to marry soldiers, other equally attractive plans can be made. Following the old saw, the guests may literally "Let the cat out of the bag." A paper bag at each place does not betray any suspicion of the secret within. Small pasteboard cats can be easily made and painted black, "maltese" or yellow. The yellow ribbon, which ties on the cards, completes the cat. The bags must be blown up after the cats have been placed in them, and then tied tightly with yellow ribbons. With a centerpiece of yellow daisies, plates of corn bread, yellow fruit cocktails, and salted almonds, the table will look very festive.

Mint Fruit Cocktail  
Creamed Finnan Haddie  
Duchess Potato Border Butter Beans  
Frozen Salad Rolled Wafers  
Salted Almonds Coffee

For each cocktail serving, prepare half an orange by cutting the pulp free from

inch slices. Make a white sauce of the butter-substitute, flour, milk and seasonings; combine with the fish and eggs. Place in shells, sprinkle with crumbs, add potato border, and brown in oven. Any creamed fish can be used this way.

### FROZEN SALAD

1 cupful mayonnaise 1 cupful fresh shredded pineapple  
1 cupful whipping cream 4 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar  
1 cream cheese 1 small bottle maraschino cherries

Sprinkle shredded pineapple with sugar, chill for 1 hour, cut cherries into small pieces. Beat cream until stiff. Mash cheese, and gradually add enough of beaten cream to make smooth mixture. Drain all juice from fruit, and fold lightly together mayonnaise, cheese, remaining fruit and cream. Place in a mold, cover with greased paper, fit on the cover and pack in ice and salt (two parts ice to one part salt) for 3 hours. Serve on lettuce.

Pink roses always seem an especially appropriate flower to use as a centerpiece at an announcement party. Small old-fashioned boxes, copies of flowered hat-boxes, may be placed for each guest, the tag on the box forming the place-card. A small quaint bouquet made of tiny pink and white flowers and forget-me-nots, with a stiff, old-fashioned paper ruffle, is tucked into each box with an envelope containing the thrilling news. The menu emphasizes the pink scheme.

Strawberries  
Crab Meat with Mushroom Sauce  
Toasted Peas Stuffed Potatoes  
Buttered Peas Hot Cornmeal Rolls  
Lettuce Salad Pimiento Cheese Dressing  
Ice Cream (in heart-shaped molds)  
Pink Angel-Cake Coffee

For the first course, arrange five or seven large strawberries with the hulls left on about a mound of powdered sugar. To make pimiento-cheese dressing, mash a pimiento cream cheese, and add to it slowly, beating all the time, 1 cupful of French dressing.

## Price List

Per 1000 Calories

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### Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt 1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast  
1/4 cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbites

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/2 cups uncooked Quaker Oats. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 60 cookies.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

3/4 cup Quaker Oats, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar. Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

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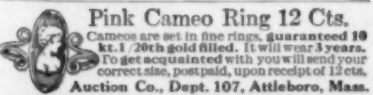
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## Plain Man or Poet

(Continued from page 40)

the front handle, but, before he could turn it, a hand tugged strongly at his coat.

"Clive! Listen a minute!"

He wheeled, and glared at his unwelcome companion.

"He won't stop, Clive. I told him not to. But—" She opened the door at her side, suggestively—"I'll get out, if you insist. It's your carriage."

Clive glared as severely as ever, but there was a little quirk at the corner of his mouth. Unexpectedness! That was Rhoda.

"You might as well listen to what I've got to say," she continued calmly. "You'll be in time for your train."

His voice was cold. "I can't imagine your having anything further to say to me."

"Oh!" she gasped. "How begin? How confess what she had to confess?"

"Well?" Clive's profile was stern as a judge's. If he only wouldn't look like that. How could he look like that!

Rhoda put her hand timidly on his arm. She took a breath and fluttered into speech.

"Clive!" Her voice was like a desperately lonely child's. "I—I've made a mistake."

The corner of his lip lifted sardonically. "What—again? I'm afraid it's getting to be a habit with you, Rhoda. You can't expect me to suffer for your mistakes."

Rhoda drew another shuddering breath. She tightened her hold on his unresponsive arm. "If we make a mistake—now, Clive—either of us, we may have to suffer for it—all our lives long." Her voice deepened; it was more a mature woman's voice than before. "Don't—don't let us make that mistake! Clive! Look at me. Please!"

He turned his eyes full upon her, wonderingly. She could see her plea had reached him, but how far off she was still from her old proud citadel, his heart!

Their eyes clung; his, still challenging, distrustful; hers, imploring, disdaining all reserve. She was all his. Couldn't he see it?

When he turned away, his face and manner had softened indefinitely. "And those other—mistakes, Rhoda, that you've been making all summer? We're ungenerous as ever, aren't we? Or doesn't that matter any longer?"

"It does not matter—not in the way I thought it did!" she faltered. "You explained it, better than ever I could, to-night, in the garden. But I was a blind little fool. She turned away, and pressed her hands to her burning cheeks. "I understand now."

Still he did not help her; just sat there, like a justice on his bench. "What is it you've come to understand?" he asked with a complete air of detachment.

"You said—marriage was more than exchanging ideas—more than intellectual companionship. Deeper—more fundamental." She stopped a moment, then rushed on, breathlessly. "You said I could read verses with any one I might meet at an afternoon tea. But"—her voice fell to a tortured whisper—"I'd—I'd have to live with my husband. And, Clive—I know it now; there's nobody on earth I want to live with—but you!"

"What's made you change your mind?" She went to meet the challenge bravely. "I found I never could love any one but you—not in the same way; though I imagined, for just a bit, I could. That was vanity, I guess, and—intellectual moonshine. Love is different. It goes to the roots of things." She spoke slowly, gropingly. "It's—primitive. Verses and music and things don't count. You have to love a man for the tone of his voice, the sound of his step, the touch of his hands, the way his hair sweeps back from his forehead, even the creases in the sleeve of his coat."

Half-consciously, she brushed her arm with her flying hair, with the old familiar, caressing gesture. "And those are the ways I love you, Clive—all those ways, and more. More ways than I can understand, or could explain, if I understood them. And I did hope that those were the ways you loved me." She leaned forward again, her eyes bright with unshed tears. "Was I wrong, Clive? Or was that really the way you did love me?"

She held her breath a long moment, watching his unresponsive face. Slowly, Clive's old, whimsical, lover-like smile began to dawn, like sunlight breaking over a bleak, heartrendingly gloomy landscape. When he looked down at her, however, it was frowningly, as if tempted to give her a good, sound shaking.

He spoke almost roughly. "I guess you know I love you, you witch, in all the ways there ever were!"

## GROW THIS BEAN

—1200 TO 1—



This is a war-garden Bean. Everyone who has seen plants of it growing or harvested say they never saw its equal. They are simply amazed at the great profusion of pods and handsome white Beans. This illustration does not show anywhere near all the pods on the plant for they are all through the foliage and on opposite side as abundant as in front.

It is a Gigantic Wonder—over 200 pods have grown on a single plant—all well filled, producing over 1200 Beans from 1 Bean planted. Plants grow strong and erect, branching out in all directions, bearing pods up well from the ground, which literally load the plants; Beans being pure white and of best quality.

Plant in your garden or any good soil, only 1 Bean in a hill, and they will mature a crop in about 30 days, ripening very evenly, and the growth and yield will simply surprise you. Just the Beans everyone should plant this year for it will make the greatest yield from a little space—of all Beans.

One customer grew over \$5.00 worth of these pure white Beans from a few planted in one corner of a small garden.

My supply is yet limited and I can offer only in sealed packets containing about 50 Beans each, with cultural directions.

Sealed Packets 10c each; 3 Pkts 25c; 7 Pkts 50c; 15 Pkts \$1.00 Postpaid

You can plant this Bean any time after frost and until late in June for a big crop. Plant a packet or more and you will say it paid you better than anything you ever planted. My 1918 Seed Book contains a full line of High-Grade Garden Seeds at lowest prices. It is sent free with all Bean orders or on application. Over 30 years in the business.

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HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG COMPANY  
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## Mr. and Miss Grundy

[Continued from page 11]

of his "lost-man" trips and they wouldn't let her wait! Well, she would go back to Bonnicrest and take her punishment, but never to Madame Piquot's!

It was nearing dusk before the team halted. San Lo stole out to tug the bundles from behind. Laurie took her bag from the driver's seat and tossed him a bill carelessly. She ran to the door and lifted the brass knocker.

Kirby opened it. At first he looked down at her as one does at a shadow crossing his way unexpectedly. Then he reached out his arms and drew her inside.

"Laurie," he said. Only that.

"Martin, I'm sorry. I don't want to be a little girl," she faltered, tears coming into the gray eyes. "I've run away from school—I think I grew up right after you kissed me. I came to ask you to forgive me. Once, I asked you to marry me and you said yes—but things happened."

He took off her coat and rubbed her hands. "Yes, yes, Laurie, I remember."

"I want to prove to you that I'm sure of myself. It is what we Grundy folks must do in fairness to you others—isn't it?" She laid her cheek on his shoulder. "I love you, Martin."

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"I don't know where she is—Westland City, I suppose." Laurie's head still rested on his shoulder. "I didn't tell her that I ran away to you—don't you understand?"

"Laurie," he shook her in horrified wonder, "you mustn't stay here—you foolish little kiddie."

"I will stay until you forgive me. You can't turn me out in the night." He stepped to the door. "My car, San Lo," he called.

He clapped the saucy coat around her with a proud, possessive air. "We are going to drive like the wind in to Calgary—and be married."

She put up her hands to her throat.

"Martin! Right—right away married?"

The big, strong man came toward her and crushed her in his arms. "Right—right away married, Laurie."

"And then?" Frightened lips met his.

"We'll wire Bonnicrest and we'll—come—home."

The gray eyes were dark with timid, trustful wondering. "Right—right away married?" she repeated.

"As fast as the service can be read." The car puffed off, with them, into the night.

MARY was forty years and two days old. Grundy was gloating over the fact when the message came.

He went to the door himself when the hall-boy brought up the telegram.

"Come at once—important. Have met the man who invented screen doors. Mary Jessup Ganson."

The packing of one's bag and spending of more precious money on a railway ticket was the least part of the anxiety. It was the "man who invented screen doors" that made Grundy's head whirl until every mile of the trip westward seemed stretched into great, uncountable lengths. Now that she had received "Aunt Penney's Legacy," was she going to invest in some foolish, impossible patent instead of continuing with the works?

"The man who invented screen doors"—the words followed him into his sleeper and the breakfast diner and into the small western station. It blurred out the remembrance of the day he left Westland City. He took the rickety fly and settled back in it with curbed impatience.

Bonnicrest! Grundy gasped. A box hedge surrounded the velvety grounds, a modern concrete garage was built beside the rambling stable, the house had been repainted a soft, warm red, and sturdy oak trees shielded the front.

A confused, blushing Amelia ushered him in. It was dinner-time—he would wait? Yes, he would wait. He tiptoed into the drawing-room, a room so attractive with its rosewood furniture and artistic appointments that he stared in amazement.

"Grundy." She stood in the doorway, her trailing gown of bronze silk making her seem like a charming pastel suddenly quickened.

"I—I came," he announced lamely—"Right away—you see. I hope I'm not ahead of time."

She shook her head, the blue eyes laughing at him. "Not a minute too soon. Dean—I'm forty."

"Congratulations," he rejoined clumsily. "Forty—and I've met the man who invented screen doors."

"If it's some darn crank who wants your money—" began Grundy.

"Inventor, you mean." She tilted her head back characteristically.

"Well, manufacturer or whatever he is—who cares about screen doors? Let me look into the thing for you, Mary—"

"Dean, you tried to hide your secret, didn't you? But screen doors don't hide, dear. Who but a Mr. Grundy would have done such a splendid, impulsive—silly thing?" She came close, her hands stealing up to his coat shoulders. And I saw through your door, even if you tried to make it an oak-paneled thing shielding your sublime self-sacrifice!"

Grundy's hands reached up to take hold of hers. "You know?"

"Of course. It was a screen door—don't you see? And I love you for it."

"Then you've discovered—my trifle."

"Mr. Grundy can't manage such secrets because they are entirely too lavish—a million dollars was too much. Because, you see, Aunt Penney's teapot, bless her heart, was literally stuffed with gold certificates!" She drew away to find a letter for him to read.

Grundy moved under the drop-light.

"DEAR MARY:— You will either have divorced Grundy or grown devoted to him by the time this birthday comes. If you have divorced him, the business will probably have failed; no woman can ever quite trust her manager. If you are devoted to him, he will have developed into the laddie he can be and will make of the works something to be proud of. Worldly goods cannot go with us when we leave, but we can have the pleasure of choosing our ways of disposing of them. This is mine. If you love Grundy and the business flourishes, make of it a still greater business, for there will be many changes and improvements that I cannot foresee. If you are divorced, sell the business and live on your income. In either case, I shall know that your future is provided for. And no matter what comes, Mary, don't let Laurie think unkindly of her father. For he loved her—after the fashion of Mr. Grundy.

Your devoted aunt,  
PENNEY JESSUP."

He kept looking at it, at the small characters he had so cleverly imitated.

"Mr. Sangster didn't tell me who, Grundy, he merely squirmed uncomfortably and prepared to get at you as soon as my back was turned. It was Amelia."

"Amelia?"

"Jamie Shepherd had been to see her. He told her you had suddenly lost every dollar in the world and were about to sell your things. Then—then I saw through the screen door—and I wired."

She waited for him to speak. But he hesitated, shy and unsure.

"Dean—the task was well done. May I come back to you?"

He waited, afraid to believe. She laid her hand on his cheek.

"Kiss me, Dean," she said brokenly.

"It's make all of Aunt Penney's possibilities into truths."

Solemnly, he bent his ruffled head until it mingled with the sunshine hair.

"A telly-gram," said Amelia abruptly, staring at Grundy with round, wise eyes.

"Another screen-door gentleman," Grundy suggested, laughing as his wife tore it open.

"It's a day-letter from Calgary; and I'm so glad—she stood the test—"

Grundy snatched the paper from her hand.

"Married Martin and am very happy. Am wiring Grundy. Will be east for Christmas to ask forgiveness. Will take slightly soiled back with me. Laurie Kirby."

"They are married!" Grundy sank limply into a chair. "I've had enough novelty to last me for the next ten reincarnations. I'll go back into the wagon works as a positive plodder. Well," he went on, "we can't grudge any one happiness like that, can we?"

"Why, Grundy, I planned to have this end just so."

"You planned this—this runaway marriage?"

She nodded. "Oh, not exactly like this—it was a trifle more unusual than I had fancied, like some one I know attempting to give a million dollars instead of something reasonable. But I knew I would strike the depths if I sent her to school. And I wanted—forgive me, dear—but I wanted to have Laurie be quite sure."

Grundy smiled his answer. "We'll send them a gondola just like mine," he proceeded brightly, "with crimson-cut velvet cushions. That'll tone up the place."

Mary caught her underlip, undecided whether to laugh or frown. "Oh—oh, my old Grundy," she sighed.

[THE END]



# All-Important Facts About Teeth Cleaning

## Why Ordinary Brushing Has Proved Insufficient

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



### That Film Is the Damage-Doer

Great advances have been lately made in respect to dental hygiene. And now authorities believe that everyone should know them.

Today the great object in cleaning teeth is to remove the film. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of nearly all tooth troubles.

The film is what discolors — not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid, the cause of decay. It holds the acid in long contact with the teeth.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Through the stomach or through the tissues they may cause other serious troubles.

The fight for clean teeth — for safe teeth — means a fight against that film. It clings to enamel. It gets into crevices and stays, thus resisting the tooth brush and the ordinary dentifrice. Many tooth pastes make it more viscid.

That is why old tooth-cleaning methods have so largely failed. The best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased. And all because the methods used have left much of that film intact.

Now science has evolved a method to combat that film. For general use it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It does what nothing else has done. It has been accepted by able authorities, after four years of clinical tests. Now we are urging that all people prove it out at home. And we supply for the purpose a One-Week tube.



### The Scientific Method Now Is This

This new-day method of removing film is by applying pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin. The purpose is to dissolve the film. Then, by daily application, to prevent its accumulation.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, else it is inert. And the usual activating method is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science now has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents on it. This method is now employed in Pepsodent, for dentists' use and home use.

Before these facts were stated publicly, the product was submitted to four years of clinical tests. Able authorities proved its effects and advised it for dental use. Now that they have accepted it, we urge all people to learn what daily use does.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. Note how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

These results are essential to your teeth's protection. Cleaning teeth means far more than removing food debris. It is important that you know that. So we urge you to see what Pepsodent does, and can always do. It will be a revelation.

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# FASHIONS

Novel accessories to the mode, that help to change last year's frocks to this. Collars and sleeves of organdie and embroidery charm Mid-lady by their very daintiness. No. 8335, Ladies' Dress Accessories. Pattern in 3 sizes (20 cents).

**F**FIFTH AVENUE on a fair May day! Fifth Avenue, a mass of springtime colors with here and there a hint of summer, offers us more treasures this year than ever before. For, along its magic way, there is much for us to see, study and never forget. It is the gathering place of the Fashion clans of all the world. The kaleidoscopic crowd pictures America for us, and Khaki and Navy Blue saunter along, amused and deeply interested in the unfolding scenes.

War fashions are ever a part of History, and we may well be proud of ours. There is nothing unpatriotic about them, for in all their bewitching daintiness, they are doing much to cheer us.

Woolen fabrics are being used, oh, so carefully. Even the Spring coat is most particular about the pocket and cuff, in many instances they have been voted unnecessary. Foulards and silks and satins have taken the place of the serge dress, and sports suits flourish on every side. Separate skirts, of the tub variety, are appearing, and of course the popular sleeveless overblouse is playing its part.

Dainty organdie dresses, with skirts slightly fuller than the voile dresses, have wide tucks and narrow tucks, tunics and fichus. Embroidery is seen on many of the afternoon dresses. Embroidered voiles and Georgette crêpes make fascinating dresses for the warm evenings soon to come, and so the tunics with straight lower edges are most practical for bordered materials and flouncings.

It is perfectly surprising the small amount of material necessary for one of these bewitching little frocks. The fact is that skirts are really narrow this year, without appearing so, or being uncomfortable. Three-quarter and elbow sleeves are favorites, as well as the long tight-fitted sleeve with its trimly finished lower edge sans cuff. Collars are high, or low, or medium \* \* \* as you please. The Buster Brown or Eton collar is very smart on the morning dress or walking costume.

Figured materials are very popular; stripes, plaids and checks are to be found in heavy cottons and dainty organdies. Cotton gabardine, piqué, and linen skirts vie with sports skirts made of tub satin.



Coat Suit 833  
Sizes 34-46



Coat 8297  
Sizes 32-44

Coat 8336  
Sizes 34-42



Coat 8333  
Sizes 34-46

Skirt 8261  
Sizes 22-32



Coat 8336  
Sizes 34-42

The Spring Coat, true to form, is straight and conservative of line and material. Collars may be of contrasting materials, and vest effects are considered very smart, but pockets camouflage themselves whenever possible. Descriptions and other views of these models on page 49.

# Some Especially Good Suggestions for the Tub Frock

One of the most interesting of the new fashions is that of the Eton jacket or overblouse. They are sleeveless and are made in various styles and of various materials. The one illustrated here in the circle is made of embroidery flouncing, the lower edge is straight, and there is an attractive sailor collar. In the circle on the opposite page is shown another development of this same design. There the overblouse is quite long, worn with a patent-leather belt. Deep rich tones of silk jersey, satin or cotton materials, as you prefer, are the most effective, with the collar of a contrasting material of the same. Really, it is surprising what a change is created by the addition of one of these overblouses. In remodeling last year's frocks they are proving a boon. Still another version is the slip-over blouse with its deep pockets that hold the ball of yarn and knitting needles. Very little material is required to make them. The Eton of embroidery flouncing takes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 16-inch, and the long overblouse requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch satin, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch for the collar. These measurements are given for size 36.

No. 8337, LADIES' SET OF SLEEVELESS ETONS AND OVER-BLOUSES. In 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—The overblouse is designed to be worn over any blouse or with any costume. It has the same place as the woolen sweater in the wardrobe of the fashionable woman. If made of silk jersey, it is particularly smart with the skirt of white satin and a white silk waist.



Eton 8337  
Sizes 34-44  
Guimpe 8226  
Sizes 34-46

Hat 8300  
Small, medium, large

The latest Fashion Features expressed in hat and Eton jacket! No. 8300, Ladies' and Misses' Hats. In 3 sizes. No. 8337, Ladies' Set of Sleeveless Etons and Overblouses. In 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents each).

No. 8169, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch striped voile, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain white voile for the collar and cuffs. The back extends over the front at the shoulder to form a yoke. The little fulness at the shoulder is one of the becoming features of this waist. Note the odd strap arrangement on the collar.

No. 8067, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents). Size 26 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch linen. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. The braiding on the belt and side straps is Transfer Design No. 307 (10 cents). This is a splendid model for the summer skirt.

No. 7913, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt, straight lower edge, in round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch flowered voile, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain. Width, lower edge, 3 yards. The surplice waist is one of the most popular of the season's modes.



Middy Blouse 7191  
Sizes 34-46  
Transfer Design No. 203

Skirt 8320  
Sizes 22-32

No. 7191, LADIES' MIDDY BLOUSE. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 203 (10 cents).

No. 8320, LADIES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plaid. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8309-8307.—The medium size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch figured, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch plain for collar and vest.

No. 8309, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch figured, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch plain.

No. 8307, LADIES' TWO-PIECE TUNIC SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards.



7191 8320 8309 8307 8169 8067 8313 7913

Waist 8309  
Sizes 34-42

Skirt 8307  
Sizes 22-32



Waist 8169  
Sizes 34-44  
Skirt 8067  
Sizes 22-34  
Transfer Design No. 307



Dress 7913  
Sizes 34-44

No. 8313, LADIES' DRESS, with or without vest, two styles of sleeve; two- or three-piece skirt; 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, three-piece skirt, requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch checked gingham, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch white gingham for the collar, vest, pockets and cuffs. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. This is one of those smart little dresses that look so much like a suit. They are particularly appropriate for street wear. The three-quarter sleeve is fast coming into great favor.



8337

Dress 8313  
Sizes 34-46



# When Warm Days Turn Our Thoughts to Summer Sports

No. 8319, LADIES' SPORTS BLOUSE; with adjustable sleeves or in regulation style. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch white linen, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch dark green linen for the bias collar and cuff facing. The collar is lined with white and turns over to form the small shawl collar. The lower part of the sleeve snaps up under the tuck.

No. 8315, LADIES' THREE-PIECE TUNIC SKIRT; under-skirt with front and sides in one; straight lower edge; foundation back, high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. The applied fronts of the tunic turn up to form pockets. The foundation is set into the back.

No. 8303, LADIES' WAIST, with or without bosom. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch striped voile, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch white linen for the collar and cuff sections. Note the attractive way the stripes are used for the front of the waist. The epaulets on the shoulders are also made with the stripes running the other way.



Overblouse 8337  
Sizes 34-44

Hat 8300  
Small, medium, large

Extremely smart, indeed, is her sleeveless overblouse of blue satin, and hat of the same material. The collar is of figured satin, just for contrast! The overblouse may be worn with any waist or costume desired and is excellent for sports wear. For descriptions, see opposite page.



Dress 8291  
Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 858



Sports Blouse 8319  
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8315  
Sizes 22-32

No. 8283, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, four-piece skirt,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch linen. Width, lower edge, 2 yards. The pockets are sewed under the trimming band at the side of the panel front.

No. 8289, LADIES' TWO-PIECE OVERDRESS; with blouse, two styles of sleeve; instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plaid, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch white for the blouse. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



Overdress with Blouse 8289  
Sizes 34-46

No. 8305, LADIES' DRESS; side or surplice closing, two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight section, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch plaid, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plain. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 856 for bag (15 cents).

No. 8291, LADIES' OVERDRESS, with blouse; two-piece tunic, two-piece foundation lengthened by straight section, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for blouse. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 858 (15 cents).

Dress 8305  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 856 for Bag



Waist 8303  
Sizes 34-46  
Skirt 8283  
Sizes 22-34

No. 8333, LADIES' COAT; 28-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The front and lower section of this coat are cut in one, and the pockets are set in at either side of the front. This coat can be very nicely developed in a combination of materials, for instance, silk and wool. The sleeve is a two-piece coat sleeve. As shown in the illustration, no trimming is required. Loose machine-stitching along the edges makes a nice finish.

No. 8261, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline, 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, one-piece,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plaid. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. This is a good skirt to wear with the sweater, slipover sleeveless blouse or coat. On one side of the front there is a pocket quite large enough to hold the ball of yarn and knitting needles.



8336 8261 8333 8297 8331

Descriptions for page 47

No. 8331, LADIES' COAT SUIT; two- or three-piece skirt; high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch linen, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch white for the collar and front of coat. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8297, LADIES' RAGLAN COAT; 40-inch length plain, or 33-inch length with or without trimming band. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 40-inch length,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 48-inch material,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch lining. This is a splendid model for the sports coat. The belt may be omitted if preferred.

No. 8336, LADIES' EMPIRE COAT; 52- or 46-inch length; two styles of sleeve; straight skirt section. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, 46-inch length, requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 48-inch material for the coat, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar. This coat is suitable for silk, satin or pongee.

# Just a Touch of Embroidery—If You Please

COSTUME NOS. 8299-8287.—The medium size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette crepe. The beading is done with Transfer Design No. 890 (15 cents). No. 8299, LADIES' WAIST; fronts in bolero effect. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette crepe.

No. 8287, LADIES' TWO-PIECE TUNIC SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette crepe. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 7787, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch crepe de Chine, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -inch edging. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 883 (15 cents).

No. 8159, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch gingham taffeta, and 1 yard of 36-inch plain satin. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 888 (15 cents). Transfer Design No. 881 for the Apron Knitting Bag (15 cents). This design is particularly effective in combinations of material.

No. 7808, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece straight skirt, high waistline, with straight side drapery or simulated pocket; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch length, requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch flowered,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch bordered for side drapery, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch white for collar, cuffs and girdle. Width,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 882 for Bag (15 cents).



Waist 8299

Sizes 34-42

Skirt 8287

Sizes 22-32

Transfer Design No. 890

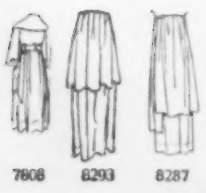
No. 8285, LADIES' TUNIC DRESS; waist and one-piece tunic straight lower edges, no placket opening in tunic; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch charmeuse,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch satin for the collar, and 1 yard of 5-inch ribbon for the belt. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 824 (15 cents). This dress shows the vogue of one-sided or wrapped-on effects. Note the attractive cuffs.



8285 8159 7787



8299 8321 8317



7808 8293 8287



Dress 8285

Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 824



Dress 7787

Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 883



Waist 8317

Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8293

Sizes 22-32

Transfer Design No. 890



Dress 8159

Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 888, No. 881 for Knitting Bag



Sports Blouse 8321

Sizes 34-42

Hat 8130

Ladies' and Misses'

Transfer Design No. 885

No. 8321, LADIES' SPORTS OR RECREATION BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve; open front with tight belt, or with loose belt to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 45-inch material. Transfer Design No. 885 on belt and hat (15 cents).

No. 8130, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS HATS; aviation cap and soft hat. Pattern in 2 sizes, ladies' and misses' (10 cents).—Either size requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 27-inch heavy linen crash. The hat has appliqué designs of linen in vivid colors, and the pointed border is embroidered, being a part of the appliqué design No. 885 (15 cents).

COSTUME NOS. 8317-8293.—The medium size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for overwaist, belt and skirt, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette for waist. Transfer Design No. 890 (15 cents).

No. 8317, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1 yard of 40-inch satin for the overwaist and belt, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette crepe for the waist and sleeves.

No. 8293, LADIES' DOUBLE-FLOUNCE SKIRT; straight edges, lower flounce attached to one-piece foundation, 38-inch length, high waistline. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch satin. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



Dress 7808

Sizes 34-42

Transfer Design No. 882 for Bag



# Daintiness Personified—Hints of Summer

No. 8054, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; waist surplice, or closing at shoulder and underarm; three-piece underskirt attached to body lining; straight tunic, pleated or gathered; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch dotted foulard and 2½ yards of 42-inch plain foulard. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 868 (15 cents). The collar and cuff set requires ½ yard of 36-inch silk net and 2 pieces of soutache braid.

No. 8327, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder and at underarm, two styles of sleeve attached to lining, one-piece skirt or four-piece skirt with tucked panels, straight edges; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, four-piece skirt, 6¼ yards of 38-inch Georgette crepe for the dress. Width, lower edge, 2¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 863 (15 cents). This simple dress is most attractive.

No. 8329, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS; closing on shoulder and at underarm, or front closing, two styles of sleeve attached to lining, one-piece straight tunic in two lengths, two piece foundation lengthened by straight section, instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch figured voile for the dress, and 1½ yards of 36-inch for the collar, belt and shield. Width, 1½ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8127-8301. The medium size requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 889 (15 cents). No. 8127, LADIES' WAIST WITH GUMPE. Pattern in 7 sizes; 32 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch linen. No. 8301, LADIES' TWO-PIECE TUNIC SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1½ yards.



Blouse 8311  
Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 889 on Blouse, and No. 880 for Tam and Bag

No. 8311, LADIES' BLOUSE; with or without vest, set-in sleeves or sleeveless to be worn over blouse. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch white silk jersey for the blouse, and 1¾ yards of 36-inch for the band, tam and bag. Transfer Design No. 889 on blouse, and 880 for tam and bag (15 cents each).

No. 8325, LADIES' BUTTONLESS DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch plain and 1½ yards of 36-inch striped. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 883 (15 cents).



Dress 8325  
Sizes 34-44

Transfer Design No. 883

Dress 8327  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 883



Dress 8329  
Sizes 34-42



Sleeveless Eton 8337  
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8338  
Sizes 22-32

Transfer Design No. 888

Guimpe 8226  
Sizes 34-46

COSTUME NOS. 8226-8337-8338. The medium size requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch white batiste for the guimpe, and 4½ yards of 36-inch rose-colored linen for the Eton and skirt. Transfer Design No. 888 (15 cents).

No. 8226, LADIES' WAIST OR GUMPE. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch batiste.

No. 8337, LADIES' SET OF SLEEVELESS ETONS AND OVERBLOUSES. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires ½ yard of 36-inch linen. No. 8338, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch linen. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards.

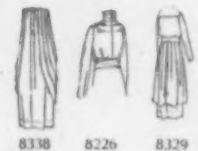


Dress 8054  
Sizes 34-42

Transfer Design No. 868



8325 8311 8054



8338 8226 8329



8301 8127 8327

Waist 8127  
Sizes 32-44  
Skirt 8301  
Sizes 22-32  
Transfer Design No. 888

# The Straight Silhouette—Via the Tunic and Eton Line



No. 8294, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch voile and 3 yards of lace banding. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 884 (15 cents).

No. 8312, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 22-inch flouncing, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch for collar and vest. Width, lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 7912, MISSES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 38-inch voile, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch organdie for collar and cuffs. Width, lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 8330, MISSES' ETON DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 21-inch flouncing, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch batiste for straight section, belt and vest. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8306, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plain material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch dotted. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8316, MISSES' SLEEVELESS OVERBLOUSE. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 40-inch jersey. Transfer Design No. 889 for quilting (15 cents).

No. 8282, MISSES' SUSPENDER SKIRT AND BLOUSE. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for skirt, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch for waist. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8172, MISSES' MIDDY OR SAILOR DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plaid,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch for middy, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



Dress 8172  
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8118  
Sizes 14-20

No. 8118, MISSES' DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch dotted, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch plain. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

Sleeveless Overblouse 8316  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 889  
Skirt and Blouse 8282  
Sizes 14-20





## Simple Frocks that Express the Potent Charm of Youth



Dress 8126  
Sizes 16-20



Dress 8026  
Sizes 16-20  
Transfer Design No. 889



Dress 8152  
Sizes 16-20



Dress 7734  
Sizes 14-20



Overdress with  
Blouse 8298  
Sizes 14-20



Dress 7884  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 888



Eton Suit 8288  
Sizes 14-20

No. 8126, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 27 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch voile for the dress, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch white batiste for the collar and front of waist. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. An extremely dainty little frock.

No. 8026, MISSES' TUNIC DRESS (suitable for small women); sleeves attached to waist or lining; two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece lower section, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch linen, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 889 (15 cents).

No. 8152, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two styles of sleeve, two-piece tunic, pleated or gathered; two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight section, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch voile for waist, sleeves and straight section,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 20-inch bordered voile,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch organdie for collar, vest and cuffs. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 7734, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women). Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 1 yard of 40-inch white voile for waist and bell sleeves,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for collar and gathered sleeves, and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 44-inch flouncing. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8298, MISSES' OVERDRESS WITH BLOUSE (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain material, and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch dotted material. Width, lower edge, lower section,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 7884, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS (suitable for small women); to be slipped on over the head; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 38-inch linen for the dress. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 888 (15 cents). This is one of those smart little frocks so suitable for tub materials. The touch of embroidery adds distinction.

No. 8288, MISSES' ETON SUIT (suitable for small women). Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch plain worsted for trimming-bands and collar, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch plaid worsted for upper skirt, sleeves, back and front. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



8126 8026 8152 7734 8298 7884 8288 8332

No. 8332, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); to be slipped on over the head, or closing at side-front; two styles of sleeve, with or without straight trimming-band; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch figured, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plain. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



Dress 8332  
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8328  
Sizes 6-14

Dress 8324  
Sizes 6-14



Dress 8304  
Sizes 4-14  
Transfer Design  
No. 884

Coat 8286  
Sizes 2-14  
Transfer Design No. 884

Suit 8302  
Size 4-14  
Hat 8318  
Small, medium, large

Dress 8334  
Sizes 6-14

No. 8328, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE; straight pleated or gathered skirt, attached to jumper. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 21-inch flouncing for the skirt and sleeves, and ¾ yard of 40-inch batiste for jumper and guimpe.

No. 8324, GIRL'S DRESS; one-piece tunic, pleated or gathered; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 12 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch pongee for the dress, and ¾ yard of 36-inch striped pongee for the collar and cuffs.

No. 8304, GIRL'S OVERDRESS WITH BLOUSE; straight pleated or gathered skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 1½ yards of 45-inch gingham taffeta for the overdress, and 1½ yards of 40-inch white taffeta. Transfer Design No. 884 (15 cents).

No. 8286, GIRL'S EMPIRE COAT; straight lower section. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 3 yards of 40-inch satin, and ½ yard of 27-inch linen for the collar. Transfer Design No. 884 (15 cents).

No. 8302, GIRL'S ETON SUIT WITH BLOUSE. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 14 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch for the coat, 1½ yards of 40-inch for blouse, and 2½ yards of 36-inch plaid for skirt.

No. 8318, GIRLS' HATS. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; and large, 12 to 14 years (15 cents).—Large size requires ¾ yard of 27-inch linen.

No. 8334, GIRL'S DRESS; sleeveless overblouse; two styles of front; straight skirt, pleated or gathered, attached to underwaist. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 14 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch percale, and 3 yards of 40-inch for skirt, underwaist and pockets.

#### Descriptions for page 55

No. 5560, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE, with or without yoke, box-pleat or coat closing, attached or detachable collar. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 yards 36 inches wide. A practical shirt for the boy's every-day wear. It is suitable for madras, percale, linen or poplin. For the boy who goes camping this shirt can be made of brown or gray flannel.

No. 6330, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS; front- or side-closing. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch khaki. There is no material which stands the wear and tear of school scrimmages and hard play better than khaki. Of such material is this pair of trousers made, although it is suitable for serge or tweed.

No. 7930, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE, box-pleat or coat-closing, with or without yoke; Buster Brown, standing or negligee collar. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 6 requires, with yoke, 2 yards of 36-inch linen or madras.

No. 5990, BOY'S KNEE TROUSERS; front- or side-closing. Pattern in 8 sizes, 2 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch serge, corduroy or khaki, and 1½ yards 22-inch or wider lining. A well-cut design for the small boy's knee trousers.

No. 8016, GIRL'S DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires, waist and sleeves, 1 yard 40-inch plain Japanese crepe; skirt, belt, cuffs and collar, 1½ yards 40-inch striped Japanese crepe. A charming and serviceable dress for the little girl.

No. 6960, CHILD'S DRESS; straight lower edge. Pattern in 4 sizes, 6 months to 4 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires 2½ yards 22-inch flouncing; sleeves, ¾ yard 36-inch batiste; ¾ yard 18 inches wide allover embroidery. When one is four, it is possible to wear simple and dainty little frocks like this.

No. 5580, CHILD'S SACK APRON. Pattern in 8 sizes, 6 months to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch percale, and 1½ yards 27-inch for trimming. A practical apron which can be used for a dress when convenient.

No. 6516, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS. Front of waist in two styles; straight gathered skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 1 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 18-inch flouncing, and ¾ yard 40-inch plain batiste.

No. 8326, GIRL'S DRESS; straight lower edge, back and sides attached to lining; two styles of sleeve, attached to lining or jacket. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 8 requires 1½ yards 27-inch flouncing, ¾ yard 40-inch plain batiste.

No. 7406, BOY'S SUIT; two styles of sleeve; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1½ yards 44-inch linen, and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar. A trim little suit for the sturdy small boy.

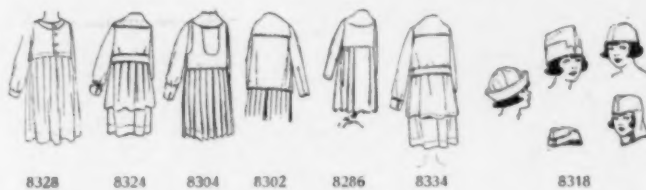
No. 8020, GIRL'S DRESS; straight side-pleated sections. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch chambray, and ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting for the collar and straps. When spring appears, little frocks like this are the mode.

No. 8314, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD; straight skirt or tunic with one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 10 requires 4½ yards 15-inch flouncing, and ¾ yard 36-inch net for the waist and shield.

No. 8296, BOY'S SUIT; plain or belted; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch plain linen, and ¾ yard same width checked kindergarten cloth for the trousers and collar.

No. 8284, CHILD'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve; straight pleated or gathered skirt attached to guimpe. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 19-inch flouncing, and ¾ yard 36-inch batiste. Transfer Design No. 886 for the hat (15 cents).

No. 8318, GIRLS' HATS. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years (15 cents).—Small size requires, for the hat with turned-down brim, ¾ yard 36-inch linen; for the bias hat, ¾ yard 27-inch linen crash. Transfer No. 782 (15 cents). These hats, so easy to make and requiring so little material, are excellent for every-day wear. Sometimes they match the dress worn with them, or they may be made of any material desired.



## How To Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

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## Three New Designs

No. 8310, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE COMBINATION; corset cover and drawers, straight lower edge. Pattern in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch embroidery flouncing. Made on princess lines, this combination is dart-fitted at the underarm, and buttons down the front. The shoulders may be cut away and ribbons used for the straps to hold it up.

No. 8323, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-ON APRON AND CAP; reversible. Pattern in 1 size, ladies' (20 cents).—The material required is 3 yards of 27-inch percale. This is the economy apron, and may be worn inside or out, back or front. It is very easy to make, for there is so little finishing necessary. The armholes and the neck can either be bound or hemmed. The cap is very simple, with a seam in the back and one across the top; a band finishes the lower edge, and ties in the back, tightly or loosely, to fit the head. If 32- or 36-inch material is used for the apron, turn the side edges to form hem. An apron of this type that completely covers the dress, is excellent for the housewife. To be sure there are no sleeves, but this only makes for greater freedom of the arms.

No. 8295, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED HOUSE DRESS; three-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 38-inch gingham, and ¾ yard of 36-inch linen for the collar. The width at the lower edge is 2½ yards. There are pockets under the trimming bands at each side of the wide panel. The back of the waist comes forward to form a yoke at the shoulder.

## Baby's Short Layette



8322  
Transfer Design No. 317

## For the Youngsters

No. 8292, CHILD'S PADDLING OR BEACH APRON AND SUN-HAT. Pattern in 5 sizes, 1 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 36-inch gingham, ¾ yard 27-inch facing for the hat. When one goes to the beach it is well to be properly equipped.

No. 8290, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 2 to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch nainsook or crinklette. This is a very economical and easy garment to make. The front and upper part of back is in one, no underarm seam.

No. 8308, CHILD'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch plain material, and ¾ yard 36-inch striped. A cunning little dip in the front of the waist of this dress gives it a very individual air.

For description and other views of 8318 see page 54.



Combination 8310  
Sizes 32-42

Apron and Cap 8323  
Size, ladies'

House Dress 8295  
Sizes 34-48

No. 8322, INFANT'S SHORT LAYETTE (25-inch length); dress, wrapper, slip and shirt, body and sleeve in one; pinning blanket and one-piece bootie. Especially designed for saving time and for baby's comfort when dressing; all garments opening in the front, so they can be slipped together and put on at once as shown in illustration. Pattern in 1 size (20 cents).—Materials required are 1¼ yards of 36-inch batiste for the dress; 1¾ yards of 32-inch for the wrapper. Transfer Design No. 317 for scallops (10 cents); 1½ yards of 27-inch for the slip; ¾ yard of 27-inch for shirt; 1 yard of 32-inch for pinning-blanket, and ¼ yard of 27-inch for booties.



Apron and Sun-Hat 8292  
Sizes 1-8

Combination 8290  
Sizes 2-12

Dress 8308  
Sizes 2-10

Hat 8318  
Small, medium, large

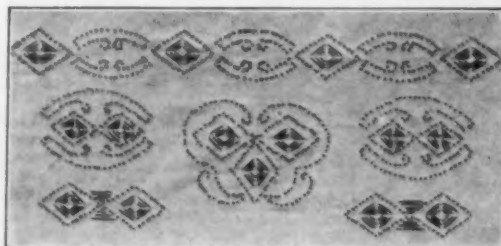
## New Trimming Designs



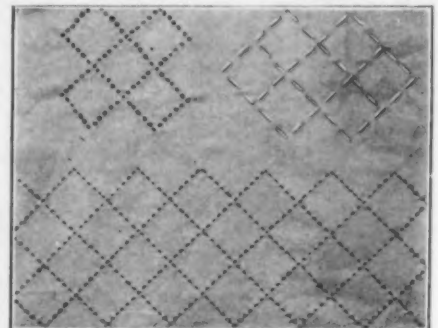
888

No. 888, DESIGN FOR MOTIFS AND BANDINGS. A charming rose design especially effective for trimming dresses, hats, bags, etc. This is a most unusual and effective design for soutache or rat-tail braid. The design consists of two borders ¾ inch and 2¼ inches wide, 3 yards of each, and 6 transfers of each of the motifs. In yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents. It also can be worked in outline-stitch, or couched with heavy silk.

No. 890, DESIGN FOR BORDER AND MOTIFS. These motifs and border are wonderfully attractive when developed in French knots or beads and long stitches. It lends itself to an artistic combination of colors, and will help to give a dress a touch of individuality. The border is 3 yards long and 1½ inches wide, and there are 6 of each motif, except the center one, of which there is only 1. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents. To embroider a bag, hat or scarf to match, the smaller motifs can be used.



890



889

No. 889, TWO BANDINGS FOR QUILTING, BEADS OR EMBROIDERY. This trimming resembles the old-fashioned quilting. This design is new and smart for trimming dresses, hats, knitting bags and various other things. The attractive motifs shown in the illustration can be cut from these borders. 2½ and 4½ inches wide, 2½ yards long. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents. Beads or French knots can be used with good effect.



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(New Jersey)

Bayonne New Jersey



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are soft and pliable and fit the arm in perfect comfort. In different sizes and fabrics, in flesh, white and black.

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**The OMO MFG. COMPANY**  
Middletown, Connecticut



## Embroideries for Small Folks

By Helen Thomas



891 — Mrs. Squirrel, 2 3/4 inches high, described below

891 — Johnny Bear, 3 3/4 inches high, described below



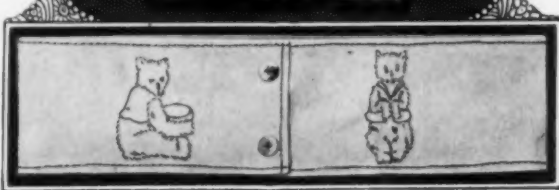
891 — Sunbonnet Sally, 3 inches high, described below

891 — Brer Rabbit, 3 3/4 inches high, described below



891 — Mr. Squirrel, 3 3/4 inches high, embroidered on a pocket, described below

891 — Mr. Squirrel, 3 3/4 inches high, embroidered on a pocket, described below



891 — Used on a belt

891 — Used on a belt

892 — Transfer Design for Gertrude Petticoat. Includes 2 yards of border, 1 1/4 inches deep, for lower edge, with neck and armholes designed and shaped; in two sizes — infant's size and 3- to 4-year size. Tiny sprays in satin stitch with the daintiest of feather-stitching make this little petticoat charming, as all children's things should be, yet very simple to embroider. If desired, the edges may be bound in place of the scalloping. Price, 15 cents. If a pattern is wanted for cutting lower part, use No. 7100 for Child's Short Petticoat (10 cents), or for infant's size use Infant's Set, No. 8124 (20 cents).



891

893 — Transfer Design for Child's Waist and Drawers. For a child of 3 to 4 years. Stamped on fine muslin or cambric, this makes the cunningest set imaginable in satin, buttonhole- and leather-stitching. The pattern includes cutting outline and full directions for making and embroidering both the waist and the drawers. Price, 15 cents.

No. 891 — Transfer Design for Outline- and Cross-Stitch Figures. Much used for giving a dainty finish to rompers, yokes, belts, pockets, hats, bibs, table covers, etc. Pattern gives 34 transfers (18 different designs). Yellow or blue. Price, 10 cents.

Editor's Note.—These McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Designs can be successfully stamped on your material with a hot iron in less than a minute. Purchase them at the McCall Pattern Agencies, or send stated prices in stamps or money order to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York



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With this, the latest Dexter design book—full of new, interesting designs in flat and cross-stitch sent for 25 cents a silver or stamps, we will send FREE, a ball of No. 40 Silko Cordonnet Crochet Cotton (white). Address Dept. M.



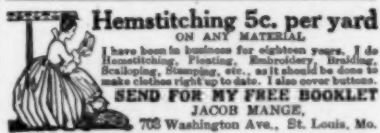

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**Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets**  
**\$5 down to \$1**

*Every Corset Guaranteed*





# Postmaster Company "G"

[Continued from page 63]

He tried to help her out. "Of course. I want to know anything you can tell me. I never dreamed—she never spoke of being ill. I feel all knocked out by it. You don't know what she meant to a fellow all alone in the world— But I ought not to bother you when you're not feeling fit. There's a hotel of some sort, isn't there? I'll go there and when you feel well enough to see me you can send me word. Will that do?"

But that would not do. She seemed to have summoned some tremendous resolution. She forced herself to her feet.

"I am so ashamed. You see—you startled me so. I'll tell you now, but first of all I want to give you—"

She crossed the room to the mantelpiece to get it—a small box carefully tied. "She—she cared more for it than anything else she had. I never can tell you. I'm so glad I can give it right to you."

Craig took it without comment, and his eyes held hers. "You know—I can't help wanting to know some things."

It seemed to him that she caught her breath, but she answered at once. "Yes, I know. I knew you would."

"Maybe I'd better just ask you?"

She nodded, her eyes unflinching. "I guess that would be the best way."

"You say she died two weeks ago?"

"Two weeks," she repeated.

"And you were with her?"

"All the time."

"You mean all the time—when she was writing me?"

"No, I mean when she was sick. She had nobody, you know."

"Yes, I know." He scowled. "But—she wrote as if she lived out by the schoolhouse. I went there to look for her this afternoon. And the house was empty."

"I was afraid you might have—gone there. Oh, don't you understand?" Her shy voice filled with sudden passion. "She lived here in three rooms over a store as I am living now. She never dreamed of seeing you really. She thought you were just a lonely boy over there, who never would come home; so she tried to make a dream-home for you. She had always loved the old farmhouse. I think she wanted a home like that more than anything in the world—till she wanted things for you. We used to walk out there every Sunday. It grew more real to her than this. Oh, you must understand—you must!"

"I suppose no man could ever understand," Craig said slowly. "I'm glad she had it. I felt such a useless hulk over there. There was a nurse that understood—the one that brought her first letter to me."

There was silence for a moment. When he lifted his eyes once more, he saw that she knew what was coming.

"I've got to ask somebody. It seems squarer to ask you than to inquire at the post-office. Will you tell me your name?"

The silence lasted till the room thrilled with it. She had not stirred, but the thin hands in her lap were gripped fiercely. When at last she spoke her voice was emotionless and dead.

"Yes, it's all a lie. I hoped you wouldn't ask, but I knew underneath that you would. I am all the Jane Littlefield there is. I've lived here like this since I was eighteen. I

work in Eva Gates' millinery shop—I kept reading and reading about soldiers that hadn't anybody to write to them. I couldn't seem to get away from it. You see, I'd been lonely most of my life, so I knew. Only, being lonely over there—in all that awful fighting!—I knew nobody'd care for letters just from me; but I thought maybe some boy that didn't have a mother—I thought he'd be twenty-one, and I was old enough to be his mother—or almost. I'll be thirty-one next summer. I was so happy over it when he seemed to like the letters. I was so happy till the medal came. I can't tell you how that made me feel. All I could do was to send you the dearest thing I had—my mother's picture."

"Your mother's! What a thing to give."

She answered as if she saw his thought. "I—you don't know how glad I was to. I knew she would so love to go. She was beautiful—my mother."

The voice which had kept so colorless was growing unsteady now; she was almost at the end of her strength. But she held herself together for the summing-up.

"You see—it was all a lie—all the way through—everything. You had been facing death, and I sent you—a lie."

There was a soft thud in the room. An old ragged tortoise-shell cat had jumped down from a chair, and was stretching lazily. Craig laughed out in sudden relief.

"Susy, by all that's feline! You didn't make her up."

A whimsical smile touched the corners of the pale lips; it was wonderful, the difference that it made in her.

"No," she said, with a catch in the voice she tried to keep steady. "Susy was the one true thing in it."

But Craig had his clue. He rose and stood looking down at her.

"I'm going now, because you're all played out. But before I go, there are two things to be said. In the first place, it wasn't all a lie. The letters weren't a lie. All the real part of them that made a fellow feel that there was somebody back home that cared that he hadn't flunked, and would keep a place and a welcome for him always, even if he had to go limping the rest of his life, was true. Do you suppose it was clapboards and shingles I cared about? Or all the woman-truck of rugs and curtains and things? Not much it wasn't! I didn't care a darn about things—I wanted folks, the way the other fellows had. And that's what I got, and you bet I'm not going to let 'em go. That's one thing. The other is that to-morrow you and I are going out to the old place. We've got two lifetimes to talk over—do you know it—Jane Littlefield? Yours and mine. And that's all for now."

She stood before him, flushing and paling, but, in the wide eyes, he saw a look as of a watcher who, from the abyss of darkness, sees the impalpable hope of dawn.

Then the door closed very softly and he was gone. She heard his passage down the steep stairway. He was whistling. One of the ragtime war ditties it was, though she did not know that. She listened till the last of the gay notes melted into the night. And, suddenly, the small, bare room seemed all abloom with life.

## Synopsis for "The Zeppelin's Passenger"

LADY CRANSTON returns to her little English township to find everybody excited over the Zeppelin that had passed over the village the night before, leaving behind it an observation car and a man's hat, but no trace of any passengers. But Lady Cranston has a problem of her own. She had been to London on a fruitless hunt for information of her brother, a German captive, and must needs break the news to her brother's fiancée, Helen Fairclough, who is living with her. She and the girl are sadly wondering about him, when in through a window steps a ragged, muddy stranger. Both women hasten to call for help, but the man compels them to wait. He admits quite naively that he is a German—came by Zeppelin, in fact. Lady Cranston has the telephone in her hand, ready to hand him over to the authorities, when he saves himself by presenting letters from Dick, the lost brother and sweetheart. Lady Cranston is still being pulled between the force of her patriotism and this personal force, when Von Kunisloch, or Lessingham, as he desires to be called, warns her that if harm comes to him, death would strike her brother, Major Felstead. The man is irre-

sistible—and they know his warning is no mere threat. Helen persuades Philippa to trust him. Then they proceed to fit him out in a suit of Dick's. But none too soon. Sir Henry—Lady Cranston's husband—comes in before the stranger can leave, and a hasty explanation barely smooths over his presence in the house. But Sir Henry is apparently too much interested in fishing, anyway, to take much note of anything else. He is a source of great annoyance to Philippa, his wife, since, while she is eager for him to serve his country, he desires only to bait hooks. Finally, Lessingham decides to go. Philippa and Helen see him to the door and Sir Henry is left alone. Then, quickly, he goes to the telephone and asks the Chief of Police to come up on a pretext of warning them about the lights. When the Chief arrives, Sir Henry locks the door and they talk of this stranger who has so mysteriously come from nowhere. Then Jimmy Dumble, Sir Henry's fishing partner, comes to receive instructions. When the Chief has gone Sir Henry rolls away the false back of his cabinet of fishing tackle to reveal a huge map. He and Jimmy pore excitedly over this, planning next day's jaunt, until Philippa returns.



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Under Your Chin and Over Your Hat  
The Silk Elastic Holds It Snugly in Place

FROM Paris comes the beautiful *Bonnie-B* Veil—so chic, so becoming, so new! So easy to slip on! So comfortable! No tying—no pinning—no loose ends to blow in the wind—no ugly, bumpy knots. The silk elastic edge holds it firmly.

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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

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You need not do it in a mussy way. Or in any way that affects the healthy tissue. No scientist will recommend such methods.

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A well-known chemist, after studying corns for some 25 years, invented Blue-jay. He selected Bauer & Black, who are world-famed makers of surgical dressings, to carry his method out.

It comes in an ideal form. A pad protects the corn while the method acts, so the pain stops instantly. The wonderful wax which ends the corn is centered on the corn alone. A thin adhesive strip holds all in place and makes the wrapping comfortable.

**B&B Blue-jay  
Corn Plasters**

**Stop Pain Instantly  
End Corns Completely**  
25c Packages at Druggists

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. Then you forget the corn. The bit of wax gently undermines the corn. Within two days the whole corn can be removed. Some old tough corns require a second application—about one corn in ten. But the results are certain. No corn can resist this method.

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Prove these facts, if you have a corn, before another day. It will mean perpetual freedom. After that, at the first sign of a corn, you will place a Blue-jay on it. And that will mean its finish, before it even starts to hurt.

Every month, millions of corns are being ended this way. And the time must come when this will be the universal method.

Don't wait longer. Watch the results on one corn. Then you will laugh at corns.

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A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.  
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without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.  
Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

**BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc., Chicago and New York**





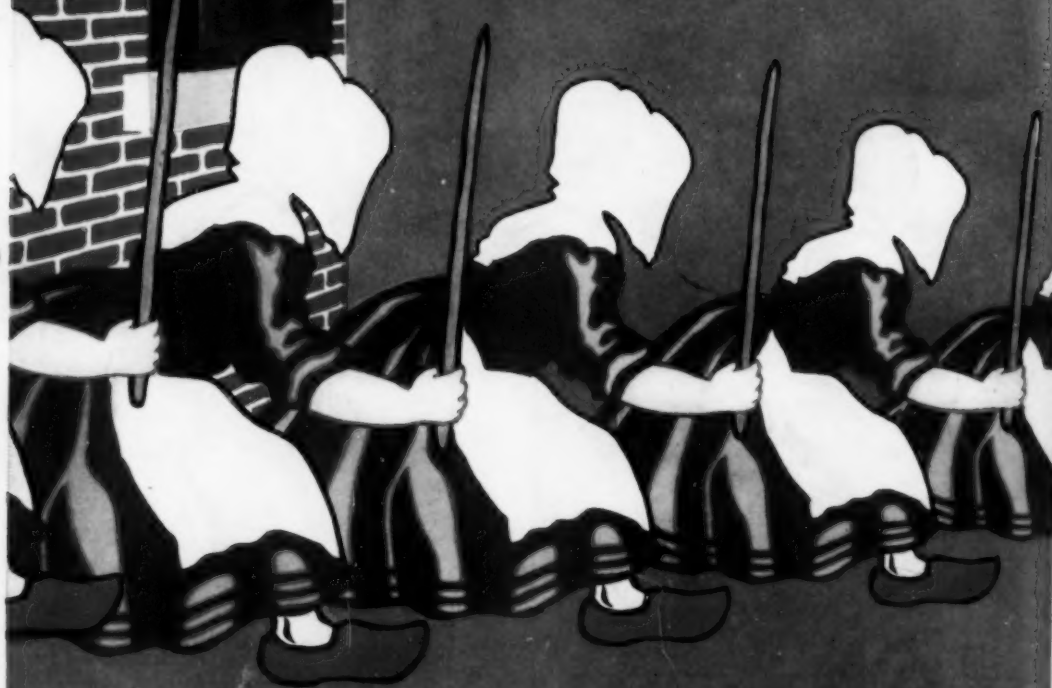
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Does better work - goes farther - cheaper than soap. It halves your time, halves your labor, halves your expense.

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